PTON SINCLAIR *challenges* BERNARD SHAW *on* LADY ASTOR

Liberty

APR. 22,
1939

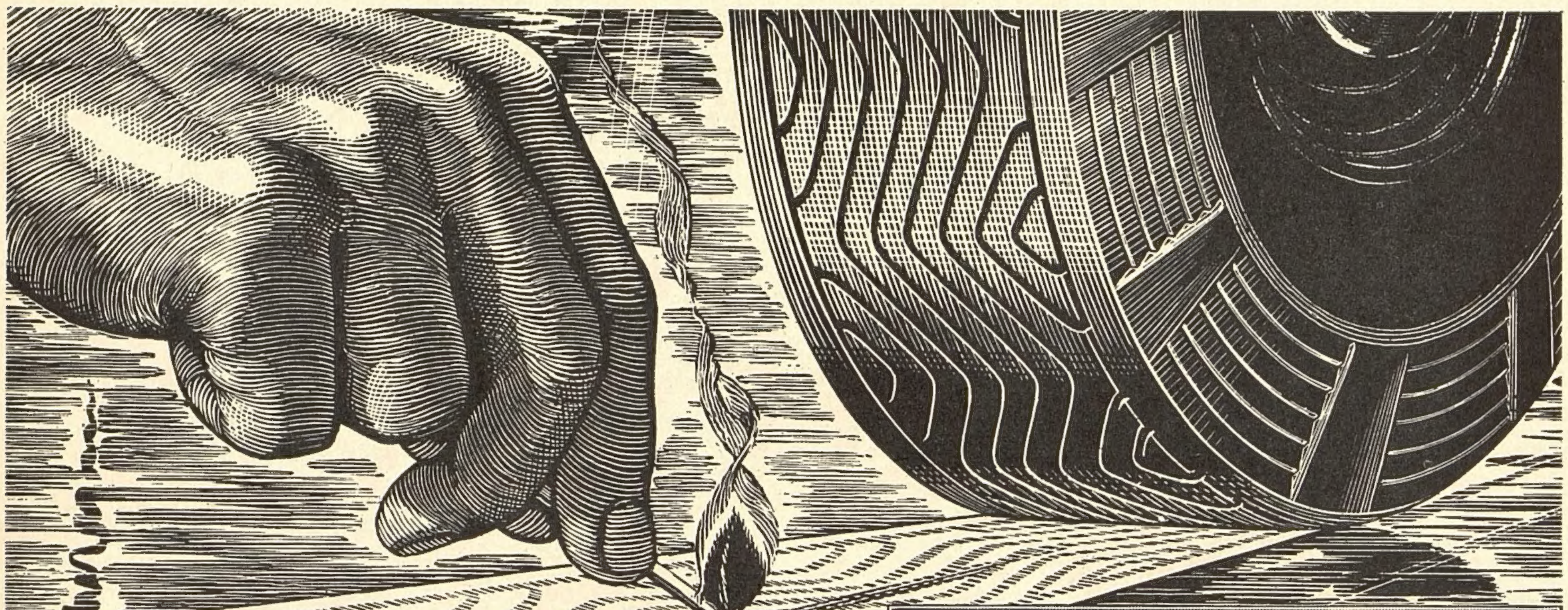
5¢

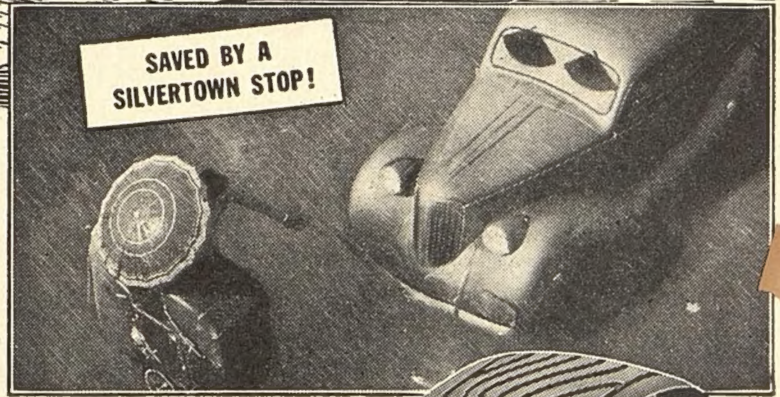
WORLD'S FAIR GIRL: New Novel by OSCAR SCHISGALL

e BODY of the CRIME: Untold Detective Tales from G-Men's Files

NEW TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS SO *DRY*

YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK




SAVED BY A SILVERTOWN STOP!

How This Road-Drying Tire Gives You QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS Ever Seen

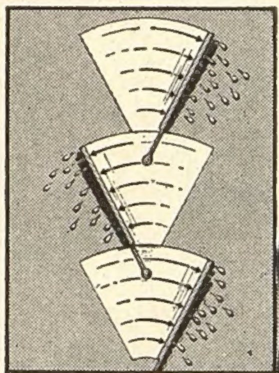
● Sensational? You bet! For here at last is a tire that *automatically* sweeps wet roads dry—so dry, in fact, that after a quick stop you can actually *light a match on its track*—convincing proof that the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

And here's the secret. As the never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread roll over a dangerous film of water, they act like a battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip.

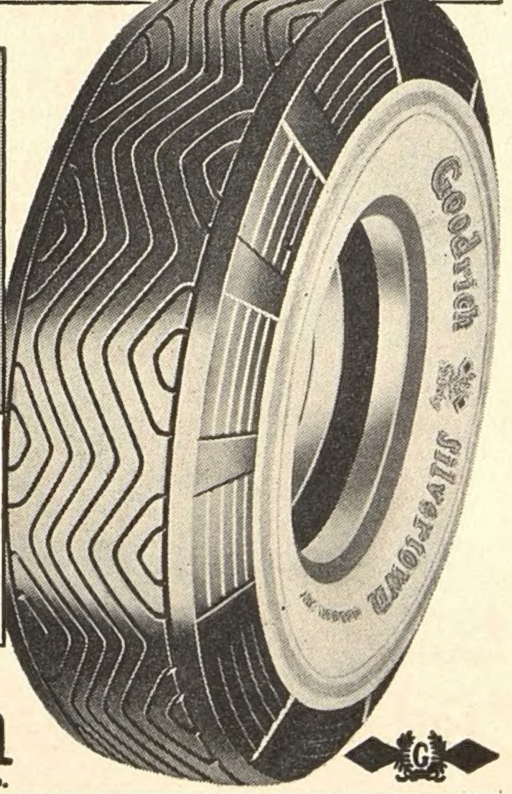
Non-skid tests made by the independent Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including *new* tires which have recently been introduced, proved that *no tire tested* came up to this new Silvertown in non-skid action.

No Extra Cost!

And whether roads are wet or dry, Silvertowns *at all times* have that other great life-saving protection—the famous Golden Ply to provide you with scientific protection against dangerous high-speed blowouts. See your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store about these life-saving Silvertowns now. *There is no extra cost!*



NEW-TYPE TREAD ACTS LIKE BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

Copyright, 1938, by the B. F. Goodrich Co.

A tip from a big man to his dad— Ipana and massage help your teeth and gums

Many a man has learned from his own youngster the importance of Ipana and Massage to healthier smiles.

TED'S sure proud of his dad. Batting averages, camping out and even fractions—there are few things that dad can't explain. But there was one lesson dad wasn't up on—one fact he learned from Ted—the need and importance of massage for healthier gums and brighter teeth.

For today, in many schools throughout the country, children are being taught the danger of today's soft foods—the modern need of gum massage. Because our soft and creamy foods deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink."

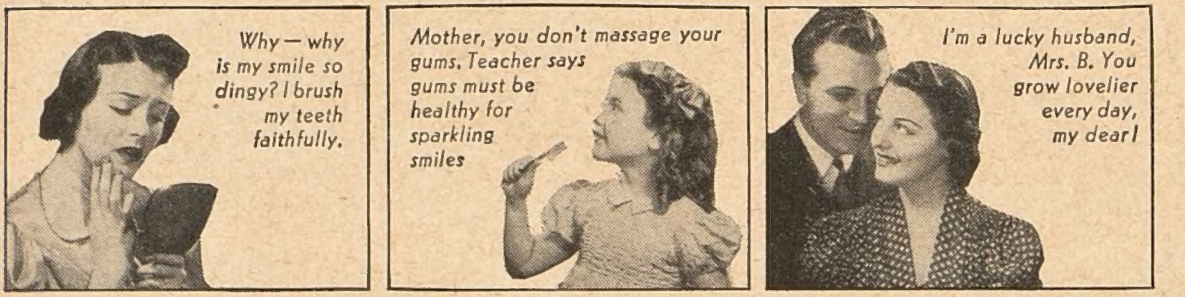
Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush, *see your dentist at once.* You may not be in for serious gum trouble, but only your dentist should make the decision. Usually, however, he's apt to pronounce it simply a case of neglected gums—gums that, as many dentists say, "have become lazy, need the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is a modern dentifrice especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases within the gum tissues. Lazy gums awaken—they tend to become firmer, stronger. They look and feel better.

Play safe—don't risk trouble. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Help keep your smile as it should be—winning and attractive!

Try the Ipana Way to a More Attractive Smile!


Why—why is my smile so dingy? I brush my teeth faithfully.
Mother, you don't massage your gums. Teacher says gums must be healthy for sparkling smiles
I'm a lucky husband, Mrs. B. You grow lovelier every day, my dear!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS

Get the new DOUBLE DUTY D.D. Tooth Brush *—The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE *(see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

APRIL 22, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

SIX LONG, TROUBLED YEARS

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

It is indeed a pitiably sad commentary that it has taken the officials of the present administration six years . . . six long years . . . to find out the disastrous nature of their continued attacks on business.

Perhaps we should be thankful that at last they have made this discovery.

Business is the source of the extraordinary wealth that this country has accumulated. It is the source of the prosperity about which we often have cause to proudly boast. But year after year, for six long years, business has had to struggle with many foolish restrictions created by government officials who often seem resentful of successful achievements in almost every commercial enterprise.

Some of the workers in the past have applauded these misguided efforts, but some of those who have taken the trouble to analyze the situation have found it desirable to change their applause to bitter resentment, for through this disastrous policy ten million or more of our good citizens have been compelled to accept the dole or governmental charity jobs, and a colossal indebtedness has been incurred which the workers will have to pay, unless those who invested in government bonds are compelled to assume the loss through national bankruptcy.

And do not acquire the idea for a minute that the men with great wealth will have to assume the brunt of this catastrophe. It will have to be borne mostly by every one who owns government bonds, insurance policies, or values of any kind . . . in fact, real estate will be the only exception. Every insurance company is loaded down with government securities, and when the government is unable to pay its bills, these securities become worthless.

Annuities, insurance policies, and insurance guaranties cannot be fulfilled.

More than twenty-five billion dollars . . . that has been the breath-taking cost of the New Deal government . . . that is the additional indebtedness which has been incurred by the recklessness of New Deal officials.

Now, suppose we divide that indebtedness among the forty million workers . . . for ultimately they will have to pay nearly all of it. A little figuring will prove that $625 will be the share of this great national mortgage by every active worker. And year by year part of this will have to come out of his wages in hidden taxes. It won't be deducted on pay day—oh, no! But when he buys a suit of clothes, a dozen eggs, a pair of shoes, regardless of the nature of the purchases, a certain amount will be added to the price to help pay the principal and interest on this twenty-five-billion-dollar debt.

And all this is due to the reckless spending of what a number of our well balanced economic experts refer to as crackpot reasoning.

Why, one would think that even a schoolboy would know that if he attacks the source of his food and comforts of life, ultimately he might be denied them, and even a dog does not bite the hand that feeds it!

There is an old slogan that appears in a well worn fable. It refers to killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and it seems to many hardheaded business men that this administration has been busy with every possible means within its power to accomplish that objective—to "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The miraculous commercial prosperity of this country is certainly not due to an accident. Our particular location has but little to do with our achievements, beyond supplying us with fertile land and rich mineral and other natural resources, and the one factor that is valued by every citizen more than anything else . . . security . . . has been largely dissipated.

While the workers are saving to buy a home or to insure their children reasonable dependence, the Washington government has been mortgaging these values, whatever they may be. Silently, secretly, the administration is undermining the lifetime savings of every frugal citizen, every home owner in this country.

Twenty-five billion dollars ! !

It makes you shudder when you realize the stupendous character of this vast sum that must be paid, mostly by the active workers of this country . . . $625 for each one . . . at some time in the future.

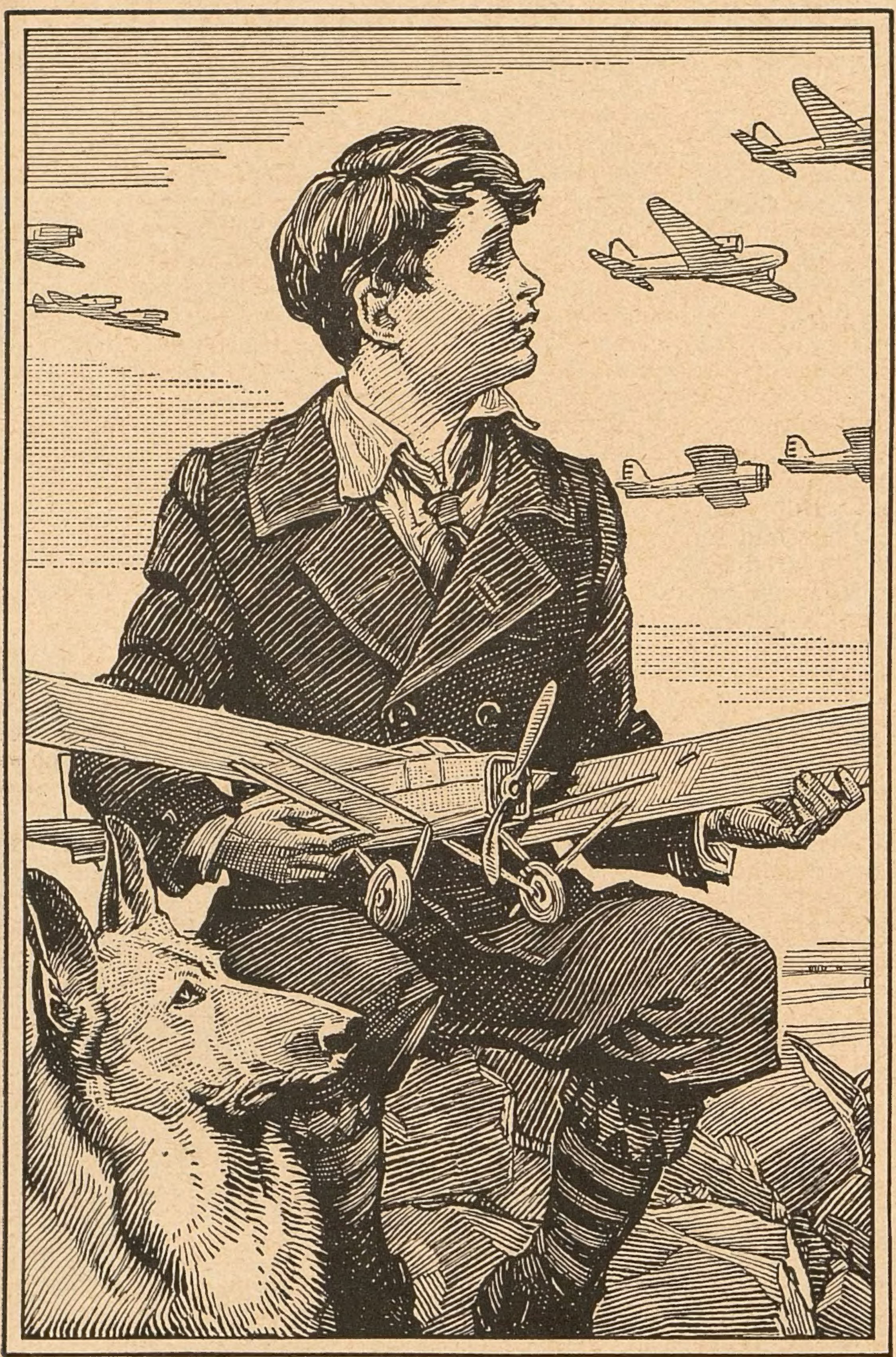
Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

IT WON'T FLY...
BUT *HE* WILL



What a waste of time, says Age — building contraptions that won't run and making plans that won't work.

Wasting time? Not at all! These youngsters are showing us how to look facts and fate right in the eye. Failures can't squelch true courage. Today's errors are the ABC's that spell Tomorrow's success for all of us. Discouragement can't undercut confidence when we see life as an inviting program. Precious spirit of youth! It made America! Isn't it more precious than ever when the calendar says, "Look how old you are!" and the heart answers back, "I am young in spirit"?

Live Life ... Every golden minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser ... Every golden drop of it

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • ST. LOUIS

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS BUDWEISER • KING OF BOTTLED BEER

COPR. 1939, ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Beginning WORLD'S FAIR

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PART ONE—TRAGEDY'S DAUGHTER

THE horse-drawn ambulance thundering along the Midway dimmed all other attractions. Its bell jangled. It careened crazily, scattered the Fair's early visitors, and silenced a few barkers who gaped in wonder. When finally it stopped before a yellow building, a young doctor jumped down, kit in hand, his duster billowing in the breeze that flowed across Lake Michigan. For an instant his glance was held by the red placard above the entrance:

See the Most Celebrated Women of the Day!
SCULPTURE IN WAX
by
Frederick Antler
The Surprise of the World's Columbian Exposition!

"This way, doctor," the anxious voice of a Columbian Guard called from the door, and as a crowd began to gather behind him the doctor ran into the place.

"What happened?" he asked.

"There's a—a woman having a baby!"

The doctor pursed his lips as if to whistle, but he didn't. Entering the murky exhibition hall, he almost collided, in his haste, with the wife of the President of the United States. There was no mistaking Mrs. Cleveland. Even in wax she looked gracious. She wore a fashionable hourglass gown, its shoulders puffed, its waist incredibly slim, its skirt flaring. Her tiny hat, cradling a cluster of flowers, was jauntily tilted, and her gloved hands were clasped on a parasol edged with frothy Brussels lace. The doctor deftly side-stepped her only to find himself hovering over good Queen Victoria, who sat knitting and smiling, a black shawl drawn over her shoulders. A little dazed, he saw other notable women in the room—at least twenty of them: queens and generals' ladies and a few, like Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Astor, who were acknowledged leaders in American society. In the presence of so much charm the doctor had an impulse to bow his way to the small door at the rear.

Frederick Antler, the sculptor, came through that door. He was a slim man, and his ascetic young face was usually pleasant. But now it was ghastly. His eyes burned with abnormal intensity.

"Hurry, doctor," he begged. "She's in pain."

"Your wife?"

"No. No." Antler swallowed with difficulty. "I—I've sent for her husband. . . . There are two women with her in there. If you need anything—"

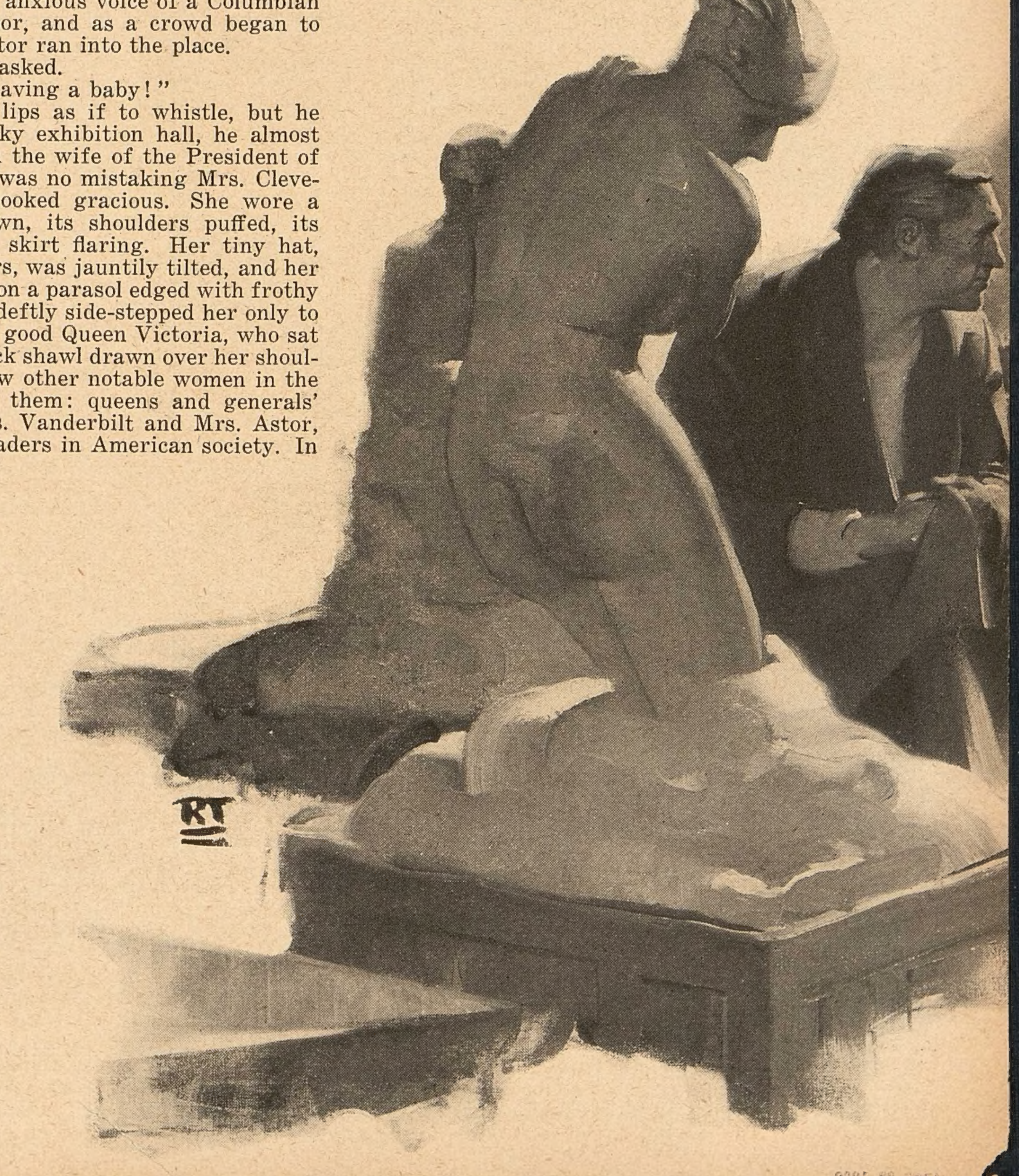
The doctor hurried on, and Frederick Antler stood alone among his wax women. In the stillness his palms, rubbing each other, made a faint swishing sound. He was breathing rapidly—a slight boyish figure with curly dark hair and a flowing tie done in Bohemian style. After a time he began to walk about nervously, his long fingers snapping. It was then that he noticed the crowd staring at him from the entrance.

He cried in sudden anger, "Get out, can't you? Officer, why don't you keep them out of here?"

The huge Columbian Guard at once became officious, and the doorway was emptied. Alone again, Frederick Antler sent damp hands sliding over his temples. His smock spread like the wings of a moth.

If only this hadn't happened to Leona today of all days! He was afraid. It was a fear that throbbed in him and choked him and made him desperate. She had

ILLUSTRATED BY
RICO TOMASO



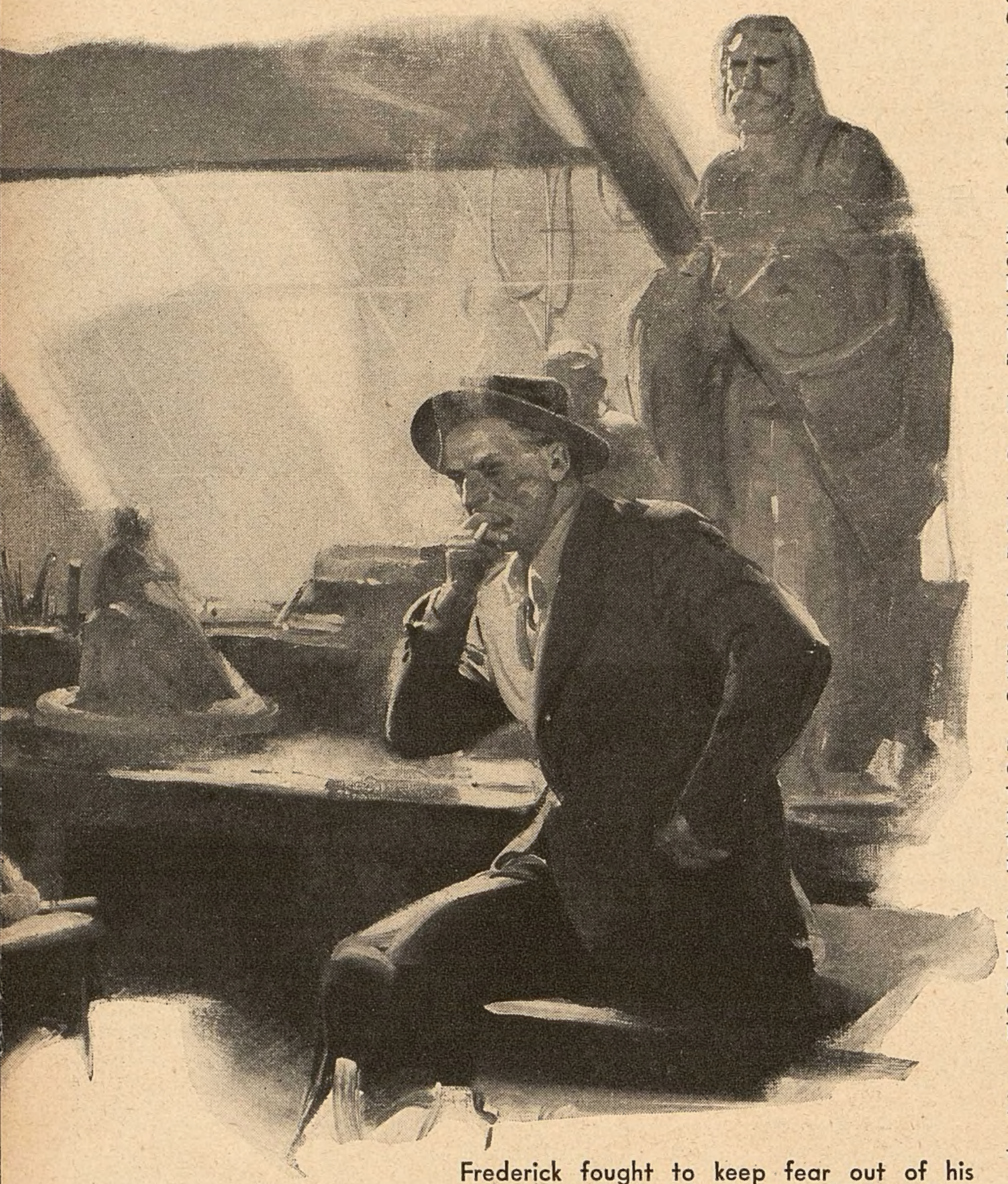
GIRL

The story of a courageous heart . . A timely and powerful novel of a woman's ambition—and love

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Author of I Married a Nazi

looked so ill, so pallid, lying on that cot. He wondered if he ought to send a dozen boys running from one Chicago saloon to another to seek her husband. Certainly Joseph Cray belonged here now. Yet, he reflected bitterly, Joseph Cray had never been with his wife when she needed him.



Frederick fought to keep fear out of his voice. "And what do you want?" he asked.

In that moment Frederick hated the man more than ever.

An outcry from the rear room made him hold his breath. He stood rigid, staring in agony at the back door. She'll be all right, he told himself wildly; she's *got* to be all right. There was no need to fear. No reason for it, he tried to believe. It was just that he loved her so. . . .

Leona had come hardly an hour ago, bewildered, crushing back tears. Because Joseph Cray had all but driven her out of their flat, she hadn't known where else to go. "He came home drunk," she'd sobbed. "He brought along one of those painted girls who dance in Lillian Russell's show. And when I objected—"

Another moan made Frederick Antler clench his fingers into hard fists. He couldn't endure those sounds. To hear Leona cry out like that made him sick with pain of his own. He would have liked to run out of the place; to run endlessly against the drive of the lake wind, miles and miles away from the Fair Grounds. . . .

The guard thrust a bulbous head into the door. "Say, Mr. Antler, there's a kid out here says he's got to see you. Says you sent him on an errand."

Frederick turned swiftly. "Yes, officer. Let him in, please."

In a moment a breathless boy, cap in hand, ran into the hall. The women in wax awed him, so that he halted abruptly. He backed away from Queen Victoria and almost upset the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

"Did you find him?" urged Frederick.

"Y-yes, sir! Mr. Cray said he'd dress and be right over."

Frederick shut his eyes a second, then drew a quick breath and thrust a coin into the boy's hand. "Fine, sonny. Thanks. Now run along."

He began to move about restlessly, trying not to hear the sounds in the adjoining room. He dropped to a stool and lowered his head to his hands. Why didn't Joseph Cray come?

How long he remained there, in a spell that obliterated all time, he didn't know. He was roused only when he heard a thin surprising wail in the back room. It sounded twice, then subsided. Frederick rose, eyes incredulous. Was it over?

But the doctor didn't come out, and nothing else happened. He waited almost ten minutes—minutes like so many eternities—before a gray-haired woman finally looked out at him. She was pale and she beckoned nervously.

"Better come in."

"What's the matter?" whispered Frederick.

"She—she ain't so well. She wants you."

"The—the baby's born?"

"Yes. Come—hurry!"

Frederick Antler went into the back room with the stiff movements of an automaton. He saw the doctor bending over the cot, frowning at Leona. In a corner a woman held something swathed in sheets. She hugged it closely, her frightened eyes fixed on Leona.

Frederick had a dreadful premonition as he approached the cot. It made his knees tremble. And when he saw Leona's face, the sight shocked him into a stupor. He had never seen a human face so yellow. It was exactly like the faces of his wax mummies before he colored them. She was looking at the ceiling; but when she became aware of him, Leona turned her eyes.

"Fred," she whispered.

He bent over her. He caught her hand, and it was so cold that he almost recoiled from the contact. He said, "Leona! Leona dear. You're going to be all right!"

"Fred," she whispered, "you'll look after her, won't you?"

"Please!" he protested. "Don't talk like that! You're going to be *well*—"

"No, Fred." He could hardly hear the faint murmur. Leona suddenly shut her eyes in pain. "It's a little girl—Fred. Take care of—her. Joe never wanted—a child. He—"

Leona began to breathe heavily, and the doctor motioned Frederick away from the cot.

"Go now," he advised with queer tension. "Stay out awhile."

Frederick Antler backed out of the room more dazedly than he had entered. Outside he stood stunned between two wax figures. Leona mustn't die, he kept repeating to himself. *She mustn't.* . . . He remained there, staring at the door, until a rush of steps roused him. A hoarse voice asked, "Where is she, Antler?"

He turned. It was Joseph Cray—big Joe Cray with his reddish sideburns and well rounded mustache. Cray was breathless, as if he had run hard. His muscular face was splotched with red, and his open jacket revealed a heavy gold chain from which a rabbit's foot dangled. His winged collar seemed to be choking him.

"Don't stand gawking at me!" he cried. "Where is she?"

Frederick pointed to the back door, and the big man lurched past him.

After that there was a long silence in the exhibition hall. Frederick Antler pulled a hand across his wet forehead. He began to walk about again, still in a trance. He paused once to stare blindly at a handbill on a table. It announced the next concert of Theodore Thomas' Symphony Orchestra at the Music Hall. Frederick swept it aside and looked back at the door in an agony of suspense.

After a while Joseph Cray emerged. He looked bewildered. He stood rubbing the back of a hairy hand across his lips. His eyes were wide and stupefied.

Frederick whispered, "How is she?"

And Joe Cray answered in a squeaky voice, as if the thing were impossible and beyond all logic: "She—she's dead!"

AT the hospital that afternoon the nurse wrote on a card: "Born August 2, 1893, at Chicago's World's Fair." Then she hesitated and glanced questioningly at the heavy gray face of Joseph Cray.

"What shall I put down as the baby's name?"

"Name?" he muttered in wonder. "Why, I don't know—I hadn't considered—"

"Would you like to name her after her mother, perhaps?"

"No. No, I don't think so."

"Then, under the circumstances—" The nurse had a bright inspiration. "Why not call her Fair?"

"Fair?" repeated Joe Cray, savoring the word. "Fair." Slowly he nodded. "Yes, that's kind of pretty, isn't it? Fair. . . . Yes, let's call her Fair."

IT was a week before Frederick Antler found himself calm enough to see Joe Cray. For him the week had been an ordeal of grief, and his lean face was exhausted.

He walked toward Chicago's Loop this evening, quite determined about the drastic thing he intended to do. Slim, with a winged collar and a foulard tie showing above his high-buttoned jacket, he went first to Cray's flat—only to learn, in dismay, that the man no longer lived there. "Moved to some hotel," a frowzy woman informed him. "Can't say where. I think it's near the hospital where they've got his baby."

Frederick knew, however, where to search for Joe Cray. He bowed, replaced his black felt hat, and set off again in the gas-lit street.

Cray was the Chicago representative of a New York music publisher. His job was to persuade entertainers in saloons and variety shows to sing his firm's songs, a task he accomplished by buying the actors plenty of beer. So Cray had to spend his evenings where there was music; and Frederick sought him in saloon after saloon.

He had no need to search among the tables. Joe Cray was well known, so that Frederick merely made inquiries of the bouncers near the doors. Wherever he entered, it was to be greeted by noisy renditions of Annie Rooney or After the Ball or by a crowd whistling Sweet Rosie O'Grady. He hardly noticed any of this. Tonight his mind was obsessed by only one thought.

And at last, at a corner table in McGuire & Dunn's, he found Joe Cray.

SCOWLING down at an empty beer glass, Cray looked sodden. His face was mottled. He couldn't have been more than twenty-six or twenty-seven, but his Chester A. Arthur sideburns and the drooping mustache made him seem ten years older. He glanced up with irritation when Frederick appeared before him.

"Well!" he said. "What're *you* doing here?"

Frederick answered quietly, "I've got to talk to you, Joe. How about coming out for a walk?"

"What's the matter with talking here?"

Frederick glanced about the huge saloon with its hundred tables. It was thronged. In front of the ten-piece orchestra a female baritone with a mass of golden curls was singing a tearful ditty.

"Joe," said Frederick, with a faint sense of disgust, "this is important. I'd rather go where it's quiet, where we'll be alone."

"Well, I can't leave." The big man spoke with finality. "I've got to meet somebody. If you want to talk, sit down."

Frederick Antler hesitated, then sighed in resignation. When he sat down, a waiter at once approached, and he ordered a beer for which he had no desire.

"Joe," he said, "it's about the baby. Leona's baby."

Joe Cray frowned with unconcealed suspicion. Though the entire crowd had now joined in singing or whistling with the entertainer, he ignored the noise. "What about the baby?"

"I—I want to adopt it."

Joe stared. His lips parted and he gripped the edge of the table. He thrust his head forward as if the better to hear. "You—you want to *adopt* it? *My* kid?"

"Yes. Leona asked me to—to look after her."

It was strange how silent you could be in the midst of bedlam. With the crowd roaring and swaying and the orchestra playing its loudest, these two men were enveloped in a hush of their own. Joe Cray's face became puffed. Something ugly happened to his lips and his fingers tightened their grip on the table.

"That's good, that is," he said harshly. "My wife asks another man to look after *my* baby. Yes, sir, that's funny, all right. . . . Imagine her complaining because *I* played around with other girls once in a while, and all the time her probably carrying on with you . . ."

"That's not true! She didn't!" Frederick's face became pale and taut. He half rose. He had an impulse to lean across the table and drive his fist into Joe Cray's sneering mouth. But that, he realized, could accomplish nothing. He sank back, tense and quivering.

"I don't mind telling you," Joe drove on, the words scathing, "that whenever she got sore she'd wail about how she should have married you, even if you didn't have a cent, and not listened to her father."

Frederick felt a stab of pain. He had loved Leona so long and so hopelessly . . . and yet it had been impossible even to consider marriage as a penniless sculptor. Once he had treasured a few ideals about doing great work in marble and bronze—about achieving these triumphs for Leona. But when she had married Joe Cray there had seemed no point to struggling any longer. His ambition collapsed then. Dispirited, he had starved for a while, and then somebody had suggested the wax figures for the Fair. . . .

"Joe," he began, "you didn't know how to treat Leona. You—" But Frederick checked the words. His countenance hardened and he said sharply, "Never mind that. Let's talk about the baby."

"There's nothing to say. She's mine."

While the waiter put down Frederick's beer, Joe Cray glowered at the orchestra. He felt unreasonably angry. It occurred to him that he was sick of these noisy saloons, sick of bribing cheap singers to sing cheap songs. Some day Joe intended to own a music-publishing house of his own. He'd sit back then and let others—those who were fools enough to try it—go out and buy beers for singers. He'd be in New York. . . .

What was the use of dreaming? It took money to get started right—even in this year of panic, when you could buy a business for next to nothing. If only he had a few hundred dollars—

But the care of the baby would eat up anything he might get now.

He looked at Frederick Antler with a quick start. His eyes became shrewd. "Say," he whispered, "what would you give for the kid?"

OSCAR SCHISGALL

was born in Antwerp, Belgium, and came to New York at the age of six. Held a variety of jobs. Began writing fiction when eighteen. Wrote 300 stories before he sold one, then sold them like hot cakes. Is married and lives on Long Island.

"Give? What do you mean?"

"You don't expect me to make you a *present* of my baby, do you? Just to release my claim without getting anything in return? No, sir!"

"Why, I—" Frederick was nettled.

"How much would the kid be worth to you?"

Frederick regarded the avid face with increasing revulsion. He said stiffly, "I've got three hundred dollars saved."

"Make it five."

"I haven't—I can't—"

"With five hundred," Joe Cray said stubbornly, "I'd go to New York. You can borrow, can't you? If the kid means enough to you?"

Means enough! Leona's child. The child Leona had begged him to care for. Frederick, frowning at his untouched beer, thought swiftly. His exhibition at the Fair was doing well enough. He was certain he could raise two hundred dollars—perhaps three hundred—with his concession as security, if he tried.

He peered at Joe Cray with abrupt determination. "All right," he said. "I'll give you five hundred dollars for the release. . . . But I'm to adopt her legally, you understand. Her name will be Fair Antler. You are to have no claim on her. No claim at all! Agreed?"

Joe Cray suddenly grinned and signaled the waiter. He seemed to expand as he leaned back, thumbs seeking the armholes of his vest. "Champagne, waiter," he ordered, chuckling. "Champagne for Mr. Antler—"

But Frederick had already risen, his thin face colorless. "Thank you, no. You call around at my place tomorrow afternoon and we'll settle everything."

They were playing You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach when he walked out of the saloon. But he didn't hear it. He was hearing another song—a paean of exultation and pride and joy that sounded only in his heart. Fair Antler! A part of Leona to be forever his own. . . . His eyes shone as he walked along the gas-lit street. He would cherish her, mold her, make her as Leona would have wanted her to be.

FREDERICK ANTLER kept faith with himself. He kept faith for eighteen years—which, he reflected, was as long as any mortal could hope to shape another's destiny. After that Fair took her life into her own hands.

It began, if the actual beginning of so imperceptible a change could be marked, on the day she told him she was going to marry. That was quite a shock to Frederick.

Their home was now in New York, but they had come to Atlantic City for the summer. Frederick had furnished a small apartment above a boardwalk store he had converted to a wax museum. He still exhibited figures of celebrated people. And they were such extraordinary likenesses that a New York newspaper had recently published a Sunday feature about his unique art, with pictures of his effigies of Mrs. Taft and Queen Mary.

At forty-three Frederick was still slim, but he had achieved an air of dignity. There was a suggestion of gray at his temples, and his face had remained thin and gentle and ascetic; a face which, like that of so many artists, clung eternally to youth. If you sought a trace of frustration in him—the frustration of a man who had yielded dreams of creating imperishable marble and bronze for the reality of melting wax—you found it only in his eyes. They were melancholy eyes; and sometimes, when he went to the Metropolitan Museum to gaze at bits of sculpture, those eyes became tragic. . . .

On weekdays he did not open his exhibition until noon, and so he could devote the mornings to Fair.

This particular morning they strolled along Atlantic City's sunny boardwalk, her arm tightly hugging his. She was smiling against the glare of sunshine on the sea—and she was beautiful. Under her sailor hat her auburn hair was piled high, kept in place by a blue bandeau. She wore a white blouse with a gold watch—his birthday gift—pinned over her heart; and her long blue skirt flowed away from a waist so slim under the sash that you could almost encircle it with your hands. But the thing that made young men turn to stare after her was her lovely young face with its wide-set amber eyes and her smiling lips. Frederick was inordinately proud of her. Whenever they passed people they knew, he lifted his flat straw hat and bowed as though acknowledging applause.

IT was during their walk this morning, as they passed a motion-picture theater that was presenting Bronco Billy Anderson, that she told him she wanted to marry Lawrence Cornish.

In his amazement Frederick all but halted. He stared at her, forgot the people streaming past them. Her smooth face was flushed and her eyes were bright with joy. When at last Frederick found himself able to speak, he whispered, "*Cornish?*"

"Yes, daddy!" She squeezed his arm snugly. "Come. We'd better keep on walking before people begin to wonder. . . . Isn't it thrilling?"

"But, Fair," he stammered as she pulled him along, "I—really—this is so—"

"Larry begged me to let him tell you when he arrived," she confided, laughing a little with the sheer excitement of the revelation. Her voice, even at eighteen, was deep and rich. "He's coming down from New York on Saturday. But I just *couldn't* hold out, daddy. I *had* to tell you."

Frederick's heart pounded and he walked in consternation. Perhaps Fair was dismayed by his expression or by his lack of enthusiasm, for her smile faded and she asked with quick apprehension, "What is it, dad?"

"Well, you—you've caught me so unprepared, dear. For one thing, I hardly realized you were so—grown up. For another, I was under the impression that you and young Andrew Light—"

"Andrew is a dear," she agreed, "and I like him. But—oh, dad, nobody is quite like Larry." The happiness rushed back to her eyes. She all but sang her praise. "You'll love him. Wait till you know him better. You'll see how perfectly grand he is!"

Frederick was still too astonished to express his reactions clearly. Or even to understand them. He recalled Lawrence Cornish as a personable young man, tall and dark and gay, with brilliant black eyes and an engaging smile. He knew, too, that Larry's people were wealthy; they owned a number of silk mills, and Larry was well established in his father's office.

Yet there was something about him—a self-confidence that bordered on arrogance, a way of hinting about his family's riches—which Frederick hadn't liked. He remembered chatting with Larry for half an hour one evening while Fair dressed, and the young man had clung persistently to a discussion of new dances, musical-comedy stars, and What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear. His idol was Vernon Castle. And when Fair had come in, he had jumped up to exclaim, "Well, Mr. Antler, it's time for you to tell us twenty-three skiddoo!"

"You'll love him," Fair predicted again.

He glanced at her. Never, it seemed to Frederick, had she been more beautiful than at this moment, with her cheeks glowing and her hand on her sailor hat to prevent its being lifted by the sea wind. Maybe I misjudged Lawrence Cornish, he thought. After all, I spoke with him for only a short time.

Suddenly he squeezed her arm within his. He smiled and put his hand over hers and said, “ Darling, it's splendid. I'm sure you're going to be gloriously happy. And I'll be happy with you.” He lifted her fingers and kissed them.

But as they walked on in the sunshine he experienced a feeling at once harassed and helpless. It wasn't merely the pang of knowing he was going to lose Fair. That was bad, yes; but he continued to think also about young Andrew Light. And his thoughts worried him.

Andrew, who was rugged and cheerful and full of plans for the future, had been coming to see Fair ever since they'd been children. He had been, mused Frederick, like a constant star in her heaven; whereas Lawrence Cornish was a new and dazzling comet, his brightness dimming everything else. . . . A few weeks ago, in June, Andrew had won his law degree. He was just launching his life, and Frederick suspected the news about Fair would be a staggering blow—perhaps a setback. He remembered how he himself had felt when Leona had married. . . .

“ Oh, come,” Fair chided and mockingly shook him. “ Don't be so *glum*, daddy. Don't you realize this is the happiest time of my life? ”

WOMEN IN CRIME

by Anthony Abbot

Crime Commentator for Liberty

Only 6.8 per cent of the 554,376 arrest records examined by the Federal Bureau of Investigation during the calendar year 1938 represented women. This is a decrease as compared with 1937, when 6.9 per cent of the records represented women. For all types of crimes except commercialized vice, the number of men arrested was larger than the number of women. However, a comparison of the figures representing an average group of 1,000 men arrested with those for an average group of 1,000 women arrested indicates that there were more women than men charged with murder, assault, and the use of narcotic drugs. In such average groups of 1,000 men and 1,000 women arrested, it would be found that there were 11 men and 16 women arrested for murder, and that there were 55 men and 65 women charged with assault. The same type of comparison indicates a somewhat larger ratio of arrests of women for larceny, but for other types of crimes against property, such as robbery, burglary, and auto theft, men predominate. The comparison further reveals that 13 of each 1,000 women arrested and fingerprinted were charged with driving while intoxicated, whereas 40 of each 1,000 men were charged with that type of violation.

These revealing figures are based upon fingerprint records received during the calendar year 1938 by the Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

IT was on Friday that Frederick Antler suffered the second shock of the week. In the morning Fair went bathing, while he remained in his museum to work on a new figure of Sarah Bernhardt. He was in the back room, molding clay, when he heard steps in the museum. He remembered then, with a start, that he hadn't locked the entrance. He wiped his hands on his smock and started toward the door—but suddenly halted.

A big man with an unhealthy yellow tint in the sagging flesh of his face walked into the workshop.

His hat was battered and his suit was shabby. Frederick's amazement made the visitor grin. His sideburns were gone, as was his mustache, and what hair was visible near his ears was quite gray. But this, unmistakably, was Joseph Cray.

He said pleasantly enough, “ Hello, Antler.” But his voice was raspy. Then he chuckled. “ Like seeing a ghost, isn't it? ”

Frederick, his heart thundering, could manage only a husky “ *Cray!* ”

“ Me, all right.” Joe Cray glanced about the workshop. “ Still at it, hey? Still showing 'em the most marvelous exhibition of the age. . . . Well, I guess it's as good a way of making a living as any.”

By that time Frederick had recovered his wits. Pallid, he hurried to lock the outer door. He didn't want Fair to walk in and encounter this man. When he returned to the workshop, he felt panicky, full of misgivings. Joe Cray had settled on a workbench, one leg swinging. Now he lit a cigarette.

“ How've you been? ” he asked quite genially.

“ All right. Look here, Joe! ” exclaimed Frederick. “ And the kid? ”

“ Fair is well, too. How—how did you find me? ”

“ Why,” said Joe, “ I was looking through a Sunday paper a couple of weeks back, and I came across an article, with pictures and everything, about how you're showing wax figures in Atlantic City.”

Frederick fought to keep fear out of his voice. “ And what do you want? ”

Joe Cray looked surprised. “ Want? Say, don't you think a man gets curious to see what his daughter looks like? ”

“ But after eighteen years—”

“ Maybe I should have come sooner,” Joe Cray admitted, frowning at the cigarette. “ Only they don't let you go visiting when you're up at Sing Sing.”

Frederick started an exclamation. Cray pushed back his hat to reveal a bald head. He smiled cryptically.

“ I wouldn't be telling you this,” he said, “ only I want you to understand my position. See what I mean? ”

“ I—I'm afraid not.”

“ Well,” Joe temporized, “ I didn't intend to come right out with it. I thought maybe we'd talk awhile first, for old times' sake. Matter of fact, I'd really *like* to know about the kid. Tell me about her. How you brought her up. She's gone to schools, I suppose? ”

“ Of course.” Frederick's nerves were still thumping. He spoke choppily. “ She graduated high school in New York a year ago, and she's been at Barnard since. I—I was hoping she'd go back to college after the summer vacation, but—” He checked himself, wondering if he were saying too much.

“ So she's quitting college, is she? ” said Cray. “ That's too bad. . . . Why? ”

“ She—she's going to be married.”

“ Married! ” Joe whistled. “ Well, now! To whom? ”

“ A man named Cornish. Listen, Joe.” Frederick sounded desperate. “ Why did you come? It wasn't just out of curiosity—”

“ Well, no,” Cray conceded. He regarded his cigarette. “ The truth is, Antler, I'm pretty hard up. They had me in Sing Sing for ten years.”

“ What for? ” Frederick gasped.

“ That's neither here nor there. The point is, I haven't got a cent. I figured if you could let me have a little—say a couple of hundred—”

“ I can't,” Frederick whispered. “ I *can't!* ”

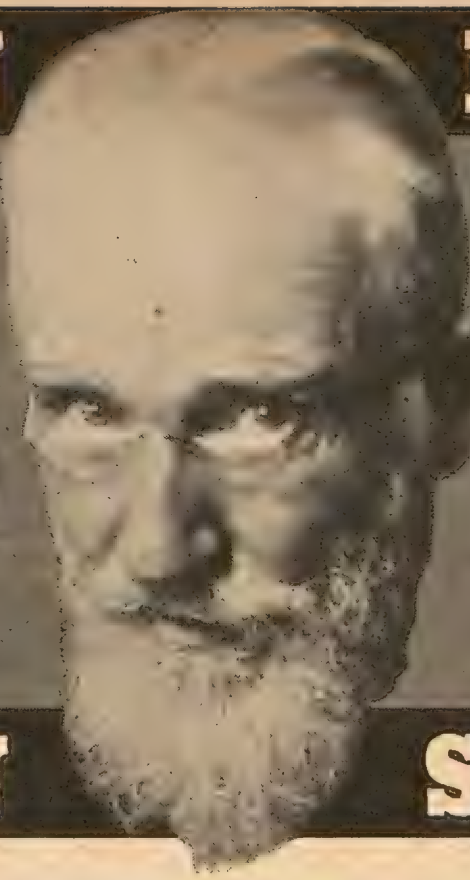
Still swinging his leg, Joe Cray appeared not to hear this. He went on without a change of tone, “ If you could let me have it, I'd go back to New York and get started again. Of course, if you haven't got it, that's another story.” He puffed at the cigarette, then squinted through the smoke. “ In that case, I could stay here and talk to Fair, I guess. Maybe she and her new husband would see me through. I'll bet they would! ”

It was blackmail, and Frederick's whole being churned with outrage. He was colorless as he stared at Joe Cray.

Will Frederick Antler have to buy off the father of Fair so as to save her happiness? And if he submits to this blackmail, how will it end? Is he to be held up the rest of his life? In next week's Liberty there are astonishing developments. Reserve your copy.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ABOUT LADY ASTOR



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

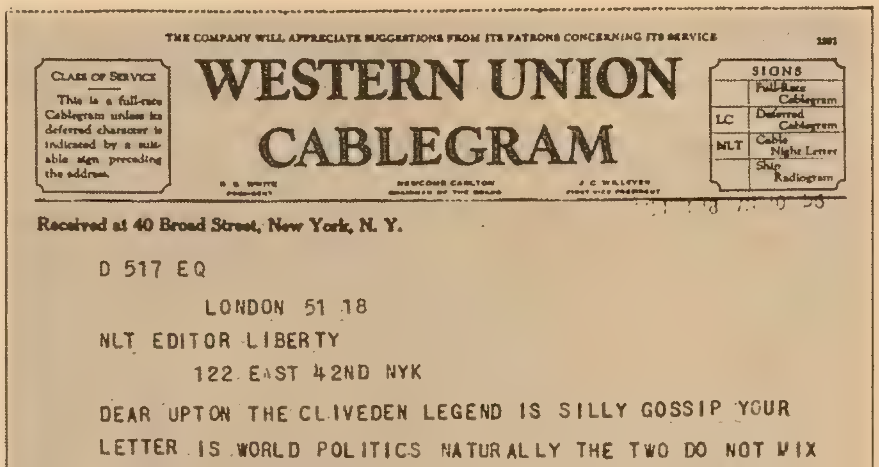
MY dear Shaw:

You have written a letter to Liberty about your friend Nancy Astor. You have asked the editor of Liberty to forgive your " uninvited intrusion," and now I am writing a letter to you and making the same request. I would much rather engage in a controversy with somebody else because I have learned not merely to admire you but also to love you.

An eminent liberal flings a challenge at a distinguished defender of the Cliveden set —and Shaw answers back

The last time we met—which was at Los Angeles harbor, several years ago—we didn't have anything to argue about; but the world has changed a lot since then, and people fly off at strange tangents like sparks from a pin wheel, and one does not know where one will find any old friend.

Here you are, telling the readers of Liberty that you are " an implacable and vociferous Marxist Communist of nearly sixty years' standing." This is indeed a bewildering display of fireworks. When I first met you, more than twenty-five years ago, you were and had been for a couple of decades an active leader of the Fabian Socialist movement, and a vehement anti-Marxist. If anywhere in your writings hitherto you have called yourself a Marxist—to say nothing of a Marxist Communist—the passage has escaped my attention. The flags ought to be out in Moscow today!



THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a full-rate Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION
CABLEGRAM

SIGNS	
	Full-Rate Cablegram
LC	Deferred Cablegram
NLT	Cable Night Letter
	Ship Radiogram

Received at 40 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

D 517 EQ
LONDON 51 18
NLT EDITOR LIBERTY
122 EAST 42ND NYK
DEAR UPTON THE CLIVEDEN LEGEND IS SILLY GOSSIP YOUR
LETTER IS WORLD POLITICS NATURALLY THE TWO DO NOT MIX
YOU MAY TAKE MY WORD AND NANCYS ON THE CLIVEDEN STUFF
STOP ON THEOTHER YOU AND I ARE EVER THE BEST OF FRIENDS
SHAW.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

Or were you just spoofing us again? You are telling the American people what catholic-minded persons your friends Nancy and Waldorf are, and you put a big red splash on the picture to jazz it up. " ME " is invited to Cliveden, and this is on the way to proving that " Cliveden is a nest of Bolshevism."

Yes, it is one of those well known " Shavianisms "; for the rest of your letter contains statements which would be made by no other " Marxist Communist " in the entire world. You refer to " the silly notion that big historic changes can be effected by the country-house cliques of a wicked British aristocracy." Maybe it is futile to take a humorist literally and pin him down to a certain statement, but the readers of Liberty won't know that you are spoofing, and they won't know enough British history to know that you, or anybody else, could go through the history books and the memoirs and cite a hundred cases in which " big historic changes " were " effected by the country-house cliques of a wicked British aristocracy." And I would not have to take the evidence from any example of what your friend Nancy calls " a Communist rag." I would take it from the memoirs and letters of the very statesmen who did the work.

And again you remark that " there is nothing unusual, suspicious, or improper in rich and influential families entertaining and organizing friends of their own political complexion and party, or in owning a daily newspaper and a weekly one." Certainly there is nothing " unusual " about it, and there is nothing " suspicious " about it to any one who understands British politics and knows what the Tory politicians are in business for.

Whether it is " improper " or not depends upon whether one believes that it is proper for the peoples of the British Empire to be governed by a small group of wealthy and privileged persons, fighting with every weapon known to mankind to retain themselves in power and exploit the labor of the rest of the human race. One thing I think is beyond dispute, and that is that the person who believes that this is not " improper " must be in a very humorous mood when he describes himself as " an implacable and vociferous Marxist Communist."

You have come to the defense of your friend Lady Astor; and she also has thrown her hat into the arena by writing an "interview" with herself and having it published in America. She says: "Cliveden Set? There is no such thing! It is a fantastic invention. It has no existence. It never did exist." She goes on to denounce "a false and stupid story published in a Communist rag." She lists several untrue statements about meetings supposed to have taken place at her home in Cliveden. She tells us about her life at Cliveden and elsewhere, about her friends and associates, and she leaves us with the clear conviction that the Cliveden story as repeated over the world is false in some details but, by her own confession, is true in all essentials.

She has a palatial country home, supported by her husband's enormous fortune. To this home she invites public men and women of many different parties and points of view. Presumably she expresses her opinions there. Those of us who have watched her in action in the House of Commons do not have to be told that she is eager and determined in expressing her opinions and in trying to have her own way. She says, "I am too impulsive to plot or even to plan long ahead."

Well, maybe so, but there must be somebody in her Tory party who plots and plans long ahead, for the British Tories have followed a definite and consistent policy since long before you and I were in public life. That policy has been to uphold the power and privileges of the British landed and moneyed aristocracy. Her party and her class have fought for this with every known weapon since the days of William the Conqueror. And she, a Virginia woman, has made herself the first woman member of the British Parliament, and the most active and vociferous spokesman of that party known in our country. She has made it her business to jeer at and heckle representatives of labor; she has been bitter, vindictive, and personal, and she cannot object now if they make her white plume the target for their arrows.

I remember how she came to this country some two and a half years ago, a Virginia woman, and told us about a Baltimore woman, Wallie Simpson. She made a cruel personal attack. It was not because Wallis was an American, she declared, but because of her private life. It was so terrible that Nancy lowered her voice and whispered over the radio—surely the strangest method of keeping a secret ever devised! Wallis was a divorced woman, and therefore could not be England's queen. But Nancy herself is a divorced woman, and it seems to me that the rule requiring you to be without sin before you cast the first stone ought to apply to modern Virginia ladies as well as to ancient Hebrew officials.

YOU know, my dear Shaw, it happens I was born in Baltimore and raised part of the time in Virginia and the rest in New York City, so I know at first hand the environments of both your friend Nancy and her husband Waldorf. The Astor estate owns vast chunks of real estate in that crowded city. In my boyhood it included some of the vilest slums, one of the sources from which the fortune is derived which enables Nancy to exhibit that hospitality which you praise so highly. It is that which enabled her to become the first woman member of the Brtish House of Commons, and to denounce Wallis Simpson over the radio, and to denounce the "Communist rag" to the entire United States.

Both you and she make much of the fact that Waldorf wanted to renounce his title and become a member of the Commons. When I hear that either Waldorf or his wife have come out for the taxation of the rental value of land, then I will really believe that they are believers in social reform, as you proclaim them to be.

Mr. Collins' story concerning the "Cliveden set" was, in its essentials, that the Tory statesmen and leaders used Cliveden as a meeting place in which to plot the Munich settlement; and Lady Nancy now says explicitly: "I backed up Chamberlain in trying to get appeasement in Europe." She adds: "Munich was neither a deliberate betrayal of democracy nor a pusillanimous sellout to a bluffer." She goes on to explain the familiar Tory contention that Britain and France were in real military danger from Germany and Italy.

It happens that a month or so ago I had the pleasure of a two-hour talk with Lord Lothian, who was named by Mr. Collins as one of the Cliveden set. I did not have to learn from him how charming and persuasive the members of your aristocracy can be; but I did get from him a detailed statement of the military situation, and I was no more persuaded by his arguments than I am by those of Lady Nancy.

"Make no mistake," says she. "If we don't get appeasement, we shall get war." One can write a lot of words making predictions and get nowhere. I will stick to Munich, and say that if France, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union had taken a firm stand for the treaties they had made with one another, and if Britain had backed them up with an equally firm stand, there would have been no war last September; and if the firm stand had been continued, there would be no danger of war today.

Why was it not done? The answer is well known to all ladies and gentlemen who have been called, for convenience, the "Cliveden set," and who, I believe, will be known as the "Cliveden set" throughout history. They could tell us now, if they chose, and doubtless will tell us in their memoirs to be published a hundred years from now. In these memoirs our great-grandchildren will read that such an alliance and such a firm stand would have aided the Soviet Union to demonstrate that the first workers' government in history can survive; and this is the one thing to the preventing of which the Cliveden set has been devoting all its powers for many years.

THE Cliveden set not merely refuses to become an ally of the Soviet Union in a war; it refuses even to threaten to take such a position. It will not permit the Soviet Union to win a victory, whether military or diplomatic. It is unwilling to weaken Mussolini, Hitler, and the Mikado too greatly, because it hopes to persuade them to fight the Soviet Union. It contemplates with horror the possibility of overthrowing or helping to overthrow any one of these three, because of the almost certainty that they would be followed by Communist revolutions in those countries and others near by.

Rather than face the possibility of any of these developments, the Cliveden set is willing to "appease" the dictators, using the method followed by travelers in Russia who threw out food to the wolves to delay them for a while. We have a joke about Munich in this country (which may have started in England) to the effect that Chamberlain was asked how he could afford so many airplane trips, and he answered, "Oh, I pay with Tchecks." That illustrates how Cliveden set is now engaged in solving the problems of the world. They began by giving Manchuria to Japan—and never forget that it was our American Secretary of State who proposed to stop Japan and hold her to the Nine-Power Treaty and the program of the "open door" in China, and it was the British of the Cliveden sort, if not the Cliveden set, who turned our proposal down. And all because they considered occupation of Manchuria as a step to the coming attack of Japan upon the Soviet Union.

Since that ill-fated day the Cliveden set (or sort) has fed to the wolves the people of north China, then of central China, and then of southern China; the people of Abyssinia, the people of Spain, the people of Austria, and the people of Czechoslovakia. They are apparently now planning to feed them some of the colonies of France, and we all watch with fascinated horror, wondering whether the next to go will be the people of Lithuania, Hungary, and the Ukraine, or the people of Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland. And are we going to see a repetition of the Franco stunt in France? All these are on the cards, and the Cliveden set has got to make up its mind what it will do in the face of each one.

In short, my dear Shaw, we have reached that point long predicted by every "Marxist Communist," when class is more than country; when the British Tories would rather sacrifice all their allies than diminish their ability to exploit the people of England—and the slum dwellers of New York City. They are terrified, of course, and are fighting with tooth and toenail to hold on to everything they can. But, frankly, I do not think you ought to be helping them. Some of your old friends would be happier if you do not visit them too often.

THE END

KNIGHT-ERRANT

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MISS AMBROSE kept glancing uneasily over at the far corner of the big schoolroom. The A-6 grade was happily busy and quite without undercurrents of mischief or quarrels this foggy afternoon. Miss Ambrose should have been able to relax. But it was abnormal for David Poindexter to be hobnobbing with Chuck Miller.

Each pupil was engaged in handwork according to his choice—basketwork, rug weaving, clay modeling. They were allowed to converse in low tones as they helped each other. Chuck, the big bully, was making a flower vase out of clay, messily, of course, indifferently.

David, who was absorbed these days in their main project about the Crusades, was fashioning a casque out of tough paper and brass clips. He was to be a knight in their school play. David looked as a knight should look, Miss Ambrose thought. A beautifully shaped dark head, enormous brown eyes deep with intelligence—sometimes amusingly cocked when he became dreamy—flushed cheeks, patrician nose and chin. Too thin, of course—something his mother worried about constantly.

Chuck's mother had no reason to worry about his weight, but that was about the only anxiety she was spared. Chuck had a record down at Juvenile Hall and was on probation, a fact which disturbed his own complacency not at all and of which the other pupils were unaware. He had a thick neck and bullet head, a heavy jaw and protruding lips, small darting hazel eyes between light lashes.

Miss Ambrose moved quietly over within earshot.

"It's a cinch," Chuck was saying, thumping at his clay. "You're the man for it—even better'n me. If you got the guts."

David's head lifted challengingly. He was about to answer, when both boys sensed the nearness of their teacher and turned.

All the boys liked Miss Ambrose. She was "keen," they said, meaning she was fair about games, and made the time indoors race with interest. The little girls liked her clothes and clean delicate perfume, her blue eyes with an unquenchable mirth in them, her brown curls, "natural" and cut short. She drew them all, however, with the depth of her understanding and sympathy, tempered with humor and hard sense.

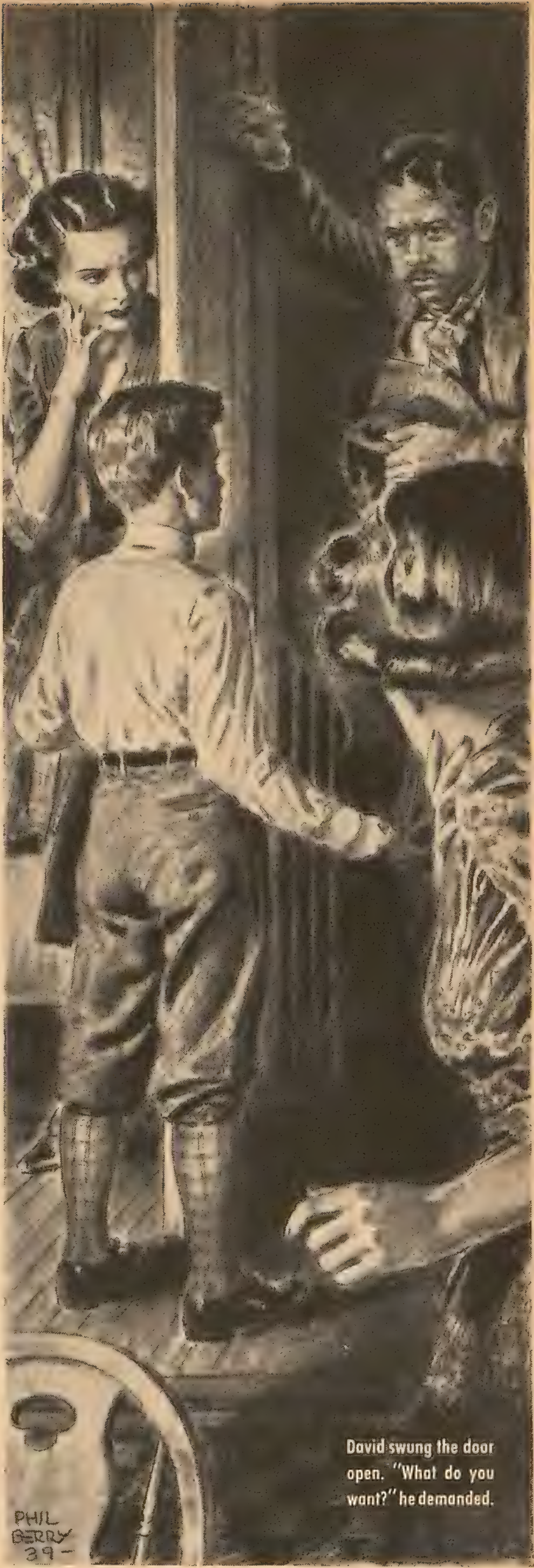
"Courage," Miss Ambrose said, "is a cleaner, stronger word for what you mean, Chuck. But you aren't supposed to talk, you know, except about your work. David, I see you've finished the casque. Suppose you go over and help Marcella untangle that yarn."

David rose. He had no interest whatever in Marcella—in fact he faintly despised her for her shiftlessness. But that feeling changed to toleration as he helped her. Her humble gratitude flattered his male ego.

It was when they practiced the play after school that chivalry really asserted itself in his heart. David had done most of the writing of the play, and he felt deeply

BY ETHEL DOHERTY
and LOUISE LONG

For parents . . A wise and tender tale of a small boy's chivalry and a woman's awakening



David swung the door open. "What do you want?" he demanded.

the character which Marcella portrayed, as well as his own part. He thrilled to the thought of her in danger, helpless, dependent on his courage. When she tied her colors to his sleeve and he went into the jousts with his wooden lance, he loved Marcella. He would die for her.

Later, as he walked home, the fog thickened about him, milky white. He could see but a few yards, a little distance into the bay where some rowboats were rocking gently at the turn of the tide.

His eyes caught the prow of a larger boat looming out of the fog, and suddenly he was reminded of Jack London on this very San Francisco Bay. Jack London, a boy like himself, in his oyster boat, prowling through the fog. Piracy? Maybe. But chivalry, too; like the crusaders. Jack London did things for others, in a knightly way. . . .

When David reached the little blue-shuttered white cottage which was his home, the lights were on. He hastened his steps with compunction. Gee, it must be late if his mother was home from work!

She met him at the door, anxious, fluttering, just as he had known she would be. She was little more than a girl herself, dark-eyed like David, and she wore plenty of make-up to try to disguise the tired lines already tracing themselves in her smooth cheeks. She had to make herself as pretty and smart as possible to keep the job in the lawyer's office down in Oakland. She had to be father and mother both, with David senior dead these four years.

DARLING," she cried with a catch in her low sweet voice, "you're so late!"

"I had to practice the play after school," David explained, tossing his cap on a chair. "And then—then I guess the fog made me slow getting home."

"That's what frightened me!" Her sensitive red lips quivered. "Dreadful things can happen in a fog."

"Huh! Too much imagination," David rallied her.

"You're a great one to say that," his mother mocked back gaily. "Come! Oyster stew for supper."

They went through the warm bright little house to the kitchen, a miracle of neatness and a monument to Mrs. Poindexter's genius at making much out of practically nothing. She had bought the house with her husband's insurance money and sent herself to secretarial school. Since then she had bent the whole of her slight energy on keeping her job so that David might know no lack.

As she ladled out the oysters she asked, "How's the play going?"

He described his paper armor, he gave certain of his lines, standing up to do it with a flourish.

"Even that dumb Marcella did pretty well today," he finished, and sat down again. He ate steadily for a few moments, and then pushed back his bowl. He was not looking at her as he began hesitantly: "Say, mother—"

"Yes, dear?"

"You know Denny's going to give up his paper route pretty soon, and I—"

"Now, David, don't start that again! I simply can't be worried to death about you—riding around on a bicycle after dark delivering papers."

David's ready color rose in his cheeks and his eyes were rebellious. He muttered: "It's time you got over thinking I'm a baby."

She looked at him covertly as he ate. He *was* a baby—only eleven years old. If only she knew how to handle him when he got older, she who knew so little about boys, she who must be a wise, kind father, too. But so far she knew what to do! He was her baby still.

The telephone rang. A neighbor wanted her to make a fourth at bridge. She was about to refuse—it was only recently that she had gone out at all in the evenings without David, for fear of fire or some other calamity befalling him.

"Go on, mother," David urged at her elbow. "I want to finish my library book and I'll be O. K."

But it was some little time before Mrs. Poindexter finally consented.

David fiddled about the living room, thinking restlessly about that paper route of Denny's. He felt belittled.

His mother had been gone for an hour when he heard a car coming into the driveway. Peering out, he could see a small rattletrap of an old roadster coughing to silence. The headlights were flashed off and from the car emerged Chuck Miller, bundled up in overcoat and muffler.

As David let him in the front door, Chuck said: "She's down at Parsons' house, ain't she?"

"Mother, you mean?"

"Sure. I saw her go in, and I says to myself, 'This is the night,' 'cause my folks are gone, too."

David knit his brows, staring at him. "But—but I thought it was a long time off—"

"No time like right now," asserted Chuck confidently. "Everything's jake. I got the car I was telling you about—"

"I thought you said you had to raise twenty-five dollars—"

"Had it all the time," Chuck said, not looking at David but swaggering around the room. "I been watching this car on the used lot a month now, waiting till I'd get it for my price. Come on, get your coat."

"But—I haven't made arrangements," David began reasonably.

"Afraid, huh?" Chuck sneered.

"No, I'm not afraid!" David lifted his chin. "It's just that—well, I'd have to tell my mother—"

"Cripes! Ain't I told you all the time that's what you *can't* do? She wouldn't let you, and you know it! See here," Chuck went on condescendingly. "The only reason I let you in on this is 'cause you can drive a car too. Hardly any of the other kids can. But if you're gonna be a fraidy-cat, I'll go it alone. And o' course"—he suddenly dropped his bullying tone—"like I told you, it's a cinch for you with that mug of yours."

That was the tack to take with David. His imagination took fire, he jumped to the ultimate happy outcome, he welcomed danger because victory was all the sweeter in overcoming odds.

"I'll leave a note," he said briefly.

Chuck read the note as David wrote it, and then urged: "Come on. We gotta get going. We'll take turns driving all night. I got a lunch for us. Get on a lot o' clothes—it's awful cold in this fog."

IT was eleven o'clock when Mrs. Poindexter got home. She let herself into the quiet living room, where a dim light was burning in the standing lamp near the sofa. She smiled approvingly at David's forethought in leaving a light for her—and the inexpensive one at that. She picked up his open book from the sofa and laid it on the table caressingly. Then she moved softly out to the kitchen and saw that the door was bolted. One little peep in at David to be sure he was covered, and she must hurry to bed. Morning came so soon.

Unfastening her dress, she stole into David's room through the door from her own. She flashed on the light. David's bed was empty, the bedspread undisturbed. She caught her breath sharply as she saw a piece of paper on the pillow. She snatched it up in the horrible fear of a ransom note, poor as she knew herself to be, and recognized David's clear round writing:

> Dear Mother: Don't think I'm kidnaped. I've gone of my own free will. You will hear from me in a few days. Don't worry. You are going to be proud of me.
>
> Your loving son,
>
> DAVID.

The room was swimming before Mrs. Poindexter's eyes. She sank on the bed, staring at the note. Through her confusion and fright came the thought of the police. She stumbled toward the telephone and then caught herself back. Could she humiliate David that way? He hadn't done anything criminal . . . he was only a lost little boy. Wringing her hands, she cried out to David the elder, gone now so long but always so close in her heart, begging him to tell her what to do. . . .

GOD bless the white line down the center of the highway. David kept his eyes on it, small cold hands clutching the wheel, for ahead there was only a wall of gray fog. Chuck was snoring at his side, doubled like a jackknife on the seat. The cold was piercing, the night lonely and blank and unfriendly. Mile after mile of straight monotonous concrete, boring ever southward, through the Great Valley of California. Parallel to the highway ran the railroad, suffocated in mist, out of whose ghostly depths came the weird scream of a locomotive whistle.

Chuck woke. He sat up and dug his fists into his eyes. "Guess it's my turn to drive. Cripes!" He peered at the instrument board. "We're most out of gas!"

"The stations were dark in the last town," David said.

"We shoulda been most there by now," grumbled Chuck. "My old man makes it easy in a night."

"Not in a heap like this." David shivered miserably.

ETHEL DOHERTY AND LOUISE LONG

both went to California universities and have spent most of their lives in the state. Several years ago they left the studio where they had spent twelve years, first cutting, then writing motion pictures, and started to "write on their own." So far they have produced four books and many short stories. They divide their time between Beverly Hills and their hillside cottage at Laguna Beach.

Chuck did not defend his newly acquired possession. He said: "Look. Watch for a dirt road off this somewhere. We'll go up it and park and sleep till daylight. Then we'll drive to the next gas station."

"What will they think of a couple of kids alone?" David worried. "We've both been missed at home, I bet, and they'll be after us." He had been doing a deal of thinking during his long stint of driving.

"I know how to fool the gas man," Chuck boasted. "I'll tell him my folks sent me down to fill up the tank while they get breakfast. And there won't be no chasing of us till they find out that . . . Say, you passed the road—there on the left. Back up."

"Till they find out what?" David asked when he had brought the car to a stop.

"Oh, nothing," Chuck said, huddling down in the corner of the seat. "Boy, it's cold! Go to sleep."

MISS AMBROSE was a little late getting to school in the morning. The Millers, Chuck's father and mother, had come to her house about seven, angry, frightened, determined to be closemouthed but anxious to find out if she had any inkling of Chuck's plans. She could not help them at all, sorry as she was for them. The last thing they wanted was help from the police.

Hurrying into her schoolroom, Miss Ambrose found Mrs. Poindexter waiting there. Her great dark eyes were ringed with black, her make-up had melted in tears.

"Miss Ambrose," she said in a quick breathless rush, "David has run away from home!" She held out David's note and the teacher took it, appalled.

"*David!* . . . And Chuck Miller, too. That's odd!" She gazed blankly at Mrs. Poindexter. "Do you suppose they went together?"

"Is he—is he David's friend?" Mrs. Poindexter asked uncertainly. "I've never heard David speak of him."

"Just lately they've had their heads together. Oh, why didn't I stop it!" Miss Ambrose groaned. "Chuck is a bad, bad boy. He's influenced David—"

"David wouldn't do anything he thought was bad. But why, oh, why did he run away?" Tears came.

Miss Ambrose pushed David's mother into a chair and turned the key in the door, for outside young voices were shrilling. Mrs. Poindexter sobbed out:

"I could understand if he'd ever been treated badly at home—but he's loved and cared for—"

"I know," Miss Ambrose said gently—"more than any other child in my room." She groped for an answer. "David is such a *responsible* boy," she said.

Mrs. Poindexter looked up through her tears. "Responsible? But he's not old enough to—"

"Oh, but he is! He loves responsibility!" Miss Ambrose looked at her wonderingly. "Surely you know that?"

"He's so little," Mrs. Poindexter said pitifully. "Think of him out last night alone—the first time he's been away from me—from his own little bed."

Miss Ambrose stood looking at her thoughtfully, knitting her strong dark brows in concentration. "I don't think of him as a baby, of course," she said at last. "I'd expect David to use initiative. He has plenty."

Mrs. Poindexter looked at her. "But he's never thought for himself! He wouldn't know enough to go to bed unless I told him it was time."

"*David?* The most responsible boy in my room? Why, I trust him with the key to the bicycle shed, and he takes full charge—he watches the time and slips out quietly just before dismissal—"

The knob on the locked door rattled. "Miss Ambrose, I can't put my bicycle away—the shed's locked," called an impatient child's voice.

"I'll bring the key presently," Miss Ambrose called.

Mrs. Poindexter stood up, glancing wildly at the clock. "Oh, I'm late for work—"

"You can't go *today*," Miss Ambrose protested.

"Oh, yes—I can't afford to miss a day. If any news comes, telephone me at the office, won't you?"

"Of course I will! And, Mrs. Poindexter, try not to worry. I'm sure David will be all right, because, as I said, he's *responsible*. And do you know that boys from nearly every home run away sometime in their lives, and for no obvious reason?"

"But not when they're loved and protected and—"

"Yes, they do," Miss Ambrose insisted gently. "My brother did—and we never knew the real reason. My dear, you and I may have to search our own hearts to explain David. We are a couple of women in charge of a boy's days and nights. We have to try to understand the masculine viewpoint—"

"Oh, if his father had only lived!" Mrs. Poindexter said forlornly as she went to the door.

THE highway was now curving and twisting over the Ridge route, the sun high above the mountains, the fog dispelled. Chuck was driving, glancing often at the blackened rear-vision mirror.

David watched him intently. "You *do* think we're being followed," he said.

"Not a chance! . . . Gee, if we could just've made it to Hollywood before daylight! . . . Look. When we get to Cahuenga Pass we're gonna ditch this bus and hike into town."

"Leave the car?" David asked. "Why, we'll need it."

"I don't wanta be caught with this car. That second-hand man must've got to his place an hour ago. How quick do you s'pose the p'lice work?"

"Chuck! You didn't"— David gulped—"you didn't *steal* this car?"

"Now hold your shirt on! I'll pay 'em back ten times over when I get my job. Look. My cousin makes a hundred bucks a week when he's working—and he's uglier 'n I am. Gosh, with your face you'll make a thousand! They're making lots of kid pictures now—"

"If you stole this car, let me out. I'm going home!"

"Crybaby! Coward!" shouted Chuck. "Just when we're almost there—"

"You let me out!"

They shot down a grade. David waited grimly. When the car began to labor up the next hill he leaned forward and whacked off the ignition. The engine died. Chuck was frantically busy with brakes to keep the car from sliding backward. David leaped out.

"It's a crazy scheme—and it won't work," he shouted, "because you began it with lying and stealing!"

"Sunday-school bunk!" was the last insult heard from Chuck as the old car jerked forward.

David ran back down the hill, past the sign that said "San Francisco 391 miles." That meant about three hundred and eighty miles home, he decided, in swift calculation. Behind him he heard the car grinding away.

Chuck had only a few miles to go to Hollywood. Trudging up the next rise, David thought, appalled:

How am I going to face mother? I won't have a thing to show her but a pair of worn-out shoes—and shoes cost so much. . . . Maybe it'd be better if I never went home—till I made good.

IN spite of her avoidance of asking help from the police, Mrs. Poindexter found herself facing a member of that force when a fat old policeman clattered up to her door on his motorcycle.

"Mrs. Poindexter?" he inquired.

She managed to nod, clutching at the door frame.

"A boy named Chuck Miller was caught on the highway just outside of Hollywood. He was sneakin' off from a car he stole. Seems your kid was with him up to a few miles before. Then he started to walk back home. We'll let you know if he gets picked up."

"Th-thank you," Mrs. Poindexter stammered, unable to move until he had mounted his machine and jounced off down the street.

She pictured the dangers surrounding the little fellow on that fearsome trek along a crowded highway, the nights, the lack of food, the tendency to take cold. She prayed almost constantly as she transcribed: "Dear Sir: Re: Tonkins vs. Barlow," while driving herself feverishly homeward, while waiting through the terrible hours in the little white house.

She saw Miss Ambrose every day, and that stanch young woman refused to dwell on Mrs. Poindexter's fears.

"The thing is to handle him rightly when he does come, my dear," she urged. "If you can get to the bottom of *why* he went—and shape your course accordingly—"

"You mean punish him," Mrs. Poindexter said rebelliously. "I suppose I ought—but all I can think of is having him safe in my arms again."

"I rather imagine he's been punished enough." And Miss Ambrose smiled a little sadly. "What I meant was that if you could see David as a *person*, developing ideas of his own, could come to an understanding—"

Mrs. Poindexter gazed at her uncomprehendingly, then her eyes clouded with fear again.

DAVID'S shoes were not worn too thin, after all. He caught rides quite often, because he was a little boy, and frail-looking and tears had streaked the dust on his face. When he was asked, as sometimes happened, what he was doing alone on the road, he answered manfully: "I ran away from home, and I'm trying to get back."

Sometimes his host would laugh at him and tell of his own similar experiences as a boy. Sometimes the man who gave him a ride was severely moral and read him a lecture. He had broken his bank before he left home and had a few cents, which he spent for food, sparingly. Nights he crawled into haystacks, as his way led through farming country.

He got into his home town about dusk one evening. He was afraid the police might be looking for him on account of that stolen car—he had a vague idea that they would hold him accountable too—but Chuck might have escaped notice. In any case, he must report at home first, even if he did have to go to the station afterward.

When he approached his house, he saw a faint light in the living room behind drawn blinds. His heart in his mouth, he applied his eye to a narrow strip where the curtain did not quite cover the window. He could see his mother walking up and down, and Miss Ambrose sitting quietly in a chair, watching her. David drew back, feeling sick. But—he had to face it. He turned and tramped up the porch steps, making considerable noise, even whistling a little.

The door was flung open. He caught a glimpse of his mother's distorted face and then her arms were about him. She almost suffocated him, but she was blessedly soft and warm and smelled like a rose.

Miss Ambrose greeted him in a matter-of-fact way while his mother was weeping, crying out: "Oh, darling, you're thin! Have you had anything to eat? Oh—but you're dirty and torn. . . ."

She pulled him down on her lap, murmuring over him, reproaching him, babying him. He sat stiffly and looked at Miss Ambrose with an odd unchildish hopelessness.

"Do the police want me?" he asked Miss Ambrose.

"Only to know you're safe at home. Chuck was caught with the car, and he actually exonerated you—we must give him that credit."

Miss Ambrose's voice steadied him. His head went up and his shamefaced flush receded. He tried to get to his feet, but his mother held him frantically.

"Darling, I'm not going to scold—but you must tell me one thing. Why did you go away?"

Miss Ambrose held her breath, but David looked at his mother candidly and said: "To get a job in the movies."

Mrs. Poindexter's eyes widened. Miss Ambrose could plainly read her thought: Had David become vain and stage-struck because of that play-acting about crusaders at school? But Miss Ambrose knew better than that. It was not the acting David cared about—it was the thought of the crusaders.

Mrs. Poindexter rose, reluctantly releasing the boy. "You must be terribly hungry, darling. I'll fry you some bacon and eggs while you wash your face." David disappeared into the bathroom and his mother whispered urgently to Miss Ambrose: "You've got to stay and help me—he's so strange!"

When David came in with his cheeks scrubbed clean and his hair slicked back, Miss Ambrose said cheerfully:

"Well, it's grand to have you back, David. We couldn't rehearse the play, and I've needed you badly. Nobody else can set up the looms so well, and the bicycle shed—goodness, nobody can handle it but you, I guess—the other monitors I tried always forgot."

David's expressive face became alert. He grinned happily. Then the hopelessness returned. Couldn't his mother *see?* thought Miss Ambrose desperately.

THERE was a loud rap at the kitchen door. Mrs. Poindexter started nervously. She stole across the room to peer from behind a curtain. She dropped it hurriedly and whispered: "Yes, it is—it's that tramp I fed last night! I was afraid he'd come back. What shall I do?"

There was a sharper rap, almost peremptory. David suddenly rose to his feet and went toward the door.

"David—don't—you're too little—" His mother was trying to restrain him as he threw back the bolt.

But David swung the door open.

"What do you want?" he demanded sharply.

"Uh—the lady—I thought she might gimme a meal—"

"You go down to relief headquarters or I'll call the police. My mother's not alone—her family's here now." David slammed the door and locked it.

When he turned, his brown eyes were shining with the "crusader" look. Miss Ambrose saw his mother's colors on his sleeve as clear and bright as if they had actually been there. . . . She turned to look anxiously at Mrs. Poindexter, and saw that she was staring at her son with a new light in her haggard face.

"Why, David, you're growing up!" she said tremulously. "I—I'm glad I've got a man in the house once more."

Miss Ambrose breathed an inaudible sigh of relief, smiling tenderly at the young mother. Mrs. Poindexter was still gazing at David, seeing him grow taller before her eyes, firm-jawed, "responsible." . . .

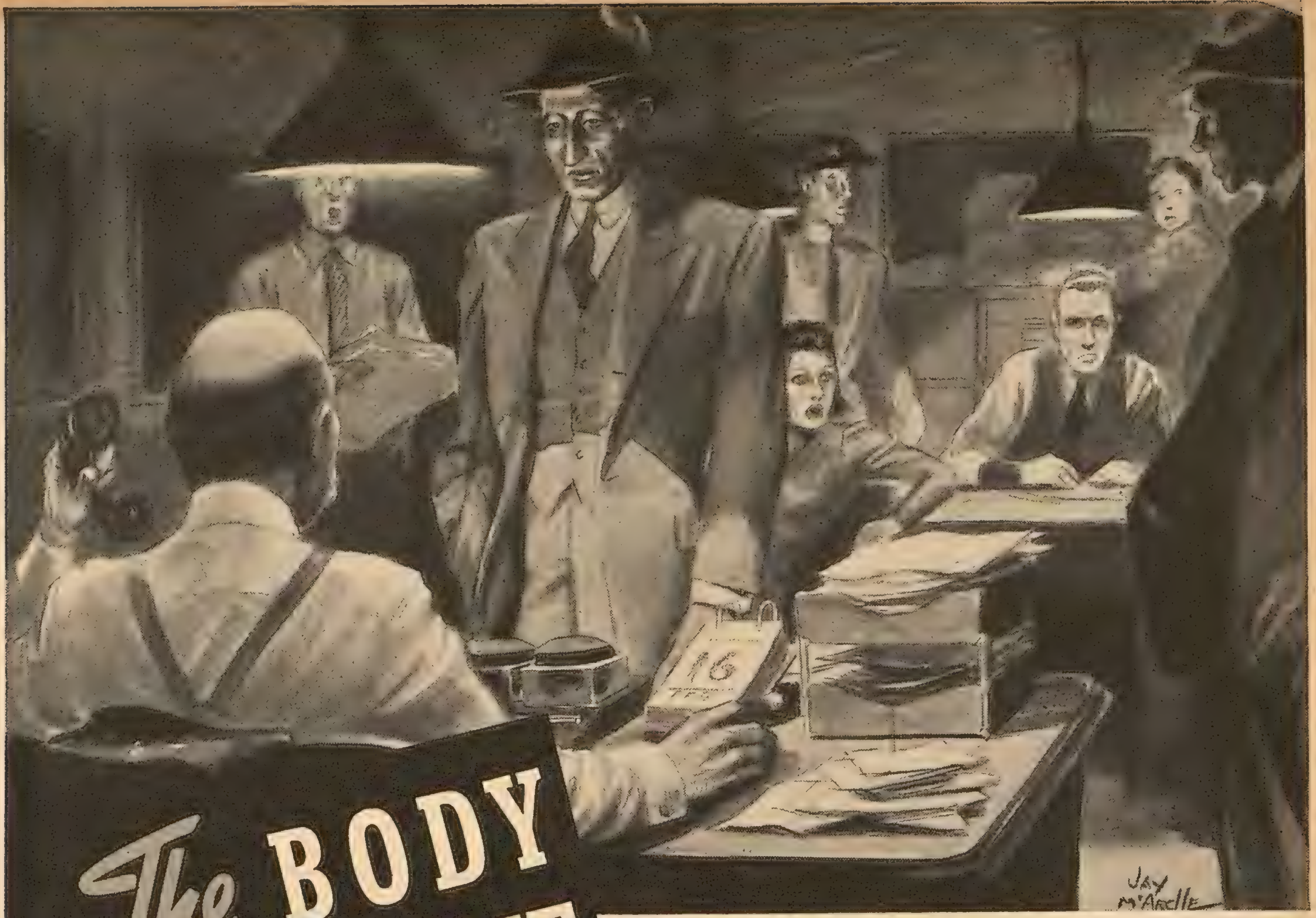
She said, feeling her way: "Denny came by today—he thought you were sick. Everybody at school thinks so. I told him you were away for a day or two, and he asked if you were going to take his paper route. And, David—well, if you still want to—you may."

"Honest?" His eyes were glowing. "Of course it won't be like the movie job. You'd never have had to work another day, mother, if that had panned out. But anyway this is a starter, and maybe it's even better, because I'll be right here to take care of you."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Poindexter said submissively. She looked up at Miss Ambrose with a satisfied sigh. "You can't imagine how much that sounded like his father!"

Miss Ambrose nodded and pulled her hat over her brown curls. "I guess we couldn't get along without our men," she said heartily, "in this or any other age."

THE END



The two men entered the office, which was filled with employees, and asked the man telephoning if he was George.

The BODY of the CRIME

First of an exciting series—Inside stories from the G-men's own files!

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Mr. Tommy Dorsey, the eminent swing-master, stepped to his microphone at exactly forty-six minutes and twenty-five seconds past midnight on the early morning of July 24, 1938, and announced that "Miss Edith Wright will now sing that popular ditty, A Tisket, a Tasket," he little knew that he was helping to solve one of the most stubborn kidnap cases in G-man history.

It may even come as a surprise to many in Mr. Dorsey's unseen audience that the G-men ever have stubborn cases; for the "ease" with which Director J. Edgar Hoover and his assistants in the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice solve the most difficult crime problems has already become legendary.

Fortunately, the legend has spread to the underworld. Some types of criminal activity have virtually disappeared in consequence. Other fields of criminal operations empty like a crowded theater at the cry of "Fire!" when the G-men are glimpsed on the distant horizon.

This reputation for the speedy getting of their man has been further strengthened by the fact that many of their quick triumphs have been accompanied by dramatic feats of courage or by impressive miracles of laboratory skill.

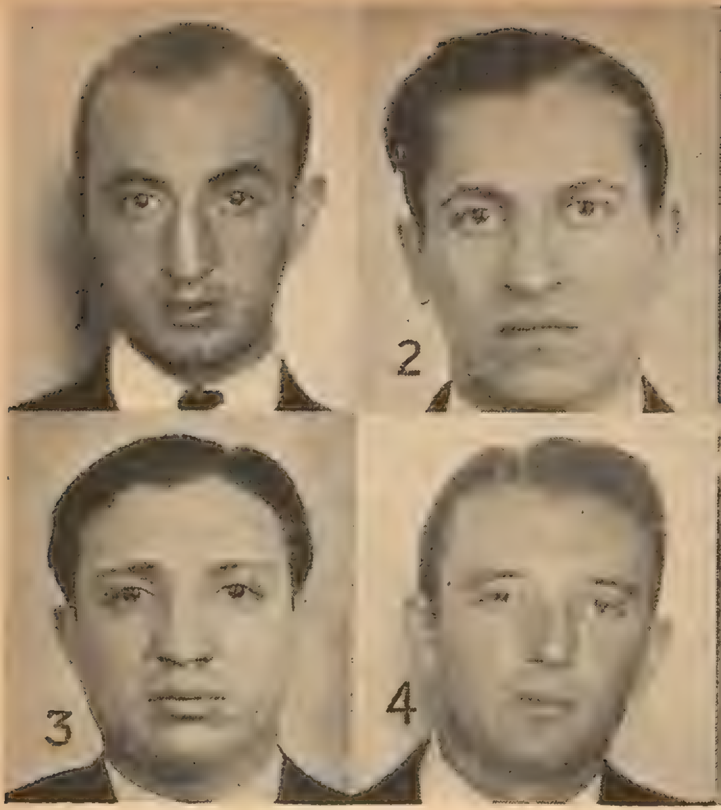
But the cases of which the G-men themselves are proudest are the stubborn ones which they have solved after months of effort by being just darned good detectives, well trained, well organized, and superlatively led, but depending for their success on the old detective virtues of patience, persistence, and painstaking care.

All of which brings us back to Tommy Dorsey, A Tisket, a Tasket, and that nice kid, Norman Miller.

Norman was nineteen and gay. It was quite in the picture, therefore, that he should be tooling along Coney Island Avenue on a soft summer's night in 1938, spread-eagled in the shadowy rear seat of a slow-moving club coupé, listening on the car's radio to the year's most seductive band in the year's most exciting tune.

It would be pleasing to report that Norman had beside him on that shadowy rear seat one of Brooklyn's most exciting maidens. But for Norman romance existed only in the celluloid image of Myrna Loy, whose current epic he and his friend Sidney Lehrer had just viewed.

Sidney was with him now, also on that shadowy rear seat, also a nice kid, and also one who knew his Dorsey. The only factors which interfered with their full enjoyment of the end of a perfect day were that each of them had his young eyes bandaged with crisscross strips of half-inch adhesive tape, that a surly gangster squatted on the floor between them and covered them with a long-nosed blue-steel revolver, and that one of the three hoodlums on the front seat was steering them to a kidnapers' hide-out from which they might never return.



The four kidnapers: 1—Demetrius Gula. 2—William Joseph Sacoda. 3—John Virga. 4—William Jacknis.

The furnace in the basement of Ukrainian Hall, in which Sacoda and Demetrius Gula burned Arthur Fried's body.

For Sidney Lehrer release came unexpectedly soon. Somewhere in darkest Brooklyn, the boys turned him loose. The man with the revolver, obviously the captain of the pirate crew, handed him a dollar bill.

"Here," he said in crisp, unaccented phrasing, "take this, get a taxi, drive to Charlie Miller's house, tell him he'll be hearing from us."

Norman Miller was not so lucky. The crisp man put an extra layer of tape over each of Norman's eyes, stuffed cotton in both his ears and taped it securely, stuck a pair of Palm Beach glasses on his nose, took him to the gang's hide-out, and held him captive until Charlie Miller—his father, a wealthy stevedore employing many trucks and truckmen—paid $13,000 for his release.

There had been complaints before about a gang of ruffians operating in various sections of Brooklyn and preying on citizens more or less allied with the trucking business. In the late afternoon of February 16, five months before the Miller snatching, two young men had entered the yard of the Vijax Coal Company.

"Pop, is George in?" one of them asked the watchman at the gate.

Upon being told that he was—George Mishkin was one of the owners of the coalyard—the two entered the office, which was filled with clerks and other employees, and asked the man telephoning at the big desk if he was George. When he nodded, the leading caller drew a blue-steel revolver with a long barrel, leveled it at him, and said in clear, concise, unaccented English:

"Finish your telephoning. Take it easy. This is a stick-up."

While his companion held the office force at bay with another gun, the man with the blue-steel revolver backed his victim into an inner office, forced him to empty the company's safe of approximately $400 in cash, and then marched him outside the building to the spot where Mishkin's own car was regularly parked.

The gangsters then left the yard in Mishkin's car with its owner between them on the front seat. A few blocks down the road they pushed Mishkin out. A few blocks farther they abandoned the car. There were no fingerprints or other evidence to identify them at that time.

On Jamaica Avenue in Woodhaven, Long Island, Max Gross operated what is known in the trade as an unequipped coal company: that is, he had an office and some trucks but no yard; and he supplied his customers with coal purchased from the larger dealers.

While sitting alone in his little office on the late afternoon of February 28, twelve days after the Mishkin affair, Max Gross was approached by two young men, one of whom, speaking with a slightly foreign accent, pretended to give an order for coal. Gross reached for an order blank, and when he looked up, he found himself gazing into the long barrel of a blue-steel revolver.

Meanwhile the other young man had quietly slipped into the chair facing Gross across the desk. He now spoke coolly and crisply:

"Take it easy. This is a stick-up. Spread out your hands."

Gross had no choice. The hoodlums had to be content with ninety-four dollars in bills and a gold watch.

Neither this victim nor Mishkin was able to give any very definite descriptions of them; but Gross confirmed Mishkin's statement that the blue-steel-revolver man spoke without accent, and added that his companion resembled the movie actor, Mischa Auer. (Mr. Auer, it should be said at once, was busily making a picture three thousand miles away!) Also, Gross revealed, there was apparently a third member of the gang, who sat outside in a car, in which ultimately the robbers rode away.

Two weeks later George Mishkin was entering his home at about six o'clock in the evening when he was accosted by two men, one of whom said in a voice that was vaguely familiar:

"Hey, George! This is a stick-up."

Whereupon the speaker, producing a long-barreled blue-steel revolver which was decidedly familiar, forced George Mishkin into a near-by car in which two other men were already sitting. A few minutes later he found himself being escorted into his office at the Vijax Coal Company—now supposedly closed for the night—and forced, as before, to disgorge the contents of the safe. The haul this time was between $1,300 and $1,400.

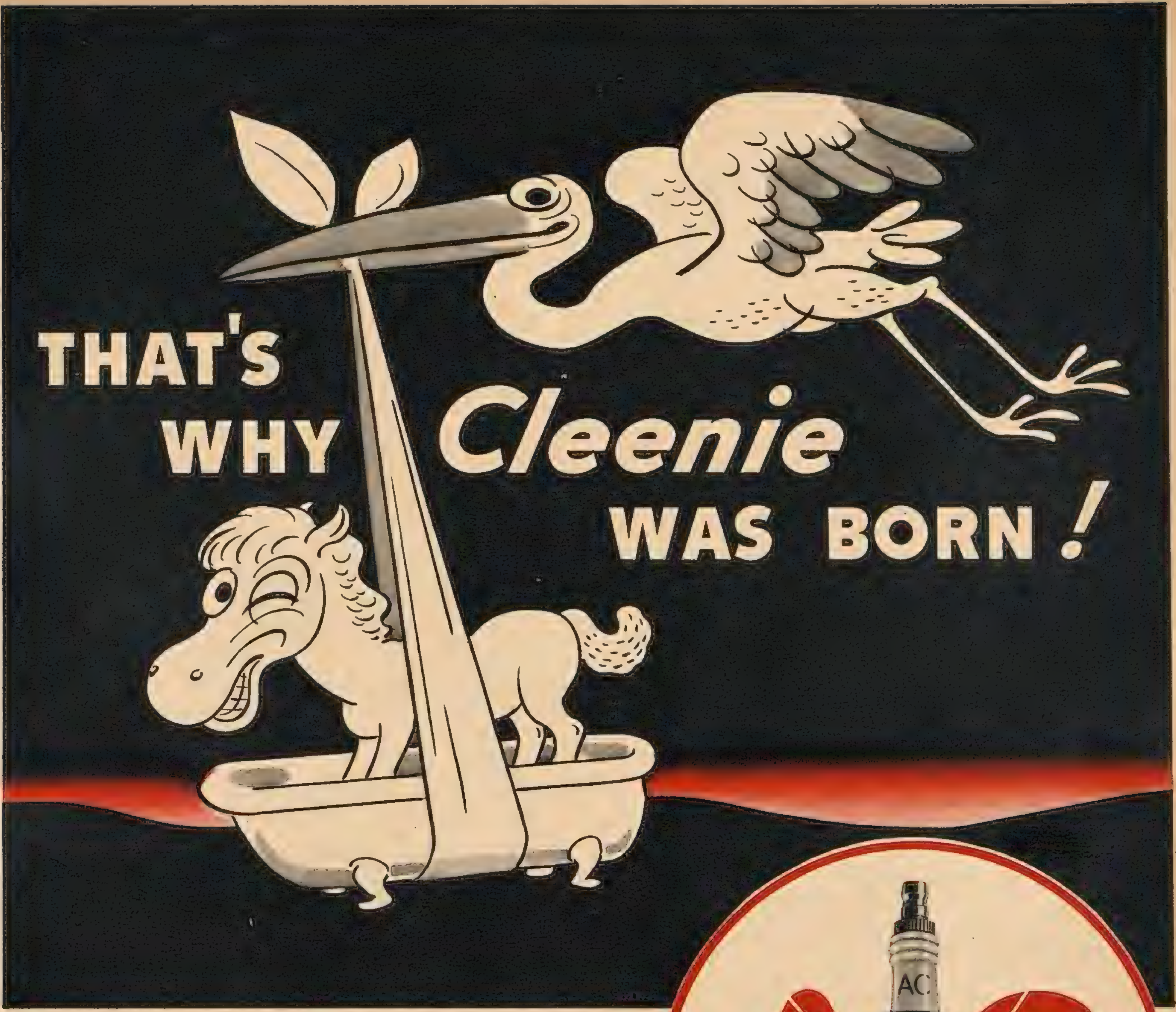
This second Mishkin hold-up, in which the robbers showed a readiness to kidnap, was followed a month later by the actual kidnaping, in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, of one Benjamin Farber, who, with his brother Irving, was in the coal-trucking business.

The Benjamin Farber kidnaping case is much too long a story to tell in these columns. Its importance here is that it disclosed that our four stick-up boys—there was no doubt as to their being the same ones—were actually in the business of kidnaping and holding for ransom.

That was why special agents of the Department of Justice were secretly paying minute attention to a series of what might otherwise have been considered routine police-court cases.

In the normal course of law-enforcement business, the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice does not concern itself

(*Continued on page 20*)


THAT'S WHY Cleenie WAS BORN!

All plugs NEED CLEANING— *for better engine performance*

That's why there's a Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Station in your neighborhood, fully equipped to clean and adjust your plugs for only 5c each. Have it done next time your car is washed or serviced, or the oil changed. Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best motor performance.

AC

SPARK PLUGS

Registered
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION

Look for this Sign

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO

MY GLASSES ARE CLEANED SEVERAL TIMES A DAY
MY SPARK PLUGS ARE CLEANED EVERY 4000 MILES

—for Thirty Years

THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Standard equipment on America's finest cars, AC's assure you of peak performance and reliability.

Get a set—and Get the difference

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

(*Continued from page 18*) with local robberies and stick-up crimes. After all, we have local police forces, and the last thing in the philosophy of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and his associates—including, of course, the commander in chief, Attorney General Frank Murphy—is that there should be a national one.

But the G-men's interest in these obscure Brooklyn hold-ups was predicated on the fact that several months before, there had been committed in the New York area, on a young man also affiliated with the trucking business, one of the most despicable of kidnaping crimes, the solution of which had so far evaded all authorities, both local and federal.

This seemingly unsolvable case had begun with the ringing of the telephone at three fifty in the morning of December 5, 1937, on the fifth floor of Briarview Manor Apartments in White Plains, New York, about twenty-five miles from New York City.

"Mrs. Arthur Fried?" asked a strange male voice, bold and apparently young.

"Yes."

"Well, your husband is down here in the Bronx, very drunk."

Now, there are not many situations in which a young wife might be glad to receive such a message about her husband, but Gertrude Fried was in one of them.

She was desperate.

The Arthur Frieds were simple folk. The evening before, as was their week-end custom, they had dined with Mother Fried in the big house on Sound View Avenue, also in White Plains, and had gone to a movie with their brother- and sister-in-law, the Harold Danielses, in the latter's car.

After the show, Arthur had got out in front of his mother's home with the intention of picking up his own car, a coupé, which he had left at the curb, and following the others to the Daniels home for coffee and cake.

Gertrude and the Danielses had seen Arthur start the coupé, proceed slowly a few yards down the avenue to a driveway he used as a turn-around, and turn into the driveway. They hadn't seen him since.

It was conceivable, therefore, that Gertrude Fried, beside herself with anxiety for her husband's safety, might have welcomed the news that the worst that had happened to him was that he had had a drink or so too many.

But if the purpose of the phone call was to allay anxiety for a few hours and thus keep the Fried family from reporting Arthur's absence to the police, it failed, for Arthur Fried was not a drinking man. He might take a glass of wine to celebrate a festive occasion, but never in his thirty-two years had he drunk too much.

He was not the kind to stay up until four o'clock in the morning, either. In fact, he had demurred a bit at going to the Danielses' after the movie, because he had to start early the next morning for his job as district manager of a sand-and-stone company in the Bronx.

HIS real status as a kidnaped man was made known at approximately 2 A. M., Tuesday, when apparently the same voice that had talked with Gertrude Fried called the garage which members of the Fried family operated in Manhattan, and talked to Hugo Fried, one of Arthur's five older brothers.

"Hello, Fried?" said the voice. "Listen to me. Go across to York Avenue, turn right to Seventy-ninth Street —" Here Hugo attempted to say something. "Now you do as I tell you. Don't go over twenty miles an hour. Then turn left on Amsterdam to Sixty-ninth Street, where you will see Kelly's Bar and Grill. Come alone. Go in there and wait for a call. Your name is Roberts."

Hugo Fried did as he was told, and when the public phone in the grillroom rang, the same voice said:

"Roberts? You listen to me. The kid is all right. When you come out of the bar, turn to the right, then to the right again. Go into the men's room. There is a towel rack. On top of this towel rack is a letter. Take the letter, walk back to the bar, open it and read it, and then walk outside. Tear it up, burn it, and bend down. Then go back to the garage and wait."

Hugo Fried went to the men's room, found the letter, returned to the bar and opened it; but he didn't burn it. He slipped the letter into his pocket and burned only the envelope. Then he went back to the garage.

The letter, in Arthur Fried's handwriting, conveyed the kidnapers' demand for $200,000.

Five more telephone calls were received that night and the following day, December 6, during which Hugo Fried managed to convince the kidnapers that their demands were quite out of proportion to the family's ability to pay. Soon they were talking $2,000 instead of $200,000; they even intimated that they might take $1,800.

Finally Hugo agreed to pay $1,800 at ten o'clock that evening, and the kidnapers agreed to let him talk with his brother then before turning over the money.

That evening the Frieds were the happiest family in the state. Mother Fried made the big house on Sound View Avenue gay with welcome. Gertrude Fried could smile again. Little eight-year-old Arlin Fried was promised that he could stay up late to see his daddy.

The situation really had been handled beautifully. The police departments of New York City and White Plains had stood patiently by while the ransom negotiations had been going on. The G-men, who had come into the case on suspicion that a federal law had been broken, had loyally kept the bereaved family's secret. The newspaper boys had taken their cue from the authorities. All were ready to give Arthur Fried a chance for his life.

Well, nearly all.

The telephone conversation arranging for the freeing of Arthur Fried had taken place about 8.20 P. M.

At 8.23, one hour and thirty-seven minutes before the pay-off was to be made, New York City and Westchester newspapers broke the story: told of the demand for $200,000, told of the fact that Hugo Fried did not burn the ransom note, told of the presence of the G-men in the case.

THE inevitable resulted. Ten o'clock came and passed. Eleven o'clock. Twelve o'clock. No telephone calls. Mother Fried turned out her lights. Arlin Fried went to bed without seeing his daddy. Gertrude wept again.

Thereafter events in the Fried kidnaping case resolved themselves into a series of cruelly disappointing futilities. Telephone calls continued to reach the Frieds, but now, thanks to the publicity, they were mostly from chiselers who sought to profit by the family's misfortune.

Only twice did Hugo Fried feel that he was again in touch with the real kidnapers. On both occasions he was sent to a bewildering array of cafés, bars, and grills to await mysterious phone calls for "Mr. Roberts."

On the evening of January 3, 1938, pursuant to such telephone instructions, he went with a package containing $3,500 to Loew's Commodore Theater at Second Avenue and Sixth Street to await a call. When it came, he was ordered to go up to Exit 25 in the balcony, go out on the fire escape outside this exit and throw the package as far as he could. Hugo Fried, no Jafsie, refused to enter into any such silly performance.

That was the last contact with the supposed kidnapers. After thirty days nothing had been learned. Nobody knew, and nobody outside of the family seemed to care, whether the kidnaped man was alive or dead. What might be called the "body of the crime" was still enshrouded in seemingly impenetrable mystery.

The Frieds publicly offered a reward of $2,500. There were no takers. There were no further calls, no letters, no messages of any kind. The kidnaping of Arthur Fried was, to all intents and purposes, a closed case.

But a case is never closed in the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice until the criminal who committed the crime is arrested, convicted, or dead. True, there wasn't much to go on this time. But there were a few shreds, not of evidence but perhaps of clues. And the G-men, acting under J. Edgar Hoover's personal direction, set patiently to work to piece these shreds together:

The apparent leader of the gang spoke concise idiomatic English without the slightest sign of accent.

He or some of his associates seemed to have an unusual knowledge of a certain class of restaurants, bars, and grills, possibly indicating connection with a vending machine or pin-ball business (*Continued on page 22*)

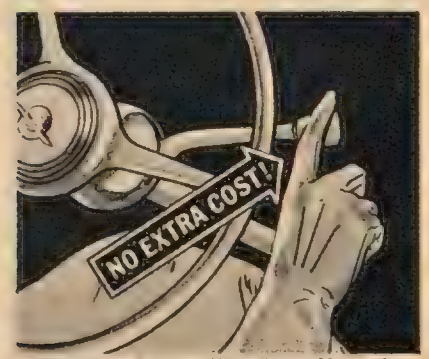
Plymouth Sets a New High in Value

BIGGEST OF "ALL THREE"– IT'S THE YEAR'S BEST BUY!

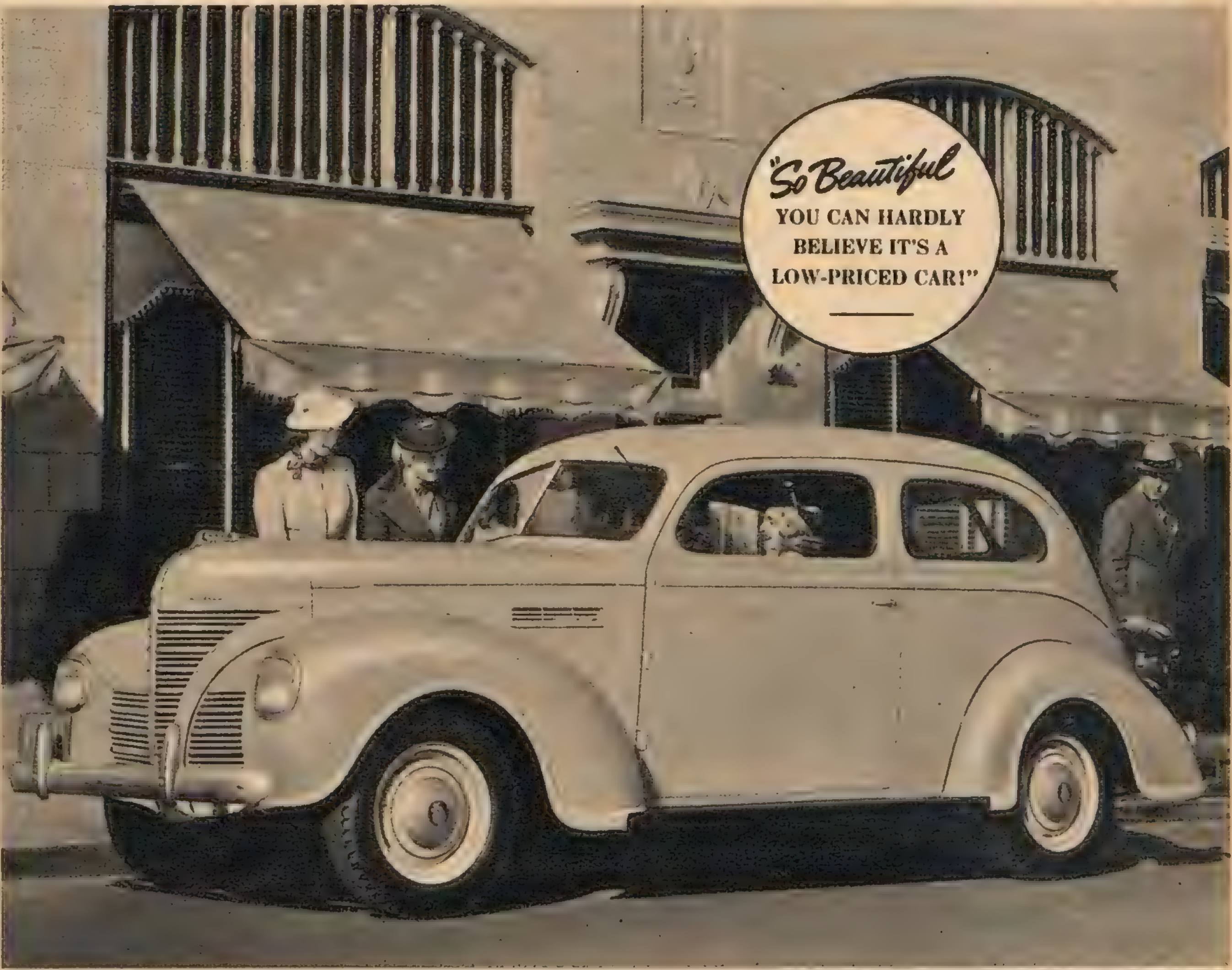
BUYERS CALL PLYMOUTH "MOST FOR LOW PRICE"

HERE'S WHY:

- Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is biggest—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!
- *Every* Plymouth model has the big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine—giving full power *plus* great economy.
- The only leading low-priced car with the steering-post gear shift as standard in De Luxe models *at no extra cost*.
- Plymouth is the only low-priced car with coil springs as standard equipment *on all models*.
- The only leading low-priced car with a Safety-Steel body completely rust-proofed.
- The only low-priced car with a "safety signal" speedometer.



STANDARD on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission.



"So Beautiful" YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE 1939 PLYMOUTH has Floating Power engine mountings and time-proven Hydraulic Brakes.

BEFORE YOU DECIDE on *any* low-priced car, see what each offers...in size, in comfort, in performance...in finer *quality!*

On every count, Plymouth gives you most!

Plymouth is easily the biggest of "All Three" low-priced cars—and *all* Plymouth models are full-powered yet *famous for economy.* Only Plymouth has the marvelous smoothness of Amola Steel coil springs . . . the delightful handling ease of True-Steady steering.

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

COUPES START AT **$645**

SEDANS START AT **$685**

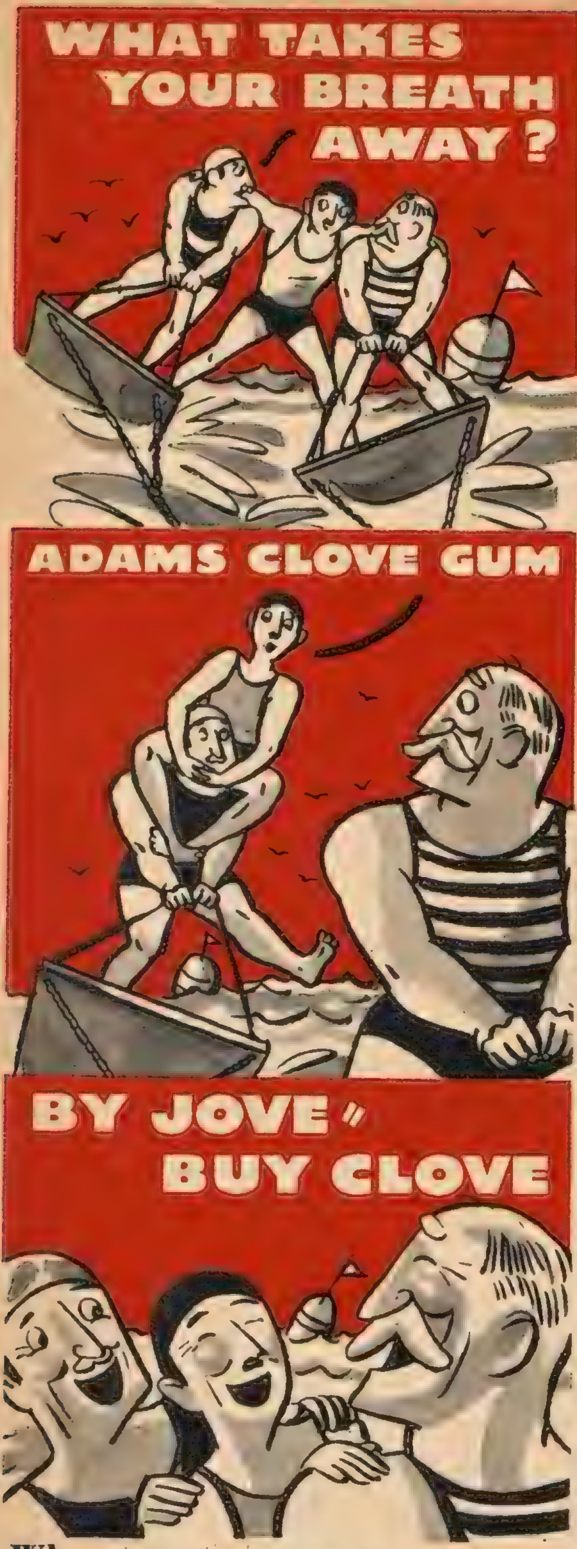
—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR



Wherever you expect to meet people—at office, school or parties—take Adams Clove Gum along. It kills unpleasant breath quickly, conveniently. Easy to carry—a pleasure to use.

Kings of old paid fortunes for clove flavor—yet it was never as delicious as the clove flavor in Adams Clove Gum! Real clove without clove's hot bite—refreshing—luxuriously good!

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

(*Continued from page 20*) supplying such places.

The man who did the telephoning seemed also to have some knowledge of the Fried family's business, which was, in a general way, the operation of motor trucks. In fact, on one occasion he told Hugo Fried that he, Hugo, knew him "very, very well."

And finally, five high-school boys and girls, returning home shortly before midnight in the vicinity of Sound View Avenue, White Plains, on the night of Arthur Fried's disappearance, saw a sedan cut in front of a coupé, and a man get out of the sedan with a revolver in his hand and climb into the coupé, after which both cars disappeared into the night.

THE youngsters disagreed on several points about the two cars, but agreed on these:

Both cars carried New York licenses.

The coupé license began with the letters BM, which were the first two letters of Arthur Fried's 1937 license. The sedan license began with the numeral 7 and the letter N—7N.

No, it wasn't much—but, such as it was, it was all they had; so the G-men started out to look for a supposedly young man who spoke good English, who seemed to know something about the restaurant, barroom, and trucking businesses, and who might once have owned or used a car with a New York license beginning 7N.

"Watch every job that's pulled," were the instructions. "A boy with $200,000 ideas won't be idle long."

And, as we have seen, he wasn't.

After the Farber kidnaping the G-men felt that at last they were on their way to a solution of the Arthur Fried case. Here was the same use of cigar stores and grills, the same use of an assumed name for the telephone calls (this time "Mr. Smith" instead of "Mr. Roberts"), and the same willingness, after big-talk demands, to accept a reasonable amount—this time $1,900 instead of $1,800—and the same method of pay-off as had been proposed to Hugo Fried.

In the Farber case, it was agreed, after several telephone contacts, that the package should be thrown from a point on the Williamsburg Bridge, some five stories above South Fifth Street on the Brooklyn side. This was done; and Farber, after a whole day spent in the gang's unidentified hide-out, was turned out on the street in Manhattan, near Queensborough Bridge.

Ironically, his automobile, which had been abandoned en route in favor of the hoodlums' own car, was recovered, on advice furnished him by them, outside the Clymer Street Police Station in the Borough of Brooklyn—but that is neither here nor there in our story. The important thing at this point, from the G-men's standpoint, was to find the hide-out to which these thugs were in the habit of taking their victims.

And that is where Tommy Dorsey and his A Tisket, a Tasket again swing into the picture.

Benny Farber, although he was snatched in broad daylight, was able to give the special agents very little information about either the direction or the duration of the ride on which he was taken. The crooks saw to it, by a bewildering succession of right and left turns, that their victim was soon hopelessly confused.

Relying on the darkness, they were less cautious when they held up Norman Miller and Sidney Lehrer at a red-light intersection about midnight. Moreover, Norman and Sidney were smart young college fellows who from the beginning did a little detective work on their own. Good detective work, too. Not much got by these two boys.

They knew to a minute the time they left the movie house, they knew that the hold-up occurred almost immediately, they knew the exact spot to which they were taken before they were blindfolded, they were able to estimate very closely the elapsed time from that point to the spot where they were taken out of their own car.

The last fact was most important because it showed rather conclusively that the spot where the car was later found was the actual spot where the transfer to the kidnapers' car took place. It was, according to both boys' estimates, separately arrived at, just about the right distance from the hold-up scene.

BUT there was still the ride to the hide-out to be figured.

It is not difficult for an intelligent person to keep track of short periods of time, say ten minutes, which was the estimated elapsed time between the hold-up and the abandonment of the boys' car. It is not so easy to keep track of an hour or even half an hour. The blindfolded boys were beginning to realize that, when, after another possible ten minutes of riding, one of the three men on the front seat turned on the radio.

When he did so, he probably turned the key which was to open the death house at Sing Sing to him and at least one of his pals. For radio tells the time. By turning it on, he broke the trip to the hide-out into two parts and greatly increased the probable accuracy of the time estimates.

The boys knew that they were approximately ten minutes from the abandoned car. They knew, the moment they heard the music, that they were listening to Tommy Dorsey. The instrumental music stopped. The leader's announcement came over the air. The girl sang. They heard the whole song. Then the radio went silent again. Sidney was turned out on the street. Norman went back to his timekeeping. Twenty minutes later—that was his estimate—they were at the hide-out.

At the office of the Columbia Broadcasting System it was, of course, possible to obtain a transcript of the Tommy Dorsey program showing the exact second when A Tisket, a Tasket went on the air. This checked closely with the boys' own estimates of the ten-minute lapse after transferring to the kidnap car, and gave added credence to Norman Miller's unsupported twenty-minute estimate for the balance of the ride.

There remained only the matter of the speed of the car. Benny Farber had distinctly recalled that the car in which he rode moved at a moderate rate of speed and obeyed all traffic rules. These two boys had the same definite recollection. The crisp-spoken leader of this robber band apparently believed that his often repeated advice to "take it easy" should apply first at home.

Ten minutes from the hold-up to the abandoning of the boys' car. Ten minutes from the transfer into the kidnapers' car to A Tisket, a Tasket. An estimated twenty minutes from A Tisket, a Tasket to the hide-out. Call it forty-five minutes, to be on the safe side. The kidnapers' hide-out must be within forty-five minutes of comfortable riding from the kidnap spot.

There was another possible focal point. Norman Miller counted the seconds also in his return trip, and estimated that it took the kidnapers twenty-five minutes to traverse the distance, driving at their usual rate of speed, from the hide-out to the point on Avenue D, Manhattan, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, where his father's intermediary subsequently found him, with eyes still bandaged and sitting on an ash can.

So it was safe to figure that the hide-out must be somewhere within forty-five minutes of the corner of Coney Island Avenue and King's Highway, Brooklyn, where the snatch was made, and within twenty-five minutes of the point in Manhattan where the delivery was accomplished. Two circles were therefore drawn on the map of Greater New York with these two focal points as centers. The territory included within both circles should be—and was—the area in which the hide-out was located.

The only difficulty was that the said territory included all of northern Brooklyn and practically all of lower Manhattan!

After Miller reached the hide-out, his eyes remained bandaged and his ears stuffed. But it is hard to keep a good boy down. He managed to loosen his bandages at times, he used his feet and hands for identifying surfaces, and he managed to hear a good deal even through the cotton in his ears. The information thus obtained was immediately transferred to the map.

For example, Norman was certain that he had heard pool balls clicking. A list was obtained of all the poolrooms in the suspected area, and red pins were placed on the map. Norman heard a church bell ring at ten A. M. Sunday morning. A list of churches was obtained, and white pins were placed to indicate the locations of all those having bells.

Upon entering the hide-out, Norman had been conscious through his loosened bandages of rows of collapsible chairs. A list of all assembly halls was obtained, and pins bearing white dots were placed. Norman had frequently heard cars passing near by; he thought they were surface cars, but on account of the cotton he couldn't be sure. Red lines were drawn on the map to indicate all surface lines, green ones to indicate all elevated lines.

After the ransom had been paid, Norman had been commanded to "act natural" on the way out and to carry on a normal conversation. The kidnap leader had begun the conversation with "That was a good show that we saw"—indicating that they might be near a movie theater. A list of all such theaters was obtained, and pins bearing crosses were placed on the map.

In addition, large pins bearing descriptive words were placed where the snatch was made, the car abandoned, the victim released, etc. Large flat-faced pins were also used to locate strategic points where special agents were subsequently stationed to listen to church bells on Sunday mornings.

That done, the territory was divided into sections, each of which could be covered by one agent or two. Photostatic enlargements of each section of the map were then distributed to special agents with instructions to report all places having all or most of the necessary characteristics, and to eliminate all others. For example, a sus-

For good taste in the evening...
"LIGHT" IS RIGHT
SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY'S light RED LABEL

Because America's taste today is for *light* whiskies. Friendly* Schenley's Red Label is one of the fastest growing whiskies in the country! It is 90 proof. Try it today! Taste with delight... "LIGHT" IS RIGHT!

For an even richer Blended Whiskey, try Schenley's BLACK LABEL, also full 90 proof. 65 per cent grain neutral spirits.

*Friendly to your taste.

SEVENTY PER CENT GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—BLENDED WHISKEY—COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

"My Diary tells me

to take S.S.S. Tonic this Spring"

"I know from experience I will be happier when I *feel* better and *look* better."

And the reason for this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess *genuine* vitality . . . the means to strength . . . energy . . . and that assurance of well being.

for that tired-let-down feeling

Worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, and sickness often reduce the blood's strength and vitality.

But you may rebuild this strength by restoring your blood to normal, in the absence of an organic trouble, with the famous S.S.S. Tonic.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

.. *In the Spring take*

S.S.S. TONIC

pected hide-out which was not near either a poolroom or a church was immediately discarded.

By this painstaking method, all possible hide-outs in northern Brooklyn were finally eliminated. Thereafter attention focused on lower Manhattan. Here progress was more rapid, for the downtown skyscrapers below the Williamsburg Bridge offered few opportunities for successful kidnaping operations. The special agents turned to the small but densely populated section of Manhattan just above the Williamsburg Bridge. By the same process of elimination, they had got down to a narrow district, where the hide-out actually *was* located—when another line of inquiry, which had been going on at the same time, unexpectedly bore fruit.

THE tremendous job of investigating the characters and records of all persons who owned or might have ridden in a sedan car bearing a 1937 license beginning 7N, had been going on steadily ever since the Fried kidnaping, but without results. In the meantime the G-men had started another kind of automobile hunt. The car used by the kidnapers was, by all accounts, a club coupé, which looks like an ordinary coupé but has space behind the principal seat for two small seats, usually folding ones. By eliminations and tests, in which Norman Miller and Sidney Lehrer were most helpful, it was finally established, largely by the shape and feel of the seats and the sound of the motors, that the car was a Packard Six club coupé, 1937 model.

Now to find such a car in the possession of somebody who might have been concerned, or might lead to somebody who had been concerned, in the series of stick-ups and kidnaps!

Well, this, too, looked like a hopeless job; but the G-men had noticed one thing which all of this gang's victims, including Arthur Fried, had in common: they belonged to families that liked horse racing and frequented the various tracks in the New York area. Two of the kidnapers, in talking with Norman Miller and Benny Farber, had shown an expert knowledge of race horses, and one of them had told Norman that he had "put the finger" on his father at the Empire City track.

By midsummer, the racing crowd had moved to Saratoga. It was possible that the kidnap gang had moved on with them. For days special agents haunted Saratoga's streets and parking grounds. At last he spotted a Packard Six club coupé, 1937 model, with a 1938 New York license 6C-6500, issued in the name of Denis Gula, who had a telephone listed under his name at 217 East Sixth Street, Manhattan. (Denis Gula, by the way, was not implicated in the crimes under discussion.)

This address turned out to be Ukrainian Hall, situated in that narrow section of Manhattan which the G-men had reached in their campaign of elimination. It was, in fact, one of the places in that section already marked "for further investigation." More significant still, it was only one building removed from Loew's Commodore Theater from whose fire escape Hugo Fried had been asked to throw his ransom package.

Further probing in the Motor Vehicle Bureau records revealed that the license plates which the car now carried had been issued in April of 1938, but that prior to that time it had carried plates which had originally been issued for a Buick sedan, the 1937 license number of which—Arthur Fried was kidnaped in December, 1937—was *7N-900*!

Denis Gula proved to be a middle-aged Ukrainian who had conducted for ten years a combination poolroom and bar in the basement of the Ukrainian Hall, and whose son, Demetrius Gula, the active operator of the Packard club coupé, bore an unmistakably close resemblance to the estimable and amusing Mr. Mischa Auer.

There was now no doubt about Ukrainian Hall being the hide-out. It had all of the identifying factors: the pool parlor in the basement, the movie theater almost next door, the church with bells backing up on the next street, the collapsible chairs. There was no doubt that Demetrius Gula—who was, by the way, in the pin-ball business!—was one of the gang. The G-men, however, were in no hurry to move in on him.

Demetrius at the moment was trying to secure freedom for one William Joseph Sacoda, known as Steve, who had lately been picked up by the police for parole violation. Observation of Demetrius while he held conferences in a lawyer's office on the matter uncovered a companion of Gula named John Virga, known as Murphy, who answered to the description of the No. 3 man of the little automobile parties. Observation at Ukrainian Hall uncovered the No. 4 man, one Willy Jacknis. Sacoda, as subsequently developed, was the No. 1 man, he of the crisp speech, the impeccable English, and the long-nosed blue-steel gun.

ALL these men had criminal records —although one had recently been acting as an assistant teacher for the WPA—and it was a simple matter to obtain photographs and have these identified by their victims.

Gula, Jacknis, and Virga were taken into custody; Sacoda was already there. Gula, faced with the G-men's evidence against him, made a complete confession of the Miller, Farber, Mishkin, Gross, *and* Fried jobs, implicating Sacoda in all of them. Jacknis and Virga made complete confessions of the Miller and Farber kidnapings, and implicated Sacoda in both. Jacknis also confessed participation in the Gross hold-up and the second Mishkin one, and implicated Sacoda in both.

On January 27, 1939, in the first case under the new New York statute requiring the death penalty for kidnapers convicted without recommendations by the jury for mercy, Demetrius Gula and Steve Sacoda were so convicted. They are now under sentence of death. At this writing they and the others have still to stand trial on the other kidnaping charges.

And Arthur Fried? Not even the G-men could save *him*. For this innocent hard-working citizen, this faithful husband and loving father had long since died the death to make a newsman's headline holiday.

"This is how it was," said Demetrius Gula. "Steve came in and showed me the newspaper. When I seen it, I said, 'Let him go.' Steve said, 'You're crazy. He knows me as well as you do, because he had his glasses off when he was with me.' I asked him, 'Well, what are you going to do?' And he says, 'What do you think? Knock him off.'

Thugs mail you a shakedown message: "Twenty grand—or else!" You pluckily notify the F. B. I. What then? Well, in the Barbeau case the G-men collared their thugs from the skies—as Mr. Collins will tell you next week!

"So he takes this Arthur Fried and blindfolds him and stands him at the end of the bed. We were in Steve's two-room apartment, and the radio was on, and Arthur Fried thought we were going to take him somewhere else to let him go, as we said we would. Then Steve Sacoda shot him in the head, and he fell forward toward the bed, and we wrapped his head in rags so the blood would be stopped from running.

"We picked Fried up, carried him between us, and put him in the car. We drove to the Ukrainian Hall and opened the front door. We carried Arthur out of the car and took him in. Then we went to the furnace room in the Ukrainian Hall and put Fried's body in. We put in the head first. We stayed there three or four hours. Then we shook down the furnace, put more coal in on top of him, and left."

Arthur Fried, murdered by Steve Sacoda and Demetrius Gula! But was he?

Gula answers this question best:

"Sacoda . . . showed me the newspaper . . . and he says . . . 'Knock him off.'"

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ THEY WANTED TO LIVE by Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Company.

Another pleasant novel by the author of Victoria Four-Thirty; written pretty much to formula, with slight characterization and large dollops of naïveté, but with generous splashes of modern Vienna and Budapest color.

To feel better faster —take Sal Hepatica!

MRS.: Wouldn't you know? Special company coming, forty things to do—and I've got a logy, sick headache. Of course, I'll take a laxative but this sickish feeling will linger for days.
MR.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, love.

MRS.: Do you mean there's something different about Sal Hepatica?
MR.: I certainly do. First, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity, chases that sickish feeling in a hurry. Millions know that—by experience.

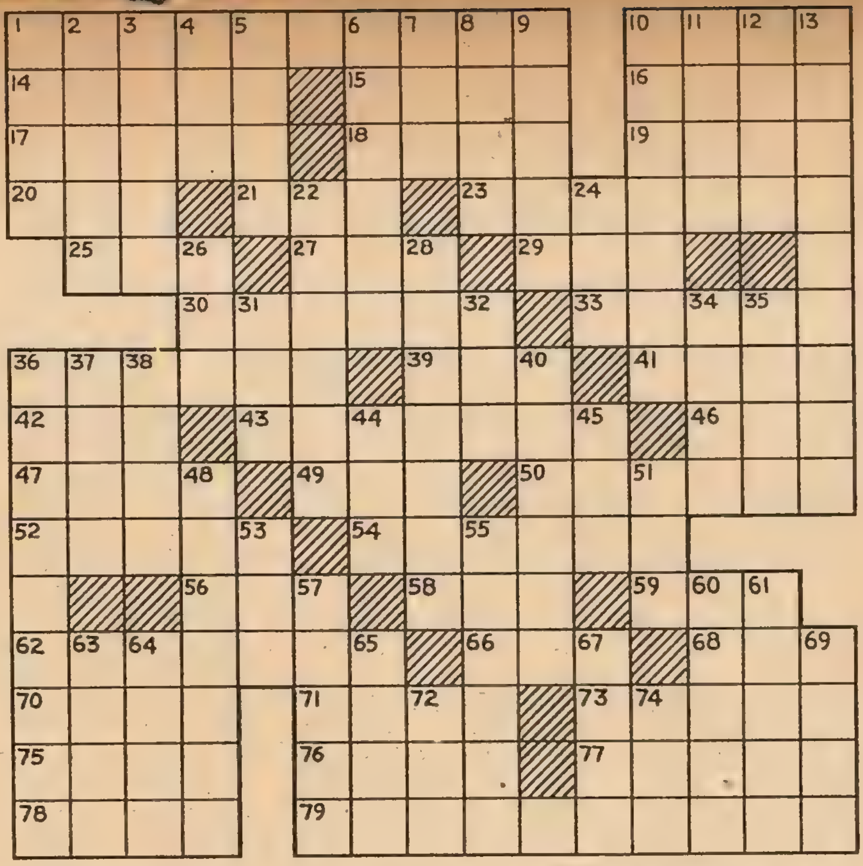
MR.: Darling, everything was grand. You're the best little hostess in this county!
MRS.: Silly! I'm not the miracle-worker—it's you—and Sal Hepatica. That sparkling glassful certainly gave me a fast come-back.

IT'S A QUICK, GENTLE LAXATIVE
AND IT COMBATS EXCESS GASTRIC ACIDITY, TOO
SAL HEPATICA
for a quick come-back
Get it at your druggist's today!

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



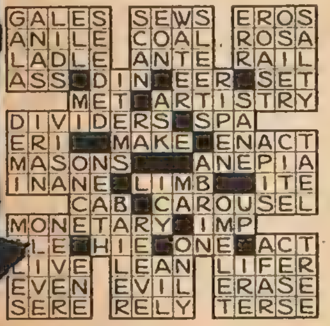
HORIZONTAL

1 The biggest show-off around New York (two words)
10 Dog blanket
14 Shut-eye juice
15 Married men say this is enough
16 The best part of honey
17 The minute you get one, it rains
18 You operate this on the stagger system
19 Part of a bender
20 A pair of fives
21 It runs in the rain
23 Jesse James in spats
25 You'll find him in 1 Kings 1:8
27 Employers' Sorrowful Alibis (abbr.)
29 Youthful Oatmeal Fiends (abbr.)
30 He gets the most divine illumination for absolutely nothing
33 One Greek who didn't run a restaurant
36 Indian tin
39 He either moves at a Trotsky or keeps Stalin around
41 Bloody Spanish river
42 Beginning to become irate
43 She may be a heartache to a sailor but she's only a haddock to me
46 Biggest time piece in the world's history
47 What to take brandy in
49 Poor Noah's had the h—— knocked out of him here
50 Drunk at night, crusty in the morning (pl.)
52 Fast worker's chief tool
54 Lose your umph and you'll do this
56 Jenny's boy friend
58 Harry, Rob E., Gypsy Rose, and Sill
59 This is always in some sort of scrape
62 They were mixed up and panned before being put away
66 Life was short but the Romans said this was long
68 The Three Rs
70 Cure for itching
71 What every Japanese does to reach the heart of the Chinese
73 Gandhi's mother
75 Seagle
76 We're content to be it even if it sounds dom to dictators
77 Well known Scott
78 After operating in the underground, this recently caused an uprising that keeps growing
79 Star with a tail, first seen in Spain, then California, now everywhere (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Where the sun always sets
2 Kind of woman married men like
3 This is both wine and water
4 Kneeless Lenny
5 The Supreme Court refused to let him go Scott-free
6 Collection of things only God can make
7 Here's one for the Scotch
8 Two-legged cooler
9 It has eight legs, a lot of laps, and runs like anything to bring home the baton
10 Form of locomotion used to get to Buffalo
11 A hatrack
12 The queen with the wooden legs
13 The most stirring things found around women's clubs
22 No nothings (two words)
24 Sartorial equine
26 Fresh shrimp
28 Ozone billet (two words)
31 Boy, is this good!
32 Cheap Egg Aromas (abbr.)
34 Whose life is having a long run on Broadway?
35 A little faster than a walk
36 Forked dream sticks
37 Notes to you
38 Mugs with lines on them
40 You're always finding nervous girls in this
44 How Scotchmen get to America
45 This fellow leads a brief life
48 Kicked the clock around and killed time
51 There's a lot of waist movement to this
53 Compass pernt
55 Promised to kiss the girls good-by but didn't
57 Yes men in uniform
60 Enoch, the two-timed sailor
61 Threesome
63 She knew about Colts long before Annie Oakley
64 Heine with his head knocked off
65 The end of desire
67 Engrave the John Hancock on the pippilated line
69 Mice with dictator complexes
72 French sea, see?
74 The original Washington Follies of 1933 (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



GALES SEWS EROS
ANILE COAL ROSA
LADLE ANTE RAIL
ASS DIN EER SET
MET ARTISTRY
DIVIDERS SPA
ERI MAKE ENACT
MASONS ANEPIA
INANE LIMB ITE
CAB CAROUSEL
MONETARY IMP
LE HIE ONE ACT
LIVE LEAN LIFER
EVEN EVIL ERASE
SERE RELY TERSE

Last week's answer

IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

Crab Orchard
Brand
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
ONE PINT

THE CREW OF A FLORIDA FISHING SMACK FOUND SOME METAL BARS ON A DESERTED BEACH AND USED THEM FOR BALLAST. LATER, WHEN ABOUT TO THROW THEM OVERBOARD, THEY DISCOVERED THE BARS WERE GOLD—LOST PIRATE TREASURE AND WORTH **$25,000!**

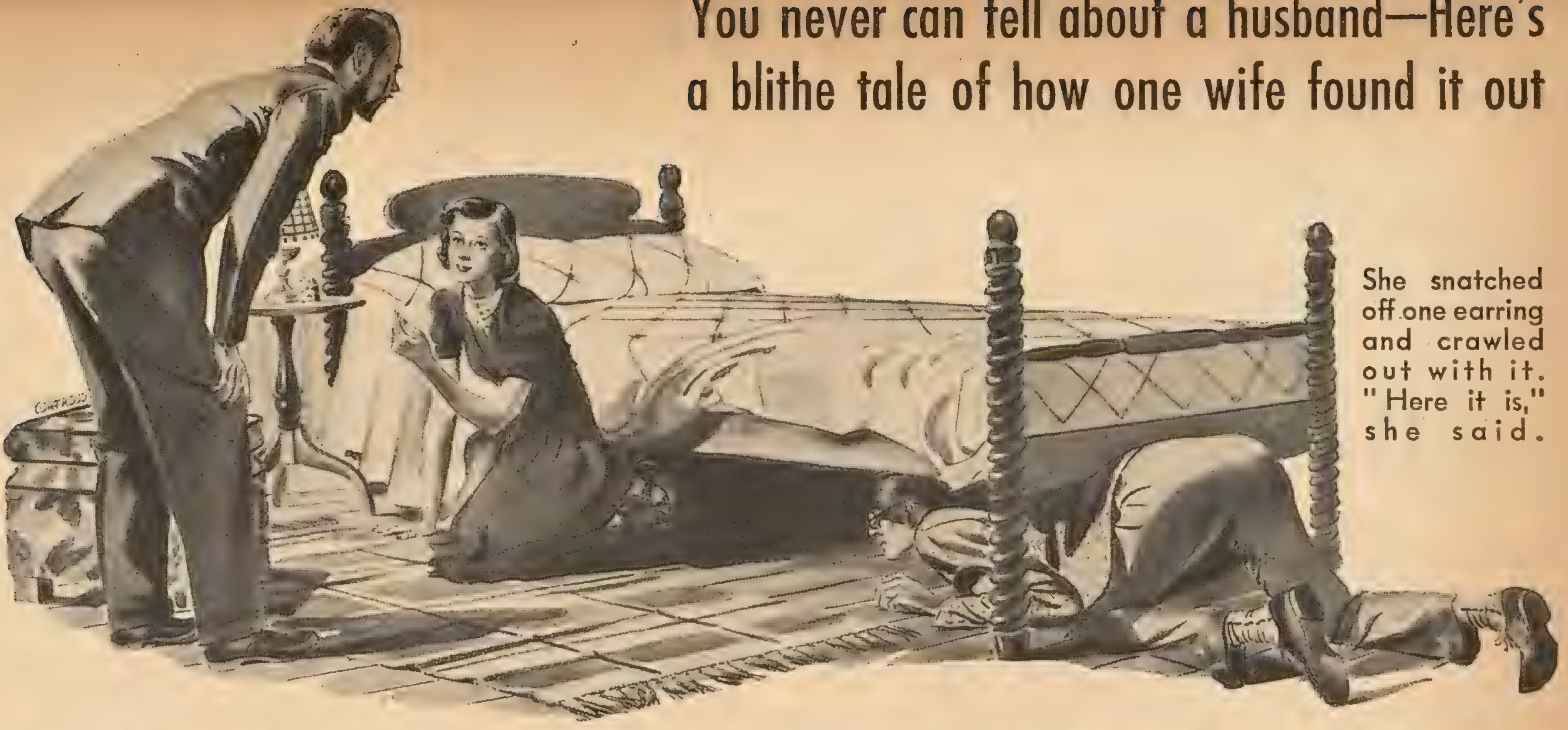
IT'S GOOD NEWS, TOO, THAT YOU CAN GET A KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, QUALITY-MADE SINCE 1880, FOR AROUND A DOLLAR A PINT! ASK FOR **CRAB ORCHARD** AND ENJOY A RICHER, SMOOTHER, MELLOWER BOURBON!

Crab Orchard
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

90 PROOF

COPYRIGHT 1939, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

You never can tell about a husband—Here's a blithe tale of how one wife found it out



She snatched off one earring and crawled out with it. "Here it is," she said.

TO BREAK THE MONOGAMY

BY WALTER BROOKS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ONCE upon a time there was a couple named Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Cluett. They had a house in one of the more self-conscious suburbs in Westchester and were pretty comfortable on the money Mr. Cluett made out of a terrible-looking combination piano and oil heater for rural homes which he had invented. But comfortable and happy, though they look alike from the outside, aren't the same thing. And Mrs. Cluett's face which at first had made Mr. Cluett's heart leap in his chest like a frog in a barrel every time he looked at it now caused no turmoil whatever. It had become just another item of household furniture.

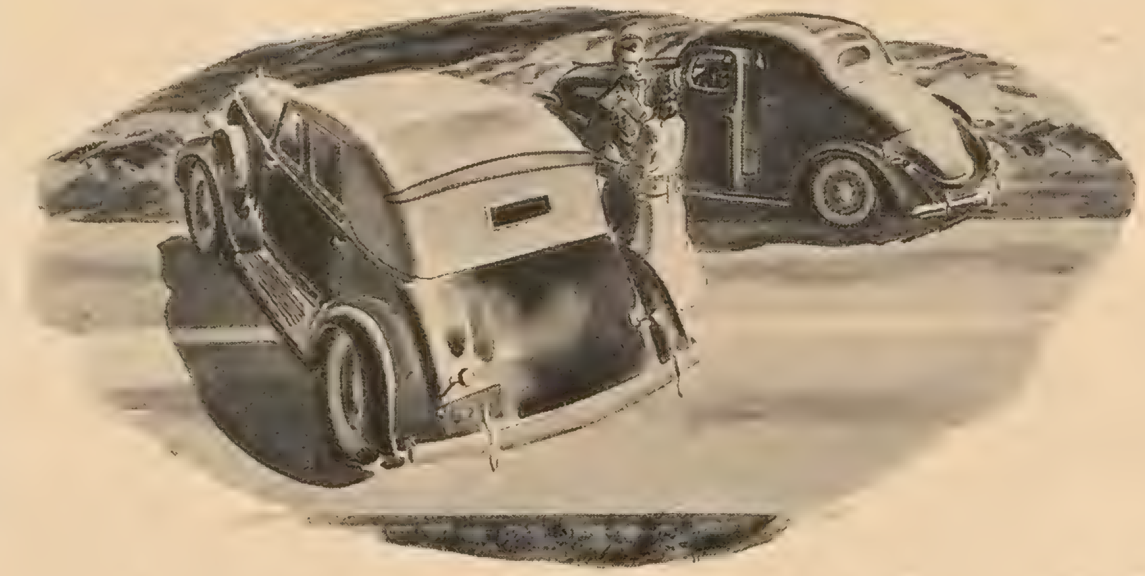
Well there were a couple of reasons for this and neither was much good. The first was that Mr. Cluett was under the impression that he had married Mrs. Cluett because he was sorry for her. And he was sorry for her because she was an orphan. Well of course marrying her didn't change that any and as a matter of fact being an orphan Mrs. Cluett had had as they say no mother to guide her and consequently had been able to get her ideas of life firsthand and without any of the parental folderol which so hampers many of us in later life. And that isn't anything to be sorry for. Anyway I don't believe he was sorry for her. He married her didn't he?

The second reason was that he felt that she had no more surprises for him. He thought he knew everything about her. This is just a part of the married state and shouldn't be held against him. But there was one thing he didn't know and I expect you'll laugh but she'd never told him that her upper left eyetooth was false.

When she was sixteen she had had a skating accident and had knocked this tooth out and it had been replaced with one of those little affairs with a sort of spring clamp that snap into place when you push them in. I don't know why she was so sensitive about it for she had very pretty teeth and the new one didn't show at all. Anyway she didn't tell Mr. Cluett when they were engaged and afterward no occasion came up when she could tell him without having it sound like a confession. So she didn't.

Well one week-end Mr. and Mrs. Cluett went up to Brookfield to a house party at the Geoffrey Blands'. There were eight or ten other guests among them Jacques Ruel the painter and a Dr. Merganser whose monograph on the Rudiments of an Oedipus Complex Among Sea Urchins had made quite a stir a decade ago, and their wives. And there was an architect named George Severn and a Mrs. Holroyd who wandered about saying O how peaceful it is here! How utterly peaceful! The Blands' parties were always interesting.

Well after dinner the first evening they played one of those murder games where people creep around the house in the dark until somebody screams and then the lights are put on and everybody has to account for his movements. I have played them but I never did know how they work and anyway it doesn't matter. Mrs. Cluett slipped upstairs and tiptoed along the hall to the far end where there was a

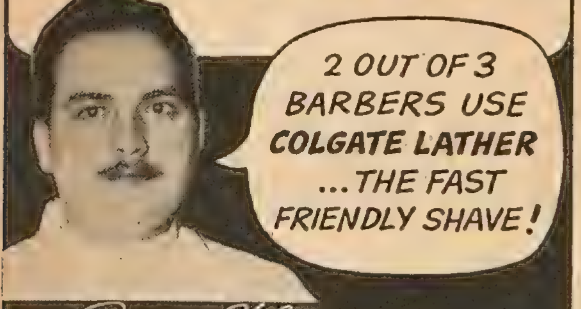


ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...

USE COLGATE LATHER"


2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER ...THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Jerry Volins Asst. Mgr.,
Terminal Barber Shop, Savoy-Plaza,
New York City.

1. **QUICK** because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. **SMOOTH** because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.

3. **COSTS LITTLE** You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

BARBERS KNOW from long experience that lather gives a smooth, easy shave, because it wilts whiskers soft and fast. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. We're so sure you'll be delighted with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream, we make it possible for you to have a full-size tube almost as a gift. We want you to see how it whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. Why, you can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube—several months supply for the average man. We know you'll be satisfied, or we wouldn't make this offer. So tear out the coupon below worth 10c and take it to the nearest drug counter.

USE THIS COUPON WORTH 10¢

This coupon is worth 10c at your dealer's, as part payment on a large 25c or giant 40c tube of Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream in United States, Alaska and Hawaii. Not good after May 12, 1939.

Coupon is void and not subject to redemption in or from California, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Utah or Washington or any state or locality where prohibited by law or in which payment of license fee or tax would be imposed.

Notice to Dealer: This coupon will be redeemed for 10c when above terms have been complied with. Any other application constitutes fraud. For redemption present coupon to Company representative or mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Jersey City, N. J.

Redeemable by consumer only—Cash value 1/20 cent—Not transferable

window and against the window she saw something that scared her for a minute for it was a sort of shapeless monster with two heads. And then one of the heads moved and she saw Mr. Severn's profile and the other head whispered O George how utterly peaceful! and Mrs. Cluett felt her way back to the first door she could find and went in.

She couldn't see anything and she thought she would find a chair and sit on it until the scream. But in feeling for it she tripped and fell bringing down on her what seemed like the entire contents of the house but was only a small table with a lamp and an ash tray and a copy of Science and Health on it. And trying to get up she hit her head and opened her mouth to yell and somehow the snap tooth flew right out and she heard it rattle off into the darkness.

Well of course everybody thought her yell was the signal to turn on the lights and they all gathered in the hall and when they were all there but Mrs. Cluett and she didn't answer their calls some of them went to look for her. And she had just found the light switch and was scrabbling about under the bed looking for the snap tooth when Mr. Ruel and Dr. Merganser came into the room and said Hey come on! Didn't you hear the signal? Yes said Mrs. Cluett but I had to find my—my earring. As Dr. Merganser crawled under the bed to help her she snatched off one earring and crawled out with it. Here it is she said.

Well they both looked at her sort of funny because she seemed unnecessarily disturbed and also she gave something between a lisp and a whistle when she said words with *s* in them. Dr. Merganser tried to find something analogous in the conduct of emotionally shaken sea urchins and Mr. Ruel glanced at the overturned table and tried to come to a conclusion. And they all went downstairs.

SO the game went on but as it got to Mrs. Cluett's turn to be cross-examined she whispered to Mrs. Bland that she had a headache and was going to bed. O I'm so sorry darling said Mrs. Bland. You go on up and I'll come along in a minute and fix you up comfortable. So Mrs. Cluett went upstairs but she didn't dare go look for her tooth because she didn't know how soon Mrs. Bland would follow her. So she went to bed and practiced thinking up sentences without *s*'s in them in case she got drawn into a conversation.

Well Mrs. Cluett didn't intend to go to sleep but thinking up sentences without *s*'s in them is a lot more soporific than counting sheep and the next thing she knew she was waking up in the dark to the sort of confidential murmur which was Mr. Cluett's way of snoring. The radium dial on the clock said half past two.

Well the Bland house was big and there was a pretty good chance that the room where she had lost the tooth was unoccupied. She had been too upset to notice before. If she waited until morning some maid in cleaning the room might find it and then it would be too late. She slid into a dark dressing gown and sneaked out into the hall. She listened at the door but couldn't hear anything and then she turned the knob carefully and as she still couldn't hear any one breathing when she pushed the door ajar she slipped in.

Well there was a glimmer of late moon coming in the window and she saw that there was nobody in the bed so she lit the bedside lamp and got down under the bed with it and inched around and finally found the tooth which had rolled under. But when she tried to snap it in place it wouldn't go in. The clamp had been bent.

Well the only way the clamp could have got bent was by somebody stepping on it. That meant that some one had been in the room during the evening. And *that* meant that the room was occupied. She thought she had better get out but before she could snap out the light the door opened quietly and Mr. Severn came in.

WELL Mr. Severn was pretty startled and his Adam's apple gave a leap and Mrs. Cluett although alarmed couldn't help smiling. And at once Mr. Severn's eyes stopped bulging and he gave a roguish smile and said My dear Mrs. Cluett! How sweet of you! Don't be silly said Mrs. Cluett. I suppose I shall have to tell you why I'm here. And she did. And Mr. Severn looked silly for a minute and then became a gentleman of the old school. It gives you a very charming lisp if I may say so he said saying so. Thank you said Mrs. Cluett but it's something I don't want anybody to know. However I'm sure I can count on you not to say anything about it— My dear Mrs. Cluett said Mr. Severn. Just as you can count on me she said not to say anything about where *you* have been tonight. Where *I* have been! said Mr. Severn with a smile. I was just getting a breath of air on the terrace. My dear Mr. Severn! said Mrs. Cluett. So utterly peaceful on the terrace! H'm said Mr. Severn. Yes said Mrs. Cluett I think we understand each other.

And just then the latch clicked and Mr. Cluett came in. Excuse me Severn he said I heard my wife's voice. Well Lola? Mrs. Cluett shrugged her shoulders and went toward the door and Mr. Severn said O come Cluett it's all right—quite all right. Your wife was merely hunting— Mrs. Cluett looked at him and he broke off and tried an easy laugh but his Adam's apple was under imperfect control and he gave a hoarse gobble. Hunting? said Mr. Cluett. Well? Well said Mr. Severn speaking very fast I was coming up from the terrace a few minutes ago and I met Mrs. Cluett in the hall. She said her headache was worse and she was going to get some aspirin or something from Mrs. Bland. I said not to bother Mrs. Bland as I had some good headache dope and we came in here to get it. Ah said Mr. Cluett thoughtfully

I wonder why your aspirin is so much better than the kind Mrs. Cluett always carries in her own dressing case. And then he didn't say anything more but just looked at Mr. Severn whose Adam's apple trembled nervously. And then he said Bah! venomously. Mrs. Cluett had never heard anybody say Bah! before except on the stage but she didn't have time to think about it for he caught her wrist and said We'll go into this tomorrow. And he marched her to their room.

And now Lola he said when they got there suppose you tell me the truth about all this. But Mrs. Cluett just shook her head and wouldn't say anything. I guess probably she would have told him if he hadn't been so mad at her but she was scared and besides she knew that now was no time to expose a defect that she had kept hidden for years. He was all full of righteous indignation and if she deprived it of an object by telling the truth the indignation would have no place to go and would make him feel pretty foolish. And to save his face he would turn it on her snap tooth. So they had a one-sided quarrel until they were exhausted and then they both went to sleep.

WELL the next morning Mr. Cluett was gone when Mrs. Cluett woke up but he came in when she was finishing her breakfast and said Well your friend Severn has run away. Run away? said Mrs. Cluett and Mr. Cluett said Yes he packed and left before anybody was up. He waited sort of expectantly but Mrs. Cluett didn't say anything and he sat down and looked at her gloomily but with a lot more interest than he had shown in her in several years. Mrs. Cluett kept her head down and tried to finish her breakfast without opening her mouth very wide. And after a while Mr. Cluett said Are you in love with Severn? No said Mrs. Cluett and he said Well that makes it worse. He told you why you found me in that room said Mrs. Cluett wondering how long she could carry on a conversation without *s*'s in it. Even if I hadn't found you there said Mr. Cluett I'd know something was wrong. I don't know what it is but *some*thing has happened to you. You're different. I'm not a fool. I can tell. Your looks—your voice—the very way you carry your head. It shows all over you. Well what are we going to do?

Mrs. Cluett raised her eyes and looked at him for a minute and she thought My goodness he hasn't looked at me as attentively and curiously as that since we were engaged. I don't know what you're going to do but I'm not going to do anything she said and she tried a smile on him. It was not easy to smile with her lips closed because she was proud of her teeth and had always used them a good deal for brilliance and emphasis but it gave quite a Mona Lisa-ish effect which plainly disturbed Mr. Cluett even more. And he got up as if to come over to her and then scowled suddenly and left the room.

BUT JANIE, I NEED MY BEAUTY NAP!
SHUCKS TO YOUR BEAUTY NAP! YOU GET YOUR VITAMINS, LIKE I TOLD YOU, AND I'LL BET YOU WON'T RUN OUT OF PEP IN THE EVENING
BUT, JANIE, I EAT A SALAD EVERY DAY
THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! YOU NEED MORE VITAMINS. FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D
JANIE, IF VITAMINS WILL GIVE ME YOUR VIM, VIGOR, AND VITALITY —I'LL EAT KELLOGG'S PEP EVERY DAY FROM HERE ON!
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT PEP EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED

Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!*

**Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.*

Bothered by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

2. YOU SLEEP through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.

3. THE NEXT morning Ex-Lax acts . . . thoroughly and *effectively.* It works so gently that, except for the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

NEW Miracle Foot Relief

CORNS SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's new discovery! Instantly relieves pain; stops shoe friction and pressure. Quickly removes corns or callouses. Safe, sure. 630% softer. Don't come off in bath. 25% increase in quantity AT NO EXTRA COST—only 35c.

With New Patented Seal-Tip Scalloped Edge

NEW Super-Soft

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Well by and by Mrs. Cluett dressed and went downstairs. There wasn't anybody around except Mrs. Holroyd who stood in a window pulling a handkerchief to pieces and she went and got out her car to drive to the nearest town to see if she could find a dentist who could fix her snap tooth so it would go in. And then I'll come back and settle with Seymour she said to herself. She was really almost happy for at first she had thought it was just injured vanity with Mr. Cluett but I guess he's really becoming aware of me again she said to herself. Maybe if I'd knocked an eye out he'd have fallen in love with me all over again.

But she hadn't gone over half a mile when another car overtook her and crowded her to the side of the road and out of it jumped Mr. Cluett and he was as mad as fury. He wrenched open the door and grabbed her arm. So! he shouted dramatically. You were sneaking off to meet your boy friend were you? Stop that Seymour said Mrs. Cluett forgetting all about her *s*'s. Ouch! You're hurting me! Stop it you fool! And then as he only held on tighter she flew into a rage and said O since you must know I'm going to find a dentist. Look! Look you idiot! And she grinned at him showing all her teeth. Do you think I'm going to meet a lover looking like this? I tried to keep it from you—from everybody. That's what I was doing in Severn's room—looking for this damn tooth. I didn't want to go around making a public spectacle of myself—frightening horses. I— She stopped suddenly aware all at once that Mr. Cluett's grip had relaxed and that he was staring at her with a bemused and delighted smile. Wh-what is it? she stammered. Your lisp! he said. Why it's charming. And that funny little tooth out. You look so young and so sort of silly! Darling you're lovely! O gosh said Mrs. Cluett and fell into his arms.

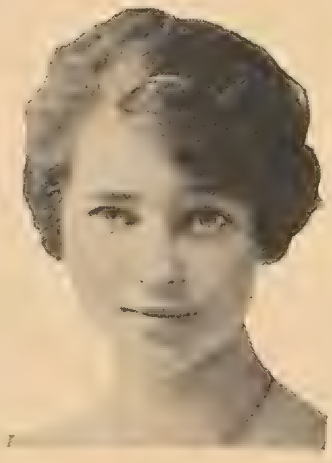
But after a minute Mr. Cluett pulled away a little and said And did you find your tooth? and Mrs. Cluett said Of course! and Mr. Cluett said Ah of course and where was it? and Mrs. Cluett said It had rolled under the bed. Ah indeed said Mr. Cluett with a sort of savage politeness. And perhaps you would like to tell me how it got there in the first place? Why Seymour! said Mrs. Cluett and then she told him smiling all the while because she had whistled so when she said Seymour. And when she had finished Mr. Cluett looked at her with what would be well described as mixed emotions and in order to unmix them she smiled more broadly showing her teeth and Mr. Cluett gazed at her sort of hopelessly delighted for a second and then it was he who said O gosh! and fell into *her* arms. Only she did not let him out of them again until he had forgotten most of the things he had intended to say.

Well I guess that is about all there is to say about the Cluetts. Of course every so often Mr. Cluett got used to Mrs. Cluett again and began to overlook her. But she knew what to do about it now. And after a while she got so she could tell by the glazed look in his eye that she was becoming an item for him again and not a person and then she would take the tooth out and just smile at him and she could see the suspicion and interest fairly jump back into his look. And sometimes she got variety by other methods such as changing her make-up or the color of her hair or by taking up spiritualism or wrestling. She enjoyed it herself and Mr. Cluett was very happy indeed. For he had the illusion of polygamy without its practical redundancies.

THE END

---

20 QUESTIONS



1—Daughter of a poet, she was born in London and educated in Paris. She founded the Civic Repertory Theater in New York and—from The Cradle Song to The Living Corpse—won renown as actress and producer. Who, then, is the subject of this week's early photo?

2—How many years are in a millennium?

3—What ancient Scottish dish is boiled in a sheep's stomach?

4—Which game — softball, football, or baseball—attracts the most spectators in the United States?

5—Aroostook County, Maine, raises large quantities of which tuber?

6—Who was the composer of The Fortune Hunter?

7—When was the last bank holiday throughout the U. S.?

8—Which fresh-water body is larger than Lake Superior?

9—What is Rudy Vallee's theme song?

10—How was Napoleon III related to Napoleon I?

11—What were the last words of Marie Jeanne Philipon Roland de la Platière to Liberty?

12—Which movie comedian plans to poke fun at dictators?

13—Is Andorra in Spain, France, or between the two?

14—What kind of motion—the dream of inventors—is defeated by friction?

15—Who painted The Sower and The Gleaners?

16—About how much is the daily food bill for the dogs in the U. S.?

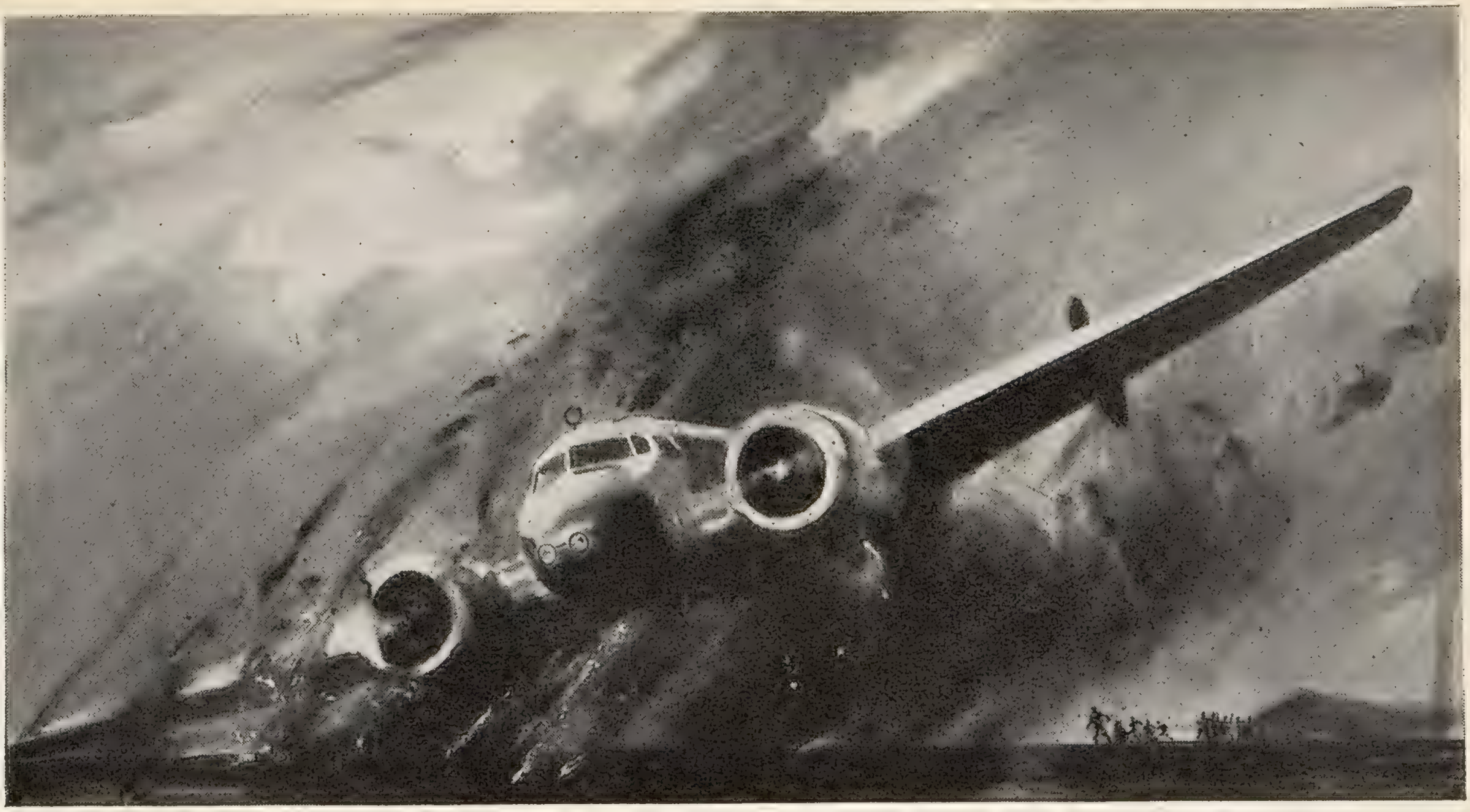
17—The Complutensian Polyglot of Joachim, the Vulgate, and Coverdale's translation are all versions of what?

18—Who was the son of Cleopatra and Julius Caesar?

19—What is the title of Bernarr Macfadden's forty-sixth magazine venture?

20—Which artist in marble produced the statue of Moses?

(Answers will be found on page 63)



The leading edge of the right wing scraped to a rest. Coolly AE had cut the switches at the last split second.

LADY WITH WINGS

THE LIFE STORY OF MY WIFE, AMELIA EARHART

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHO had attempted to sabotage AE's plane? And why?

We never found out. The psychological reasons behind such efforts at delayed murder seem difficult to get at, but their manifestations occur periodically in the careers of people in the public eye.

We never learned, then, who had put acid on the control wire. It is the sort of thing that sounds too melodramatic to be true. Yet it happened. At least twice in AE's fun-loving, zestful life, she was brought face to face with the dismal, depressing realization that some one was making deliberate efforts to wreck her plane and, simultaneously, to murder her.

There were more bright skeins, however, than somber in the life of Amelia Earhart. Days such as that when we flew to Indianapolis for the Memorial Day races as guests of Eddie Rickenbacker with the Gallicos. Paul Gallico was to recall and quote me later as having teased AE by advising her, with hayseed inflections:

"Now, mother, don't be one bit nervous. The man is just banking to make a turn. There's no danger. That's a very good driver we have up front."

It was indeed. It was Dick Merrill, who did his share of ocean hopping.

There was the day, too, in Chicago, when Reed Landis and I smuggled a tremendous bowl slopping with water and goldfish into AE's automobile, and then so distracted her with farewells that she started off without realizing what was on the seat behind her.

She was just leaving one lecture and about to drive a hundred miles to give another. Driving around the block, she took the bowl to the club she had just left and donated it to the good ladies after extracting their solemn promise that they would name the two fish George and Reed.

The last adventure of one who didn't live to be old —only to be immortal!

Reed and I, when we'd left her, had taken a plane to California. She knew our schedule, and her revenge came when I changed planes at Salt Lake City the following morning at two o'clock. I am subject to the most convincing seizures of airsickness—and she knew it.

When I got off the plane at Salt Lake City to board another, I found that a package had been delivered for me at the Utah airport. It was from AE. I opened it—and turned a little green.

The package contained two raw pork chops.

AE had many friends in California. One whom she particularly liked was William S. Hart. A dozen years ago he had retired from the screen and gone to live on his hilltop Horseshoe Ranch at Newhall, east of Hollywood. AE's initial encounter with Bill Hart was, typically, tangled up with aviation.

Paul Mantz had borrowed her Lockheed Vega one day and, in the course of a landing at the Newhall field, had flown lower than he should over Bill's home.

"Damn near shook the brick out of the chimney!" Bill exploded later. So he dashed out of the house and got the number of the plane, which he promptly passed on to the sheriff. In due time the complaint caught up with plane and pilot. Before the trouble was straightened out, AE, with Paul, went to call on Bill Hart—Paul to square himself, AE "because I wanted to meet a man who liked to live on a hilltop and didn't want to be disturbed—both admirable ambitions."

Amelia and I spent many pleasant evenings there afterwards, in the big place where Bill Hart lived with his companions, two enormous dogs named Minnie and Prince. Horseshoe Ranch is a treasure house of relics of its owner's bright yesterdays.

In November, 1935, AE became a visiting faculty member at Purdue. She shrank from being thought a vocational guide, because in the six or seven weeks of the academic year she could be there she couldn't possibly do a well rounded job of vocational guidance.

"I just have a philosophic interest in the various aspects of careers," was the way she put it.

She was delighted, of course, with the university airport. She liked the idea of a place where students could learn to fly at reasonable rates. But she was concerned that girls, who were not able to earn as much money as boys, had to pay the same price for their lessons.

She enjoyed mealtime—sitting with a different group of girls at her table each time. Very early in the proceedings she asked if she could have buttermilk—whereupon calls from the student body for buttermilk increased fortyfold overnight.

She lived among the girls, too; had a room in one of the dorms, and seemed to enjoy every moment.

But she conceived her job as being an exploration of vocational needs, the discovery of new fields which girls could go into and help develop. So she questioned groups of girls and explored their after-college plans; this she thought would help the college authorities to reconstruct courses so that they would be more useful. She sought not only to clarify the thinking of the girls but to seek out their individual aptitudes. She suggested that they should settle without delay upon jobs that they *wanted* to do.

She conceded that only persons of outstanding talent might know at once that they were following a natural bent. But she added:

"If you want to try a certain job, try it. Then, if you find something on the morrow that looks better, make a change. And if you should find that you are the first *woman* to feel an urge in that direction—what does it matter? It may turn out to be fun. And, to me, fun is the indispensable part of work."

Girls who talked to her at Purdue still tell of the advice AE used to give. In a man's world she was, one girl explained, "for women in everything." She was eager to help them—and I think they loved her for it. The faculty, too, was pleased by her work. Except for one dissenting professional voice that said:

"I'm afraid that if she keeps on, the coeds won't be willing to get married and lead the quiet life for which nature intended them."

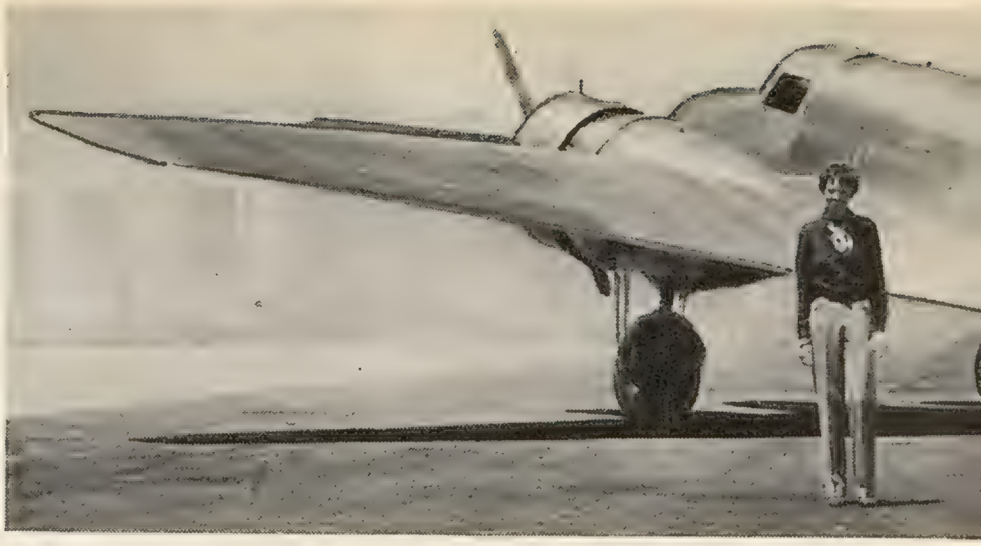
AE would have been in his hair in a minute if she had ever heard that!

In the summer of 1935 President Elliott of Purdue had asked me what I thought there was in the field of research and education that interested AE most, beyond immediate academic matters. I told him she was hankering for a bigger and better plane; not only one in which she could go to far places faster and more safely, but to use as a laboratory for research in aviation education and for technical experimentation.

In April, 1936, Dr. Elliott announced that a fund of $50,000 had been subscribed, to be known as the Amelia Earhart Fund for Aeronautical Research.

Out of that fund was to be purchased the "flying laboratory"—a great Lockheed Electra—which would be turned over to her.

Naturally AE was overjoyed. She took it as a serious obligation laid upon her that her work should produce constructive accomplishment—both for Purdue and for women in general. "It is not often," she said, "that we of the feminine persuasion are given such opportunities to pioneer in our chosen fields. Aviation is a business to me, and my ambition is that this project shall produce practical results."



With glowing eyes she watched the building of the ship progress at the Lockheed factory in Burbank. And one day it was completed—a great shining thing with a fifty-five-foot wingspread, two 550-horsepower Wasp engines, a cruising radius of 4,500 miles.

On July 22, 1936, she took the Electra aloft for the first time, flying with Elmer C. McLeod, Lockheed test pilot. She had known when it was first being built what her next adventure would be. A flight around the world! She denied such intentions to reporters, however. A white lie. But she felt it justified because publicity incident to any advance statement of plans was so intolerably confusing to the work at hand.

Preparation for a world flight not only presented mechanical problems but far-flung arrangements of timing with relation to rainy seasons, stopping places, fuel caches, and so on. AE found a tower of helpfulness in Jacques de Dibour, an old friend, the husband of Gordon Selfridge's sister Violette. He worked out the "spotting" of fuel supplies overseas and—a pilot himself—gave AE invaluable information concerning flying conditions over much of the most difficult territory she would cover.

On August 29, 1936, AE took off from Burbank with her mechanic, Bo McKneely, bound for New York. She entered the big Electra in the women's New York-to-California race, with Helen Richey as co-pilot. There was trouble with the fuel lines and she placed fifth in the race won by Louise Thaden.

On February 11, 1937, AE was back in New York. A bare hour after she had flown her Electra in, she was standing in a room at the Hotel Barclay, surrounded by reporters, camera and newsreel men.

"I'm going to try to fly around the globe," she admitted, "as near to the equator as I can make it, east to west, about 27,000 miles."

She traced the project route: Oakland to Honolulu, thence to Howland Island, a tiny dot in the South Pacific. From Howland eastward to New Guinea, to Darwin in Australia, and northwestward over the regular England-Australia air-mail route. The exact path across Africa she had not settled, but she would be at Dakar and fly westward thence across the South Atlantic to Natal, Brazil. Thence back to Oakland.

"You know," she said, laughing, "I feel you men have pushed me into this. You're the ones who've kept saying and saying that I was going to fly around the world until finally you've compelled me to think seriously about doing it."

Carl Allen of the New York Herald Tribune, who had known AE for a long time, spoke up:

"Oh, come, now! Nobody pushed you into it. You know you've been wanting to do it all the time."

Allen, tall and gangling, traded his genial smile for her grin across the heads of the others. Captain Harry Manning, whose ship had brought AE back to the States after her Friendship flight in 1928, and who was accompanying her part way as navigator on her contemplated round-the-world trip, smiled slightly.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," AE admitted to Carl

"AE" and her Electra. "In such persons mankind overcomes the inertia which would keep it earthbound forever in its habitual ways."

Allen. "I . . . I didn't get away with that, did I?"

She told reporters that Captain Manning was going with her part way because she didn't believe the pilot on such a flight could navigate too. She said she was making the flight simply because she wanted to, and that she intended to "race nothing and nobody."

She said that the flight might yield valuable knowledge but she would not even say it would prove anything.

"I'll be happy if it contributes something," she said.

AE and I had spent an afternoon at the Sperry plant in Brooklyn. This had been during a period when her Electra was under construction. It was a wintry day, I recall, and at blue dusk, as we drove away, AE's car was halted by a traffic light. An old man—ragged, weary, pale—stepped toward us from the curb. He had been old a long time, and he had the look of a man used to hunger because he still had not become accustomed to asking for money with which to buy food.

I knew what he was about to say, and my hand went toward my pocket when the lights changed and our car was impelled on with the stream of traffic. But his words, which had been so long in utterance, floated after us:

"It's hard to get old . . . so hard . . ."

A simple statement of fact. No bitterness.

AE's lips were tight-pressed and she said nothing. At the next corner she swung her car out of the line of traffic. We circled the block and turned back in just above where the old man had come to us.

But the evening crowds were thickening, and though we looked all along the sidewalk we could not see him.

We went home—and nothing more was said about the old man, through dinner or the evening.

Late that night Amelia said: "It *is* hard to be old. So hard. I'm afraid I'll hate it."

She was quiet—quiet for many minutes. And then, as one who may be imagining (or simply comprehending a fact), she said slowly:

"I think, probably, G. P., that I'll not live—to be old."

In due time AE and her plane were ready at Oakland for the hop around the world. Carl Allen had come out to the Coast, assigned by the Herald Tribune. He was good company; he never preyed on her nerves with questions, never waved any dead lines in front of her, and often had worth-while suggestions to contribute.

After a period of bad weather, at 3.06 Pacific Coast time on St. Patrick's Day, sunshine broke through the clouds and Pan American Airways' Hawaiian Clipper took off. Not long after, AE said a brief good-by to me in Commander Ragsdale's office at the navy hangar. At 4.36 she was in the air, her crew of Paul Mantz, Captain Manning, and Fred Noonan aboard.

An hour out of Oakland they saw the Clipper, which was being piloted by the late Captain Ed Musick. At 5.40 in the morning, Honolulu time, they sighted Diamond Head, and on March 18 AE landed at Wheeler Field. She had flown the Electra over its 2,410-mile course in 15 hours and 47 minutes.

She wanted to push on to Howland Island at once, but weather conditions southwestward were not good. The ship was moved from Wheeler to Luke Field. A dawn take-off was decided upon.

The Electra had 900 gallons of gasoline aboard. It had often taken off with considerably more weight, so AE felt no apprehension now.

She and Captain Manning and Fred Noonan stowed aboard the ship. The 3,000-foot concrete runway gleamed in the tempered light. Here and there a few patches of water had collected.

It was 7.35 Honolulu time when AE signaled the mechanic to pull the chocks away. She gunned the motors and the ship roared down the runway. A hundred yards . . . two . . . three . . . halfway . . .

I was in Oakland in the airport office, with Bill Miller of the Department of Commerce, the newspaper gang, and radiomen Gilman and Fanning of the Coast Guard, with their portable equipment loaned me by Lieutenant F. K. Johnson. From daybreak we'd been there.

Then came the flash from Pearl Harbor. They were taking off! After that, silence—natural enough.

The telephone rang.

"Putnam?"

"Yes."

"Have you heard?" It was a press association. "They crashed. The ship—in flames."

I could not listen to more. Bill Miller was looking at me curiously. "Here, Bill," I said. "You take it."

I moved out into the cold morning, trying to walk steadily. In just a few minutes they came after me.

"No fire! No fire at all! False report! No one hurt!"

For the second time in AE's flying career, a false report of death had been corrected.

The ship had cracked up in taking off. Halfway down the runway it pulled to the right. It's hard to know, accurately, what happens at such times. Something gave way and, as one wing dipped, the plane yawed frightfully. AE had reduced the power on the opposite engine and succeeded in swinging from the right to the left. Almost gained control and straightened it. But the ship's load was too heavy, and once it had started on an arc there was nothing to do but let it ground-loop.

And so it happened. The right wheels were stripped off clean; the landing gear on the left side was crushed. The leading edge of the right wing scraped to a rest on the runway.

Coolly AE had cut the switches at the last split second—averted almost certain death by fire.

But the naked metal of the undercarriage, grinding on the concrete runway, had thrown up such a shower of sparks that some spectator had shouted, "Fire!" And that hideous message had been relayed at once to Oakland.

In the airport office at Oakland, I wrote out a wire. Not too legibly, I'm afraid.

"So long as you and the boys are okeh," I remember writing, "the rest doesn't matter. It's just one of those things. Whether you want to call it a day or keep going later is equally jake with me."

That was the least I could say to her.

There, for most of us, I think, would have ended an adventure. But not for Amelia Earhart, of whom General Barton K. Yount, commander of the Army Air Force, who witnessed the crack-up, was to say: "I never saw any one with cooler nerve."

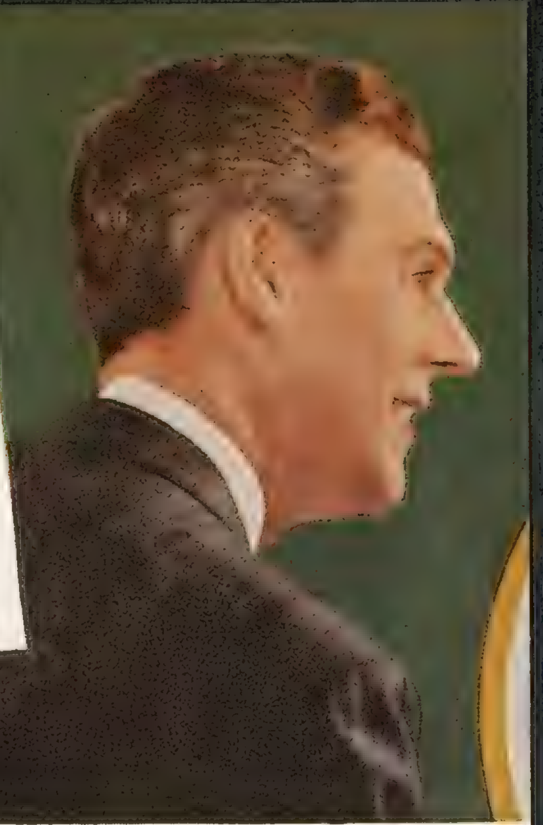
"Will you try again?" reporters wanted to know.

And she replied

(Continued on 5th page following)

NEW! AMAZING DISCOVERY

Saves Food's Vital Freshness from Drying Out!



The World's First "Cold-Wall made only by Frigidaire and

BUILT ON AN ENTIRELY NEW

Prolongs Food's Original Freshness, Color, Rich Flavor Days Longer!

● Now . . . because of the amazing new "Cold-Wall" Principle . . . you can keep even highly perishable foods days longer than ever before! But here is the most astonishing fact of all! Now you can prolong food's *original freshness* . . . retain *rich nutritional values* . . . save *peak fresh flavor* for days on end!

Fresh fruits and vegetables do not lose their attractiveness through wilting, shrinking, changing color. Left-over foods . . . meats, peas, beans, even mashed potatoes—stay as deliciously fresh and appetizing as when first prepared! And you needn't even cover them! For with the new "Cold-Wall" Principle, food is not dried out by moisture-robbing air currents. Odor-and-flavor transfer is checked, too.

Here, at last, is real advancement in refrigeration . . . vitally important to every home in America . . . especially where there are children. Because, now, you save not only the food, but the VITAL VALUES in food as well. Natural nourishment stays in —*because it doesn't dry out!*

Convince Yourself . . . with Proof . . . in 5 Minutes

See Proof at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's that the new "Cold-Wall" Frigidaire puts you ahead in every vital way! New Meat-Tender for keeping fresh meats. New Super-Moist Hydrators. New economy with the famous Meter-Miser . . . plus General Motors dependability and long life! Yet it costs no more than *ordinary* "first-line" refrigerators. See Frigidaire's other models, too—for every need and budget. Also new Frigidaire Electric Ranges and Water Heaters. Every one a great General Motors Value!

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, O.

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS QUICKUBE TRAYS

Imitated but never equalled—because they're 1. *Easier to use*—just lift one lever and cubes are free, two or a trayful. 2. *Built Sturdier*—to stand hard, constant service. 3. *Faster Freezing*—made of heavy gauge metal in every part. 4. *Better Looking*—styled trim and modern. Compare—and you'll want only *genuine* FRIGIDAIRE QUICKUBE TRAYS.

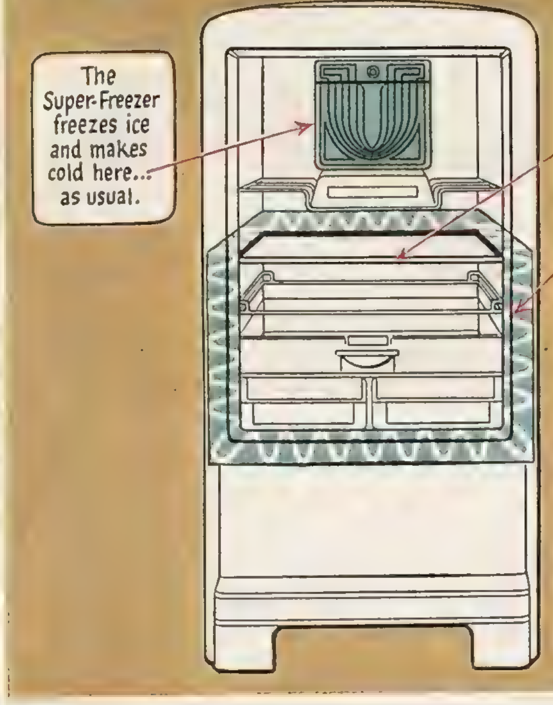
FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER

BOTH 7 DAYS OLD...BUT
LOOK AT THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE!*

**Reproduced from certified, unretouched photographs of identical foods, refrigerated, uncovered, at comparable temperatures.*

Refrigerator... General Motors PRINCIPLE!

HOW AMAZING "COLD-WALL" PRINCIPLE WORKS


The Super-Freezer freezes ice and makes cold here... as usual.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

① THE NEW "DEW-FRESH SEAL"—A SOLID GLASS PARTITION—DIVIDES THE CABINET INTO 2 COMPARTMENTS.

and

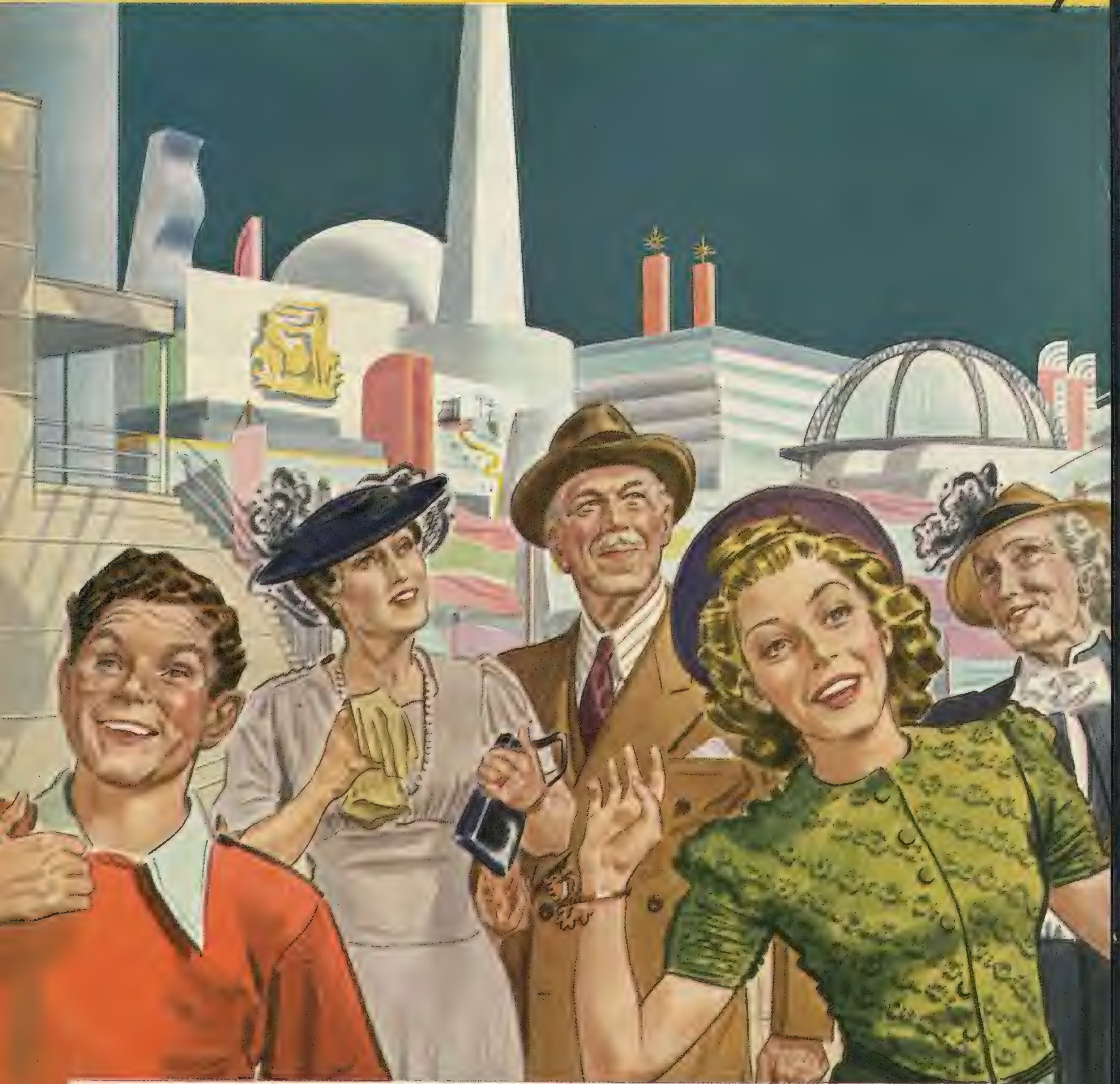
② THE LOWER COMPARTMENT IS REFRIGERATED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE WALLS BY CONCEALED REFRIGERATING COILS. This provides all 3 essentials for keeping foods vitally fresh *longer than ever before!* 1. Uniform Low Temperatures. 2. 85 to 100% Humidity. 3. No Moisture-Robbing Air Circulation. All without adding a single moving part! AND ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS IT!

Cuts
Current Cost

MISER

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE... Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built—and when parts aren't there, they just can't use current or wear. Completely sealed. 5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors.

The MIDDLETON Family



HERE'S A FAMILY of folks you know — friends who live just around the corner from everyone. Doing the Fair — because that's what everyone is doing this year. Thrilled by its beauty . . . amazed at its wonders . . . the Middleton Family, from Everywhere, U. S. A.!

There are Babs and Bud, overflowing with the exuberance of 18 and 14 . . . romping through Wonderland like two kittens across a rug. There are Father Tom and Mother Jane, trying unsuccessfully to be calm and judicious about it all. And there's Grandma, whose eyes, bright with the memories of other Fairs, grow brighter still with the vision of a new Tomorrow for her dear ones.

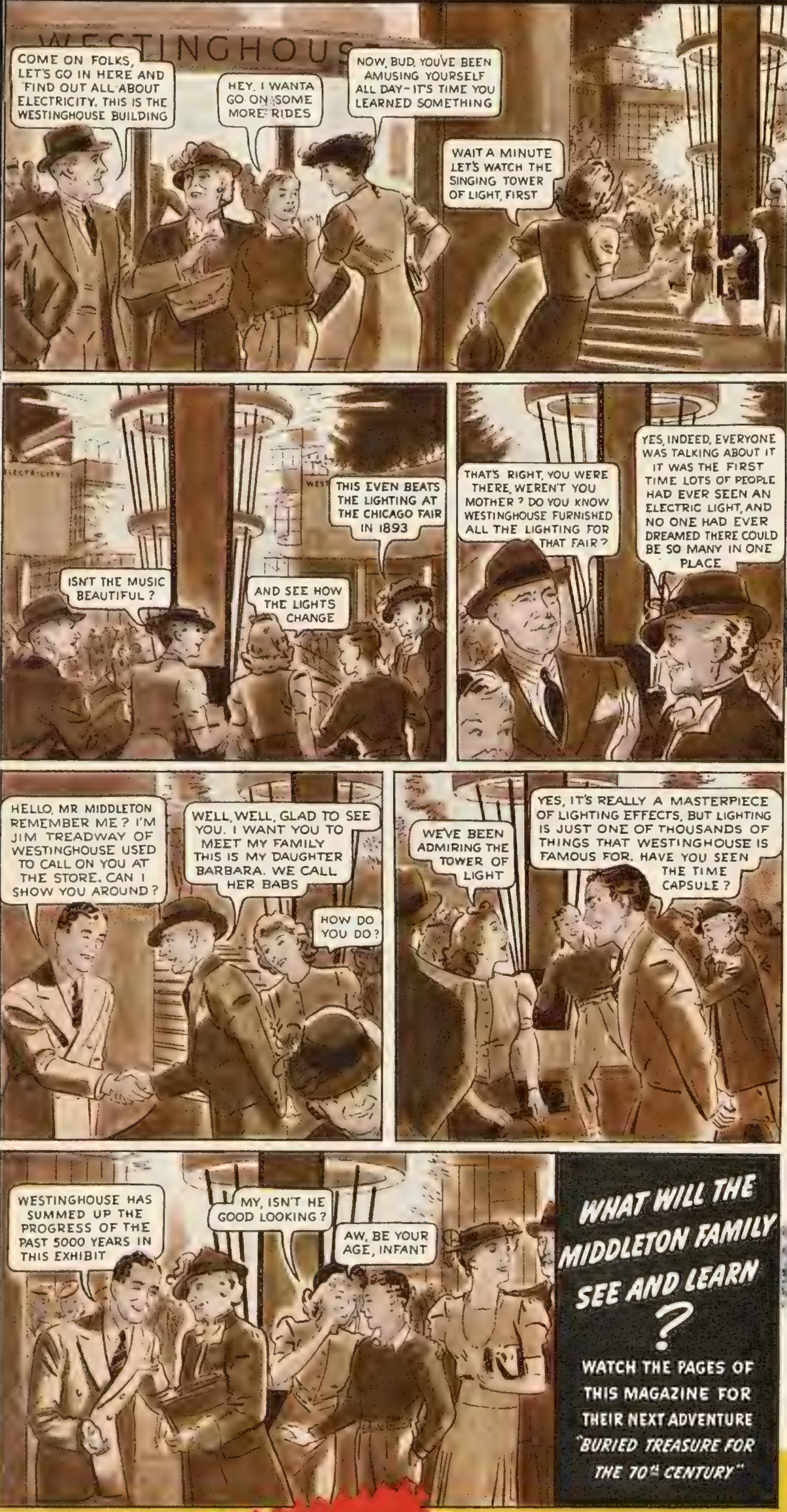
Watch the pages of your favorite magazines for the diverting adventures of this lovable family. Better still, join them in person at the spot they are approaching now — the Great Court of the Westinghouse Building. A warm welcome awaits you — and a fascinating exhibit of electricity's greatest marvels.

IN SAN FRANCISCO — the Westinghouse "Welcome" sign is out at the Electrical Building on fabulous Treasure Island — bidding you to visit another storehouse of electrical wonders at the beautiful Golden Gate International Exposition.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

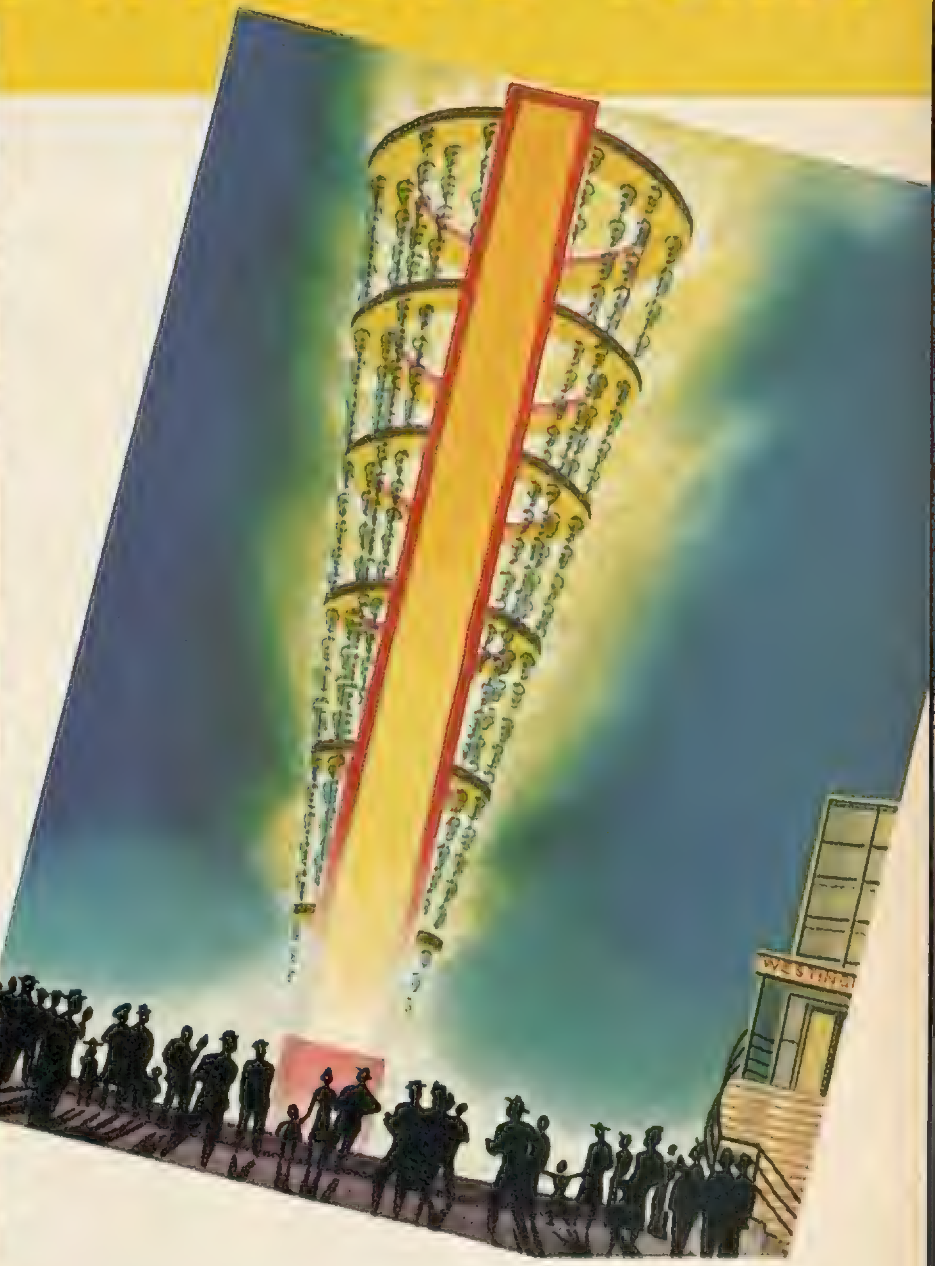
AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

..they discover the Westinghouse Building and the Singing Tower of Light


WESTINGHOUSE
COME ON FOLKS, LET'S GO IN HERE AND FIND OUT ALL ABOUT ELECTRICITY. THIS IS THE WESTINGHOUSE BUILDING
HEY, I WANTA GO ON SOME MORE RIDES
NOW, BUD, YOU'VE BEEN AMUSING YOURSELF ALL DAY—IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED SOMETHING
WAIT A MINUTE LET'S WATCH THE SINGING TOWER OF LIGHT, FIRST
THIS EVEN BEATS THE LIGHTING AT THE CHICAGO FAIR IN 1893
ISN'T THE MUSIC BEAUTIFUL?
AND SEE HOW THE LIGHTS CHANGE
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU WERE THERE, WEREN'T YOU MOTHER? DO YOU KNOW WESTINGHOUSE FURNISHED ALL THE LIGHTING FOR THAT FAIR?
YES, INDEED, EVERYONE WAS TALKING ABOUT IT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME LOTS OF PEOPLE HAD EVER SEEN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND NO ONE HAD EVER DREAMED THERE COULD BE SO MANY IN ONE PLACE
HELLO, MR MIDDLETON REMEMBER ME? I'M JIM TREADWAY OF WESTINGHOUSE USED TO CALL ON YOU AT THE STORE. CAN I SHOW YOU AROUND?
WELL, WELL, GLAD TO SEE YOU. I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FAMILY THIS IS MY DAUGHTER BARBARA. WE CALL HER BABS
HOW DO YOU DO?
WE'VE BEEN ADMIRING THE TOWER OF LIGHT
YES, IT'S REALLY A MASTERPIECE OF LIGHTING EFFECTS, BUT LIGHTING IS JUST ONE OF THOUSANDS OF THINGS THAT WESTINGHOUSE IS FAMOUS FOR. HAVE YOU SEEN THE TIME CAPSULE?
WESTINGHOUSE HAS SUMMED UP THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST 5000 YEARS IN THIS EXHIBIT
MY, ISN'T HE GOOD LOOKING?
AW, BE YOUR AGE, INFANT

WHAT WILL THE MIDDLETON FAMILY SEE AND LEARN ?

WATCH THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE "BURIED TREASURE FOR THE 70th CENTURY"


WESTINGHOUSE

A "Fair Within a Fair." The Singing Tower of Light, with its amazing nocturnes of color and music, beckons fair-goers to a world of wonders within the Westinghouse Building. Here are the Great Halls of Power and Electrical Living; the Playground of Science; the Junior Science Laboratories; the Micro-Vivarium; the air-conditioned Little Theater; Elektro, the Moto-Man, and countless other attractions. No tour of the New York Fair is complete without a view of this colorful exhibit of electrical magic.

WHAT I WANT TO SEE IN THIS BUILDING ARE THE NEW THINGS WESTINGHOUSE HAS DEVELOPED TO MAKE HOUSEKEEPING EASIER
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF THOSE, BUT THIS WHOLE WESTINGHOUSE BUILDING IS A WONDERFUL EDUCATION, AND WE DON'T WANT TO MISS A THING IN IT

W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Westinghouse

(Continued from 5th page preceding) quite simply, "Of course. I feel better than ever about the ship, and I am more eager than ever to fly again."

When we talked on the telephone, less than an hour later, she repeated just that to me, though her voice was weary with sadness as she realized more fully the problems before her.

The wrecked Electra was brought back to California for repair and replacement, and by early May it seemed ready. Picking up the pieces and starting again was an almost superhuman job financially.

"Well, I'm mortgaging the future," AE had said gravely. "But then, what are futures for?"

Walter Lippmann later was to write: "The best things of mankind are as useless as Amelia Earhart's adventure. . . . In such persons mankind overcomes the inertia which would keep it earthbound forever in its habitual ways. . . . They do the useless, brave, noble, the divinely foolish and the very wisest things that are done by men. And what they prove to themselves and to others is that man is no mere creature of his habits . . . but that in the dust of which he is made there is also fire, lighted now and then by great winds from the sky."

And now AE wanted to finish what she had started. When she said that, she had my utmost help without asking, though I knew—and realized that she knew I knew—I could have ended the whole adventure.

But the fire was lit with those great winds from the sky, and the security of quenching it in no way seemed worth the price of the spiritual unhappiness entailed.

And yet, of course, looking backward . . .

SHE readied the ship again. In the beginning the best idea had seemed to be to fly westward. Now, weeks later, an eastward course seemed preferable, for the Caribbean and African areas should not be passed over much later than early June.

Captain Manning must needs return to his sea duty and Captain Noonan took over in his place. The charts were all revised and the ship underwent changes. It came out of the Lockheed plant on May 19. Two days later AE flew it to Oakland. Still she had made no announcement of her decision to reverse the direction of the flight. She started out on a test flight. If this went smoothly, it would slip into the major flight without public clamor. She headed for Miami. Bo McKneely, the mechanic, and I went along.

One afternoon of leisurely flying put us down at Tucson. In the morning, there, a sandstorm blew up to block the way, but AE took the air and climbed to 7,000 feet, leapfrogging the dust to El Paso.

That night we were in New Orleans, and Sunday morning she flew for Miami. Late that afternoon there commenced a week of final preparation, with the generous aid of Pan American personnel.

Carl Allen was on hand during that week of preparation. One day she said to him:

"I have a feeling that there is just about one more good flight left in my system—and I hope this is it. Anyway, when I have finished this job, I mean to give up major long-distance flights."

She had no thought of retiring from flying. On the contrary, she meant to fly as much as ever, but for different reasons and in different ways.

Allen wanted to print that story immediately.

"Don't," said AE. "Even if you use it at all, wait until the round-the-world flight is over—or nearly over. I think it would seem absurd to make such an announcement now."

Characteristically, she added a touch of lightness.

"I'm getting old," she said—and laughter glowed in her gray eyes. "I want to make way for the new generation before I'm feeble too."

Before dawn of June 1, 1937, we were at the Miami airport. The Electra was warming up.

While Bo McKneely resoldered a broken thermocouple, AE and I retreated into the hangar building. There, in the dim chill, we perched briefly on cold concrete steps, and the feel of her hands in mine told more than the words we did not speak could have told.

When Bo called that all was ready, her eyes were clear with the light of the great adventure that lay ahead. As she walked out to the great ship she seemed very small and slim and feminine.

Outside, the sun was brushing back the dimness of night. I leaned in from the wing center section and said good-by. A great crowd was gathering. At four minutes past six o'clock AE closed and fastened the hatch. Ground attendants signaled: "All clear."

Her slim fingers flashed against the cockpit window, the motors revved up, the chocks were pulled out, and thirty seconds later the ship was in the air.

From the roof of the Administration Building I watched it disappear southeastward into the morning. With AE was Fred Noonan, brilliant ex-navigator for Pan American Airways. And on her wrist was the gold stop watch that had been a present from Gordon Selfridge.

She flew by leisurely laps to South America, then Africa. In mid-June she was over Central Africa, flying to Khartum. She telephoned to me in New York.

There were long days of flying, now. When she would write a message to me it would be scratched in pencil on pages of her logbook. Mostly they were written at the end of the day, when, dog-tired, she turned in with a dawn take-off only a few hours before her.

From Africa she flew to India, whence she wrote:

"I wish you were here. So many things you would enjoy. . . . Perhaps some day we can do a pleasure trip to some of the remote places of the world."

Fred Noonan wrote his wife:

"Amelia is a grand person for such a trip. She is the only woman flyer I would care to make such a trip with, because in addition to being a fine companion she can take hardship as well as a man—and work like one."

From India the big Electra flew to Australia.

July 1, 1937!

AE took off from Lae, New Guinea, for the most hazardous lap of her trip—a 2,550-mile stretch of open Pacific to Howland Island, where no plane had ever visited.

I was with my friends of the Coast Guard that day, listening for radioed word from AE's plane. For the familiar sound of her voice and call letters, KHABQ.

A radio report came through. They were near Howland Island. And once again the cold fingers of fear fastened around my heart:

"Circling . . . Cannot see island . . . gas is running low . . ."

AND after that dread message—nothing to do but wait. To wait and let the kaleidoscopic patterns of the past run through my mind.

AE, her long fine hands at rest in her lap, sitting in a hangar at Miami, telling Carl Allen:

"I have a feeling that there is just one more good flight left in my system—and I hope this is it."

The trailing plaint of an old and hungry man:

"It's hard to get old . . . so hard."

And AE's voice, late that night: "It *is* hard to be old. I'm afraid I'll hate it." A pause—and then: "I think, probably, G. P., that I'll not live—to be old."

"Circling . . . Cannot see island . . . gas is running low . . ."

Other reports that had struck cold terror—her solo flight across the Atlantic, when we had been married a little more than a year.

Europe—May, 1932:

"Have you heard? She crashed near Le Bourget!"

Twelve minutes! Twelve lifetimes! Then—

Correction!

"She hasn't crashed. She's down safely in Ireland."

Luke Field—March, 1937:

"Putnam? Have you heard? They crashed—the ship's in flames."

Correction!

"No fire. False report! No one hurt at all!"

And now. The third ominous report.

Somewhere near Howland Island—July, 1937:

"Circling . . . Cannot see island . . . gas is running low . . ."

But that message was never to be corrected.

THE END

SOMETIMES WE'RE RIGHT

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

A man of many baseball woes briskly talks back, and defends his calling

BY BILL STEWART

National League Umpire

as told to

STANLEY WOODWARD

Vehement and voluble disapproval. A familiar scene for fans and (insert) Umpire Stewart.

IT isn't often that an umpire has to pay for his integrity by taking a beating, but he must get used to the misapprehensions of the fans. They see the game at comparatively long range and they can judge only by what they see. Most of the managers and most of the ballplayers accept facts without squawking.

But they get us in wrong with their gestures.

Dizzy Dean, generally an easy pitcher to work for, walks in toward the plate and says, "Say, Bill, I thought that pitch caught the corner." Paul Waner slams his bat on the ground and says, "How can I stand here and let a strike like that go by?" The crowd, seeing only the actions of the players, hops the umpire, thinking the home athletes need support against his diabolical opposition. Well, we have to take it.

I remember a tight game in St. Louis between the Boston Bees and the Cardinals. The game was still scoreless in the tenth with Charley Gelbert at bat. Bobby Smith, the Boston pitcher, cut a hook through for a called strike. Gelbert backed away from the plate and said, "Wow, that was a nice curve ball!"

The next was a curve too, and Gelbert watched it go for another called strike. He rubbed dirt on his hands and said, "Well, I can't take any more pips like that or I'll be out of here."

The crowd of course saw Gelbert talking to me, and at once jumped to the conclusion that he was protesting. The boys in the press box started to shout, "Do the best you can, Stewart!" The next day Roy Stockton wrote in the Globe-Democrat that "Gelbert told Stewart something."

The last day of the series Stockton, Gelbert, and I met at the press gate, and I said to Gelbert, "Tell Roy what you told me the time Smith got two strikes on you."

"I don't remember exactly," said Charley, "but both those curves were right over the outside corner."

Once, in Chicago, I had three hairline decisions to make in one inning, and all of them were against the home team. Brooklyn got a man on first and played a bunt. Bill Herman, Cub second baseman, went to cover first base, and missed the bag with his foot, though he had plenty of time to make the play.

"Safe," I said, pointing to Herman's foot, which was still planted an inch from the bag.

"I know it," said Bill. "You're right."

The next thing I knew, Brooklyn played the hit and run, and Bill Lee, pitcher, went over to cover the bag when Charley Grimm fielded the ball. Lee stepped over the bag without touching it and a run came over. Then Herman contributed a replica of his first misstep, complicating the situation still further both for the Cubs and me.

When he made a violent gesture blaming himself, the crowd interpreted it to mean that he thought I was wrong. It looked to the crowd as if he was saying, "Stewart, you're lousy." For the rest of the series I was as popular with the Chicago fans as Mrs. O'Leary's cow was with their ancestors.

Manager Bill Terry of the Giants is one of the easiest men in the league for an umpire to please. Another, as I have said before, is Dizzy Dean. Ordinarily he just goes to work and says nothing. When he's right you have to be on your toes working for him behind the plate. The ball looks like a pea when it comes up.

Still another easy man to please is Carl Hubbell, the Giants' great left-hander. I can remember only one kick from him, and that was a mild one. You have to slow down when you work behind Hubbell, because his screwball breaks so late that you are likely to miss strikes if you go by first impressions. Ordinarily, however, you can miss one right down the middle and Carl won't say a word.

The kick he made to me was on an inside fast ball to Hafey, who stands very close to the plate. It was a narrow decision but I called it a ball. Hubbell didn't let it bother him. He just went to work and struck Hafey out.

Gus Mancuso, the Giant catcher at that time, thought I was wrong on that pitch, and he has such a reputation for fairness and judgment that almost any team in the league would trust him to call balls and strikes on its hitters. Often when I have called a ball the crowd didn't like I have heard him say half to himself, "Just off the corner" or "Just a little high."

Most catchers agree with you on ninety-nine per cent of your balls and strikes. Al Lopez of the Bees has quieted down in the last couple of years. Gabby Hartnett of the Cubs, and Jimmy Wilson, when he was with the Phillies, gave me no trouble.

But the latter was likely to get you in wrong with the fans by ribbing the opposing hitters. Once when Joe Medwick, the champion hitter, came to bat in St. Louis, Jimmy got him nearly crazy by chanting over and over again, " Joe is in a slu-ump, Joe is in a slu-ump."

" I am, am I? " said Medwick. " Put it in there and I'll show you! "

Joe wasn't in the mood to hit. He took a slow ball right through the middle for a third strike and threw his bat halfway to the dugout. I heard the familiar cry from the grandstand, " Hey, Stewart, are you blind? "

As I have said, it is the players' gestures that make trouble for us umpires. So long as they kick without showing disgust no one ever knows what's going on.

In a game at Pittsburgh, Tommy Padden objected strenuously on half a dozen balls and strikes. He didn't make a sign, however, nor did he interrupt the routine of his work. He would talk to me as he was throwing the ball back. As far as any one in the crowd knew, everything was going smoothly.

I remember a case back in my International League days when a player's self-control undoubtedly prevented a riot. Newark, fighting for the pennant, was a run behind Jersey City in the ninth. There were three on and two out. George Quellick, who had hit a home run earlier in the game, was at bat and 19,500 rabid Newark fans were shouting for another. I called a third strike on Quellick, and he dropped the bat without a word and ran for the clubhouse. If he had made a sign of disgust or disapproval, the fans would have caused plenty of trouble.

Of course I do not mean to say that the players never kick volubly and vehemently. That happens often enough, and the crowd's reaction depends on whether the decision is against the home team or the visiting team.

One of the toughest decisions I can remember came up a few years ago in a game between Boston and Chicago at Chicago. The score was 0 to 0 in the twelfth, and Chuck Klein was at bat for the Cubs. He hit two or three long fouls, then pulled a ball over the right-field fence almost on the foul line.

I was working the plate and Bill Klem the bases. When the ball was hit, Klem ran down the line halfway into the outfield and watched the ball go over the fence. Undoubtedly it was in foul territory when it went out of sight, but it went over the fence fair, and that's what counts. Klem signaled that the ball was fair and I waved Klein around the bases. The Boston players argued that it was foul, but Klem, standing directly on the line, was in better position to see than any one else in the park.

An umpire always is in a bad spot when no one else is in a position to see what he can see. That has happened to me a couple of times. The instance that comes first to mind occurred in Ebbets Field, Brooklyn.

Jimmy Collins, then with the Cardinals, was batting against Van Mungo in the late innings of a tight game. Mungo had two strikes on Collins and was winding up for another pitch when the wind blew a cloud of dust into Collins' face. He held up his hand and backed out of the box. I called " Time! " a fraction of a second before Mungo let the ball go. He went through with the pitch, which was a little high for a strike.

The Brooklyn players stormed around, maintaining, first, that it was a good strike, and, second, that Mungo had thrown it before Collins stepped out of the box.

Collins then singled, and the next hitter—I think it was Medwick—broke up the game with a home run. Needless to say, this combination of circumstances did not help my popularity either with the players or the fans in one of baseball's hottest towns.

Since I have been in the National League I have encountered much less trouble than in the old rough-and-tumble days when I worked in the minors. On rare occasions I have even found fans who seem to believe that the umpire is sometimes right!

THE END

ONE NORGE LEADS TO ANOTHER!

Because every Norge Product does its job better.... easier.... and at lower cost!

Norge Rollator Refrigerator . . .

The new Norge C/M Synchronizer provides more cold ... constantly below 40° instead of merely below 50° to maintain supersafe refrigeration for two to five times as long ... more moisture, more natural moisture, to keep food from drying...to keep it tasty, plump and full flavored for the period of storage.

And any food stored in any portion of the entire refrigeration compartment is within the Supersafety zone.

Norge Home Laundry . . .

Ten laundry models ... for finest washing and ironing. New Steri-Seal washer with Steam Sealer does whiter, more sanitary washing. Norge Duotrol Ironer has easy control ... gives hand freedom ... saves time, effort and temper.

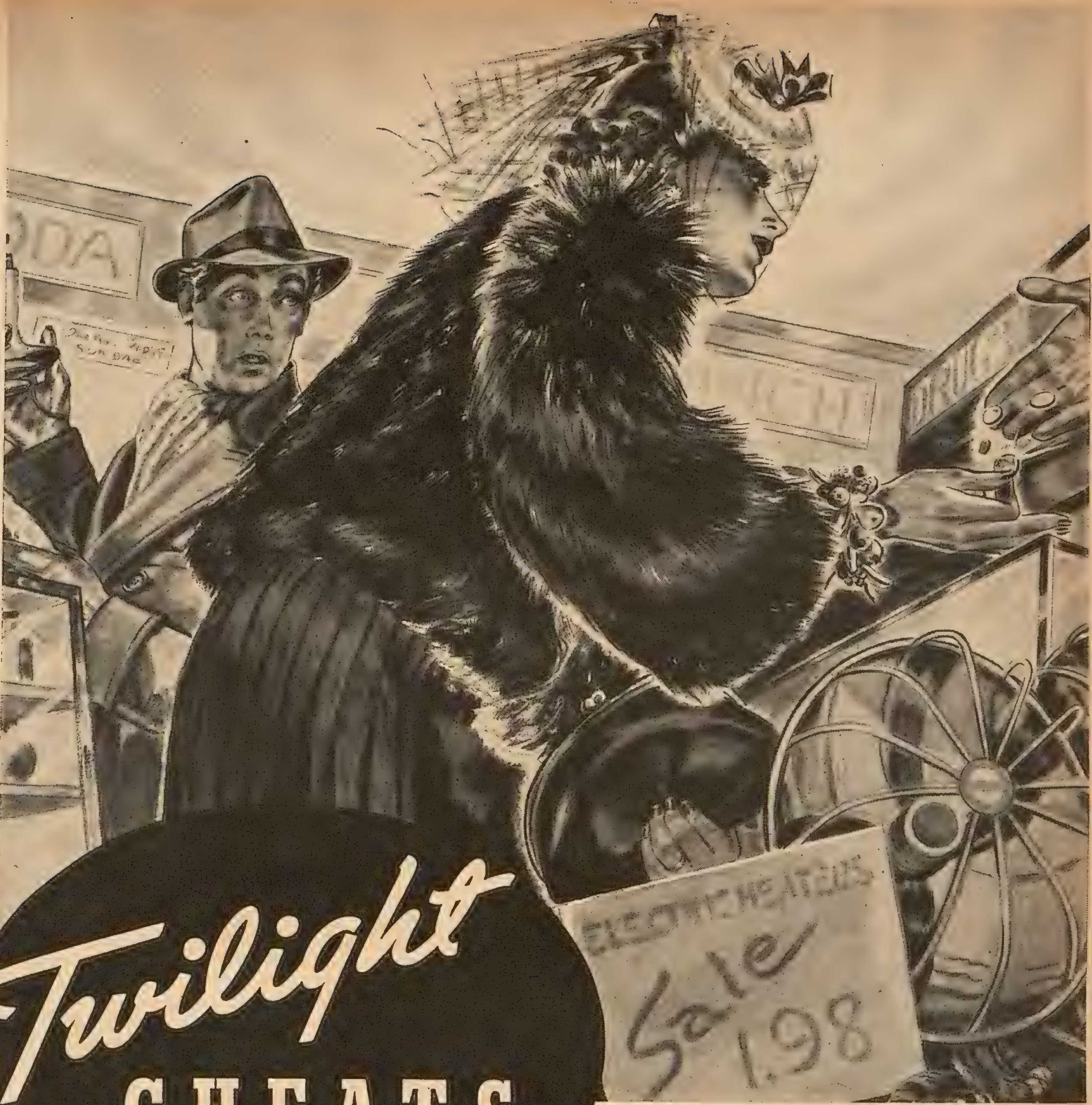
Norge Ranges . . .

Norge builds electric and gas ranges for all home needs. The Electro-Speed Power Range cooks cleaner, easier, cheaper and quicker. See its new Speed Plates with five cooking speeds...its scientific Broiler Well. Also see the new Super Concentrator Gas Range. Its burners save fuel...its Reflecto-Plates save heat.

NEW LOWER PRICES!

NORGE DIVISION
Borg-Warner Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY!



She had asked for change. At the sound of her voice, a man beside her looked up with startled face.

Twilight CHEATS

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHILE his wife, Martha, and his three children are quarantined during a siege of mumps, Andrew Lane, a good-looking successful business man nearing forty, yields to his infatuation for Perry Snow, a beautiful young woman photographer. Perry tells him that their affair must be temporary, but Andy refuses to think of the future.

Martha, hearing of her husband's attentions to a lovely blonde, suspects that the girl is Perry. She realizes fully the menace she faces. Perry is young, slender, glamorous, while she, Martha, is tired, plump, and forty. Nevertheless, she makes up her mind to fight to keep her husband.

The quarantine is lifted, and Andy comes home to Rye, ready to play the part of husband and father. Perry has told him that they can be " twilight lovers," meeting between the end of the business day and dinner, but he looks upon such an arrangement as sordid, and promises himself that he will give Perry up. His good intentions, however, are blown sky-high when his wife announces that she is leaving him the next day to visit her sister in Florida. Sure that she knows nothing about Perry—that her trip is prompted by her need for a rest—Andy sees her off, relieved that his clandestine affair need not end just yet.

In Florida, Martha starts to make herself over, physically and mentally. She diets and exercises, flirts, and even takes

Can fighting courage win back lost love? Now a brave woman seeks the answer

flying lessons from Windy, a young man who owns a plane.

The weeks pass. Andy writes to her and telephones her occasionally. She hears from Claire, a friend at home, that he has been drinking more than usual. But she determines not to go back until she has made a new woman of herself.

Then one night Andy telephones and demands that she return. She refuses. Later the telephone rings again. When she answers it a male voice says: "Mrs. Lane, this is the Rye Police Department."

PART FIVE—A GAMBLE FOR HAPPINESS

"WHAT?" Martha gasped.

"Mrs. Lane, this is Ed Billings—Rye Police Department. Maybe you remember me."

"What's *wrong?*" Her voice sirened fear, and she waved irritably at Florrie, who had followed her downstairs, curiosity-ridden.

"There's been a robbery at your home, and . . ."

"Any one hurt?"

"No. Everything's all right. We caught the man cold. Shot him in the heel as he was getting away. Wasn't necessary, as it happened. He wasn't armed. But he had a . . ."

"The children! Are the children all right?"

"Fine as can be. They enjoyed the excitement mightily, and, say, you'd be proud of young Fred, Mrs. Lane, indeed you would—to see him passing out cigarettes to the men when it was all over."

Martha gulped, emotionally shaken.

"There have been a number of breaks recently around here. Three in a row. And I think this ends them. Your governess really pulled the trick. She heard the noises downstairs and phoned the police from your bedroom."

"Oh? And *Mr.* Lane?"

"Well, now, that's why I called you, because Mr. Lane, he isn't home. He—er—evidently went to town and none of us have been able to locate him. I tried his club."

"Oh, yes." Martha thought fast. "He's probably working at a laboratory where there's no phone, I'm afraid. He often does that. Must you get him right away?"

"No. But we've got to report, naturally, to the owners. Charges, and all that. The regular procedure."

"I see," Martha interrupted. "Well, I'm glad you reported to me. I'm sure you'll find Mr. Lane will be home any time now. No doubt he'll call you when he gets in."

GRATEFULLY she took the drink Florrie handed her, but it didn't help much. She was torn with fear for her home and children, and outrage that her husband should still be out philandering.

"I suppose I must go home," she said over and over to Florrie. "Thank God, this brought on no real tragedy. But Andy's risking the children's safety. I should be there."

"Now you're talking sense."

"But I can't!" Martha beat her hands together and paced the night-chilled room. "I could take the children away and keep them somewhere with me. But at the moment I can't go back."

"Oh, snap out of it, Martha!"

"Maybe Andy will come to his senses after this incident. It's his doing, not mine. Maybe fate is on my side for once."

Florrie said: "You sound positively neurotic. I'm going to bed before I catch my death."

But Martha stayed up. She telephoned her home and got a breathless story from Miss Fellows. And was reassured about the children. Still Martha sat in the deserted living room, so far away from where she should be. Self-exiled from her own world. Fighting her devils. Half past one. Two o'clock. Two thirty. And finally the phone rang. As she knew it would.

"Hello, Martha."

"Where were you? Where were you all this time, Andy?" she demanded.

"I went out and got stinko, if you must know." Then after a moment: "What did you expect?"

"Were you alone, Andy?"

"No." A furious silence and then: "It's not hard to find some one to hell around with."

She felt iced, cold-storaged for life, as he spoke. Yet he sounded sober enough. Probably the last hour had shocked him into sobriety.

"I'll take the train home tomorrow," she heard herself say flatly.

"You needn't, my dear!" Andy announced. "I wouldn't have it for a moment. There'll be nothing for you to worry about. I shall have an alarm system put in here first thing tomorrow, not only for burglary but fire."

"I want to come home tomorrow, Andy."

"Well, I'd prefer you wouldn't." His deliberate tone frightened her. "On thinking it over, I decided you were right, Martha. Very wise. I think I'd rather you weren't home until you are perfectly well and in good spirits again. I'd rather you stayed down there until you are fully recovered. I really would, Martha. For both our sakes."

She stared at the phone through a cold glaze of tears.

"All right, Andy. All right. I'll try to make it soon. But—let's not be harsh with each other."

"No." Pause. "I'm sorry all this happened. It was no night for me to fly kites."

"It was as much my fault as yours—for not saying I'd come back when you first called."

"Maybe we're both fools. Good night, Martha dear."

"Good night. God bless you, Andy."

SHE put out the lights and went stiffly upstairs and into her room. She knelt, for the first time, by her bed to pray.

HER plans came to Martha, full-born and immediate, the next morning. She outlined them calmly to a dazed and critical family.

"I'm flying to New York tomorrow and staying there quite a while. But I don't want Andy to know. I want him to think I'm still here. I'll write him from New York and mail the letters here. All you'll have to do is take them out of the envelope and mail them for me."

"But what if Andy finds out, Martha?"

"He won't, unless it's an emergency. If he does, he does, of course. But I'll have that much time anyway."

"And just what are you going to do in New York, if it isn't too much to ask?"

"Lots of things. I'd love to stay at your apartment, mother, if you would really promise not to discuss the subject with me. I don't want even to think about it. I want to laugh all I can. I'd like to pound your piano, mother, and go to concerts and opera. I'm going to take gym lessons and dancing lessons and a lot of strenuous baths and beauty courses and massages. And I'm going to find out, through a name Windy gave me, just where and how to take an aviation course, and I'm seriously going to study everything connected with flying—mechanics and all."

"And what about the children?" her mother asked tartly.

"Why, nothing about them," Martha answered flatly. "If I were in a hospital they would have to get along without me. I'm up for different kinds of repairs, that's all."

"I give up," Florrie sighed. "Toss me a coke, Jerry."

"She's addled," grinned Jerry, and touched his forehead hopelessly. "But we might as well humor her."

"I'll fly up with you," Mrs. Littleton announced with soldierly determination. "You need your mother beside you in all this storm. I promise I won't mention Andy for one month, and if I do, you can have my teeth."

Martha blinked and then, laughing, threw her arms around her mother. She had expected a battle. She couldn't understand their reaction to her plans. She could not know the subtle change they had all sensed in her. She no longer huddled in dogged stubbornness. She had spoken to them with a steady fiat.

ANDREW LANE had indigestion. With increasing disturbance. He was also increasingly bad-humored. His friends protested he was working too hard. His household help returned sulks for sulks, neglect for criticism. His office workers first strained to please and then lapsed into halfhearted robots. With his children he was falsely hearty when he wasn't abstracted. But with Perry he was hilarious. And with Perry he learned how to spat. Perry found a kind of bracer in furious, brief fights, and indulged in them much as she did cold showers. Perry could be blazingly dramatic as she stormed and rioted. Perry was a moving picture of despair, huddled, spent, letting Champ, her police dog, lick the tears off her face.

Life at home was irksome to Andy Lane. The house without Martha was like a sundial on a cloudy day. Dutifully he trained out to be at the supper table, ask the children about their day, check on their quarrels, their music lessons, their fingernails, their manners, and their runny noses. Doing a good job on all three children was a satisfaction. But satisfaction is neither cozy nor amusing.

After the children went to bed, Andrew Lane's hours were bleak and the house was desolate. Fireplaces that never smoked before seemed as if suddenly possessed of devils. Nobody remembered to order tobacco. His things were generally where he had left them; never back in place. The plants Martha had around died off one by one; the fish bowl stank until he raised Cain about it. He ordered a lot of improvements and repairs on the house, picturing Martha's delight when she returned—and was driven to a frenzy by the upset conditions caused by the workmen.

ON the last night of the first week, Andy phoned Perry around nine and asked if he might drive in.

The week-ends and holidays belonged to the kids; he could take them places or, in one way or another, amuse both himself and them. But his lonely barren house at night was more than he could take. So he drove in town to Perry, with whom he had usually lunched when she wasn't too busy, and with whom he had cocktailed just before going home to dine with the children.

The devil of it was, he had to drive back. Often it was three in the morning when Andy wheeled his well known gray family sedan through the chain of Westchester villages, his body overtired, his brain swarming. And if Andy didn't think the servants heard him come in, and that they didn't remark about it juicily and with growing boldness, Andy was mistaken. It was not enough sternly to mention business and play ostrich. Because, sooner or later, children know what servants know. A fact their father forgot.

He forgot so much those days. He forgot to be too uneasy over Martha's puzzling tone in her letters. But a husband rampant can dismiss with ease what he'd rather not notice or inquire into anyway.

Martha was fine, he told himself. Whatever this malaise she felt she must combat, he was sure she'd come through in fine shape. Through an odd remark of Perry—that awful night of the robbery, while he was out on the primrose path—Andrew

At ease soldier
..me and the Colonel...we both smoke the best!
Velvet
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco

—the MILDNESS
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood
—the FLAVOR
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both

Copyright 1939, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

had come to believe that Martha probably faced the biological crisis of age. The bombshell of understanding saddened him. Yet it eased his mind, for it explained Martha's strange behavior and her unnatural refusal to come home when he first asked her. Poor Martha—so young; yet it evidently befell some women early. Her modesty in holding her problem secret touched him, and he began again to write her with loving tenderness. He felt fondly and pityingly understanding. He wouldn't dream of urging her return.

With which lofty magnanimity, Andrew Lane could turn to gathering rosebuds while he might. Exercising more care since the gossipy letter Martha had forwarded to him, and the robbery incident. Oh, he was very sly—and wondrously clever!

Diligently, with violent concentration, he took a half-hour dancing lesson each noon at one of the leading schools. He undulated his hips in a rumba, he slid his soles in a tango. Then, going on to higher things, he proceeded to shag and to truck. Despising hot music at first, he found it insinuating itself into his blood. Alien phrases slipped into his speech. His secretary noticed them with an amused shock. Freddie, at home, marveled that the "old man" was that human.

He needed a new dinner coat, a child could see that. So Perry took him to the town's leading tailor, who looked mournfully at Andrew's listlessly conservative suits. Between the tailor who "discovered" his figure, and Perry who was "simply infatuated" with certain swatches, Andrew found he ordered three suits and a topcoat. People who had never noticed his appearance complimented him, and Andy became pleasantly aware of his person.

Perry threw one of her riots, and he first learned to spat over the little matter of shirts. Perry won, and Andrew, pretending continual irritation, was secretly elated with his shirts and with his ties—yes, and the four-pointed handkerchief he learned to tuck into his upper pocket. His big old watch and chain went into his bureau drawer at home, and Andrew Lane wore a curved wrist watch.

At Christmas, Perry gave him a boat. Which was crazy, but Perry enjoyed being crazy. It was just a little runabout, but Andrew was never so set up with a toy as he was over that boat. It was cold as a butcher's storage room out on the rivers, but he and Perry would cross the Hudson, or circle Manhattan, or run over to the East River and go from there to Long Island. As often as he could find reason or excuse to be out of the office a day, Andrew and Perry, in the limited confines of their beloved Snow Queen, courted pneumonia and each other.

He didn't know it, but that was when Perry fell deeply in love with him. As master of his little craft, his eyes and hair whipped by wind, a beautiful peace spread over his face. Completely relaxed, happy, the man's cream rose to the top. She looked upon him in the moments his soul tasted freedom. Her heart responded to his humble expansion and she saw him as clean and strong and very simple.

It frightened her. She sat very still and grew pale with the realization that she loved the man. At that moment she knew that, as far as she was concerned, there could never be a happy or casual ending. Either he would wreck her, or she would wreck his home.

MARTHA was ready to go home.

"I've found myself," she explained to her mother. "I have myself in hand. And while I'd like to do lots more, I can't endure another week away from the children."

So she wrote Andy, via the Southern postmark, that she would arrive on Friday. Her real plan was to taxi her luggage over to Elizabeth, New Jersey, board the train there, and steam into Penn Station just as if she had made the whole trip. The cleverness of the trick delighted her.

All her accomplishments pleased her. Living in the same city as her husband and his mistress for six weeks without their knowing it. Losing thirty-two pounds and becoming accustomed to hunger. Her touched-up hair and her new coiffure. Eleven flying lessons in six weeks! And all the new clothes to fit a new figure. But, most of all, a sense of being alive, of clear-eyed, clear-headed alertness, that her strenuous training had brought her. Martha felt beautiful and fashionable. Just wait till Andy saw her! As long as possible, though, she would keep secret from him her flying lessons. Because nothing was going to make her give that up, yet she wasn't at all sure of being able to say no to Andy.

More even than the flying, however, was a new and bold scheme she had undertaken. It was her supreme bid to save her marriage; a venture that made her feel both ashamed and proud. Through the worldly but sympathetic proprietor of the beauty salon, Martha heard of a doctor who specialized in rejuvenation. Listening to the case histories the beauty expert recited, Martha's imagination and hope were fired. Yet, oddly enough, nothing she had ever done in her life took quite as much courage as marching into the specialist's office. His manner was comforting and he laughed at her fears. She would respond quickly, he said, to treatment because it was a minor derangement and because she was so young. (So young! she thought heavily.) But the doctor meant it. If more women came to him at forty, there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

Once a week he gave her a treatment. Three times a week his nurse gave Martha an injection. And at home Martha obediently swallowed the pills and the capsules and added certain odd dishes to her diet.

THE results, after five weeks, fell mighty short of a miracle. Certainly she felt no different. She experienced no more awareness of the male sex, no twinge of desire sweep over her in whatever contacts she might chance upon. No, not even with the nice boy who was teaching her the latest dance steps. Which rather dashed her until she remembered that unless Andy actually made love to her, she had never been particularly plagued with any amorous urge. Her husband had taught her passion. She had been amazed at her capacity suddenly revealed to her. She remembered being equally amazed when the spell seemed broken and lost. She had suffered chagrin and frustration, but she hadn't known what she might do. Andy had taught her, but she had learned parrot fashion, and she was unlettered in love-making.

No doubt these experts knew what they were talking about. No doubt when Andy's arms were around her, his lips on hers, she would respond with renewed intensity. Oh, yes, Andy, I will, more than ever before.

In such a mood, Martha intended to go home and seduce her husband. She wrote him then, she would be home on Friday.

But on Wednesday she came face to face with him in a drugstore.

She had walked up to a clerk behind a cash register and asked for telephone change. At the sound of her voice, a man beside her looked up with a startled face. She turned, equally startled, equally guilty as she recognized him.

It was Andy, all right. And he was buying perfume. Martha registered that little fact instantly. In his hand was one of those expensive boxes with two leather boots in it, and on the counter was a large dressmaker-form bottle. He had been weighing the choice.

But she saw other things too. His expression was mingled guilt, fright, and anger settling into stern outrage. Outrage that she was calmly in town without his knowledge. That bitterly amused Martha. But she didn't want to feel bitter. She called on her female gods and summoned the forces of inborn wiles. Impulsively she lifted her lips to be kissed. He leaned over automatically. It was not a kiss.

"Hello, Andy!" She slipped her arm through his and smiled up at him. "I've been a bad girl and you've caught me. Where shall we go that you can spank me?"

He was plainly not amused.

"Do you mind telling me how long you've been in town?" he asked with a grim quiet.

"Right here and now? Must we talk here?"

"Martha! Cut the comedy, will you? This is no laughing matter." His anger was barely leashed.

"Oh, very well," she shrugged, inflated. "I've been here almost six weeks, if you want to know."

Their eyes met, cold, antagonistic. His fury didn't frighten her in the least, and he seemed to realize that. He wet his lips uncertainly—unable to believe her.

"Now you can take me to dinner and we'll let me confess in comfort," Martha decided. "So you'd better take this nickel and telephone."

"What do you mean—telephone?"

"You weren't eating alone, were you? And it's too late for you to be eating with the children." She glanced at her watch to hide the savage look her eyes must hold.

"No. I had a date with—with my lawyer. Not important, really."

The word *lawyer* chilled Martha with a sudden fear that he too might have reached decisions in this long separation. She glanced at him, reddening around the ears, and she felt sure it was only a hastily thought lie.

"Were you choosing the perfume for me?" she asked with sudden acidity. "Was it to be a home-coming present?"

He nodded with a martyred air, to let her know that joy in that or any other simple pleasure had fled his life in the face of her deceit.

"But there isn't any choice," she purred. "I love the cute boots. Go phone, darling, and I'll have them wrapped."

HE hesitated, and in that moment Martha felt mastery of herself and him. And she was ashamed for him, that his guilty need to phone Perry Snow and break his date should top his very righteous anger, damming all questions of incredulity, breaking the spell of their meeting.

His absence in the phone booth gave them both time to adjust themselves. Martha hardly dared to think. She bought the perfume automatically, knowing she would always hate it because it had been intended for another woman. She took her package and glanced at herself in the mirror-lined showcase behind the clerk. Her appearance heartened her. Trig in a new spring suit and a short fur jacket. Thirty-two pounds less of her than when Andy had last seen her. Her hat was a scatter of violets and veiling, on hair well cut and curled.

Feeling braced, she turned to greet him. And was startled almost out of her poise as he strode toward her. How he had changed! What a completely different Andy he was! In the first shock of meeting, she hadn't noticed. Those clothes! Andy a fashion plate! So the Woman had taken him in hand, had she? It wasn't easy to force the smile then.

"My, you look wonderful, Andy," she marveled. "You're a beautiful thing. Who's your new tailor?"

"Martha dear." He took her arm and started out the door. But his voice was low and exasperated. "I don't know what you think you're pulling, but I just ask you to talk naturally and tell me what in the name of heaven you mean by lying to me."

"I hated to lie to you, Andy," Martha smiled up at him. "You and I

UNION MADE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Premiums
FOR B&W COUPONS

YOU GET A CHANGE WEEK-ENDS

.....give your throat a change too..with KOOLS

All week long you keep an eye on business. But when Saturday comes, we say *forget it*, and put your eye on some fun and relaxation! Make it a change *all* around...switch from your regular cigarettes to **KOOLS**! There's just the right touch of mild menthol in 'em to make your mouth and throat feel mighty cool and refreshed. Try a pack! This week-end idea works!

P. S. Week-ends or 7 days steady... KOOLS feel soothing to your throat.

Tune in Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK...FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of worthwhile premiums like these

Soda-King Siphon of chromium and enamel: 150 coupons. 10 refills: 75 coupons.

FREE. Write for illustrated new edition B & W premium booklet, No. 16. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

Bridge Table—De luxe inlaid woods, smartly modern. Sturdy. 750 coupons.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

have always let each other have the truth, haven't we?"

Her dart landed. Again guilt broke his purpose, and he turned quickly away to hail a taxi. They did not speak again until they were in the traffic, headed for a drive around the park.

"Well, Martha?" He turned to her like some one sentenced. "You've been in town six weeks and let me think you were down South. Whatever your explanation is, I'm never going to get over it, let me tell you that. But I'd like to hear your explanation, just the same."

"Please, darling, don't speak that way," she coaxed softly. "I've done nothing terrible. I've been living with mother. I spent all my time making myself over."

"I suppose that makes sense."

"You might check, I suppose, on almost every hour of my day in those six weeks. Beauty parlors, gymnasiums, all the silly embarrassing places where women who are fat and forty and seedy try to get back beauty. That's all there is to it."

"Mind if I smoke?"

He seemed affronted at her simple explanation.

"And for that—you'd deceive me! You'd lie and trick me! You'd leave me and the children lonely and deserted. Great heaven, I can't understand it! I always thought that I could fully trust Martha. I thought my Martha . . ."

"Andy!" She called sharply through his mounting resentment. "Have you ever deceived me?"

The question was whipped out, and she leaned forward to study his reaction. Her honest eyes defied denial.

"Have you," she insisted, "ever—lied to me?"

"Not like this." He shrugged with a helpless gesture. "Certainly nothing like this."

"But you have, just the same." She sat back and took her hand from his. "You see, we're all human. So, for once in the years since you and I met, I've lied to you. I happened to think it was for the best. I wanted to get back my health and my looks my own way. It's a difficult thing to do, and embarrassing enough without having to be watched by your family."

"But why couldn't you have *told* me, Martha?"

"I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, you certainly did. A surprise I'll never get over, believe me."

They rode some time in blistered silence. Suddenly she put her arm through his, leaned close and raised her face.

"You haven't kissed me," she pleaded huskily. "Andy, kiss me and tell me you're glad I'm back anyway."

He drew an exasperated breath. But he kissed her. She closed her eyes and summoned all the fervor she possessed to wireless him. But his lips were hard, unpossessing.

"Forgive me," she whispered, kissing him again and again, a shade of hysteria creeping into her need of regaining him. "Darling Andy, please, please forgive me."

"It's all right," he muttered. He put his arm around her and kissed her squarely. "Of course, honey, I forgive you. I can't say I'll ever feel as sure of you again. But I suppose every woman has a right to act like a damned fool once in a while. They say there's no understanding women. I ought to know better than to try. But, Martha, don't ever give me a turn like that again, or you're apt to be collecting insurance."

She hugged him tight, laughing, promising.

"Here!" he protested, and disengaged himself with mock severity. "Please remember you're a respectable married woman."

She felt repulsed. She sat back and gave a short embarrassed laugh.

"We'll have dinner and go along out home," he hastened on. "Driver—Grand Central Station. We'll grab a bite there, huh, Martha? And you can come back to town tomorrow and pack your things?"

"I don't feel like a bite in a station, Andy. I'd like a nice festive reunion dinner. At—well, La Pompadour for example."

She marked his hesitation. Was he afraid if they went there they might run into Miss Snow? Had that become their favorite restaurant?

"All right," he said with a hollow jollity. "A party it will be, then. But better than La Pompadour, let's go somewhere where we can dance. Now don't faint. It's my biggest and best surprise for you, honey. I took dancing lessons while you were away—so you wouldn't always have to sit at a table and look on."

A shudder ran through her at the hypocrisy. The Woman had him dancing, along with his new sartorial elegance!

"Oh, Andy!" She came close to strangling over pretending happy gratitude. "How wonderful! And how funny! Because I took lessons too. Just to feel young and gay again. You couldn't have done anything to please me more. I'll phone mother and tell her the headlines."

HER heart knew her defeat before the meal was over. Yet she would not lower the flag until the last battle.

"My, you look nice!" he said, as he walked into the restaurant with her. That was all, throughout the evening. Until, unable to stand it any longer, she asked:

"Well, how do I look these days, Andy?"

"Fine. Never saw you look better. Lot of pretty new things, too, haven't you?"

"But—the change in me!"

His eyes puzzled, searching for something to speak about.

"The hair, of course. It's lovely, Martha. But I must say I always liked it the old way. But you do look wonderful, sweet, and I hope you keep yourself that way."

He properly appreciated her dancing. But he looked over her head, for the most part, more interested in the music and people than in her. It surprised him that she didn't drink. He approved warmly, yet it irritated him. Martha was equally surprised that Andy should want a second drink, yet he didn't want to have it solo. Andrew, who had ordered a cocktail only on occasions!

Talking about the children was a refuge for them both. And Andrew explained all the repairs and changes he had made in the house. The main bath redone, the fireplace fixed, and—*what was that he was saying?*

". . . and I think it's a fine arrangement. I've had such a lot of insomnia lately, and I knew I'd disturb you out of all decency. So I've fixed up the spare room. I sleep like a top in there. I think it's because it doesn't get any of that morning sun. Of course our room is still *our* room, but this is just for those spells when the devil gets me and makes me pay for my sins. . . ."

She nodded, unable to speak, her eyes fixed wide with a stricken look. Trying to realize that no matter how lightly he explained it, or what the excuse, he had left her room!

". . . And then, too, you see, it's quieter, because it isn't right under the children. Fred calls it my lethal chamber, and you ought to hear little Teddy try to say it. And so, my little bobtail, if your husband gets out of hand these days, you can put him in his place very easily."

Martha said, with a brave stab at roguishness, "It sounds very lonely. I feel lonely already. I hope you come calling often and write me every day. And why is it, Andy, that you'd never think to offer me a cocktail?"

They drank three together.

SOMETHING drove her on in her attempts to charm him. She knew she was a fool. Knew she was wrong

—even degraded. Yet—after she had waked up the children to surprise them, to kiss them and jabber and listen and marvel, to promise a rich tomorrow; after the whole house had been viewed and exclaimed over; after all was quiet and locked up—Martha attempted the futile.

"I'm going to take a warm tub," she told Andy as they undressed. "And I only wish I had my lovely new nighties and negligee. Wait till you see. I'm practically ravishing."

"I'm sleeping unadorned, myself, these days," Andy topped her, and laughed at her blank shock. "It's elegant."

She laughed weedily, and hid her reaction by going into the bathroom and starting the tub. When she returned he was in his accustomed bed—the new "lethal chamber" gallantly ignored.

She bent over and kissed him.

"Leave room for me," she whispered. "The prodigal wife is back."

"Remind me to kill a calf," he nodded. "And open a window, will you?"

She hurried with her tub, cursing out her stale old creams and lotions. After a womanly battle with herself, she opened the new perfume and used it, figuring Andy must be perfume-conscious now. She rubbed her lips with it, and she put a little-girl bow in her brushed-out hair.

SHE crept in the dark to Andy's bed, repeating softly an old jingle special to them in their young days:

> "I's so tired, I's so weary.
> Pick I up and kiss I, dearie."

She paused, her heart pounding, and bent over him.

He snored. Softly. Persistently.

She stood, her eyes pressed hard in her hands for some time, the night wind blowing her own perfume into her face.

Chilled, she stumbled over to her own bed and crawled in. She knew, with horrendous shame, that he was not asleep. She knew those snores were staged. She knew Andy's real snores, and he didn't!

Was this the last battle? The sword knocked out of her hands? No doubt she had lost forever the spell of ecstasy for or with Andy. Was anything else worth holding out for, suffering humiliation for? Perry Snow had won.

Was there now any point in trying to hold him? Should she just give him up? Or—and Martha sat up abruptly in her bed, the old animal instinct of revenge galvanizing her—*or*, should she destroy Perry Snow and all her works?

A woman scorned! Will Martha's fury drive her to desperate measures? And can she win against Perry's youth and beauty and Andy's cold indifference? In the coming chapter, she makes a bold move—which results in an unexpected and dramatic situation. Don't miss next week's Liberty!

A SYMPHONY OF STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKIES
Each plays a part in producing Tom Hardy's Mellow Smoothness

ONE PINT
REG U.S. PAT OFF
90 PROOF
GLENMORES
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
OWENSBORO KENTUCKY

POUR IT!

SMELL IT!

TASTE IT!

. . . and we believe you will agree that TOM HARDY is the smoothest, mellowest, best-flavored blended whiskey you ever tasted. Remember, IT'S ALL WHISKEY.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED – LOUISVILLE • OWENSBORO, KY.
OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS

Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Pour GLENMORE you get more
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 and 100 Proof

GLENMORES
Kentucky Tavern
BOTTLED IN BOND

The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

GLENMORES
Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Change to MINT SPRINGS and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof

First LOVE

Thrills! . . . A swift, stirring tale of two girls, a mad adventure, and the way of a young man's heart

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

DETECTIVE SERGEANT MACLAREN had not been killed. Only a slight chance was held for him, however, and when Blake reached his sister's apartment he learned further news that shocked him.

The door was opened by Detective Mayo. Elsie was sitting in the living room, the two children near her, the boy eight, the girl two years younger. They looked at Blake with numbed little faces and without recognition. Elsie's stricken eyes sent some appeal to Mayo, and he took the children out of the room. Blake sat down beside his sister, took her hand.

"He was shot four times," she said, "and one of the bullets"—she couldn't seem to get the words out—"even if he pulls through—he'll be blind."

Blind! By withholding what information he could have given, Blake felt he was as guilty as if he had shot Jack down himself.

"It was about half past ten," Elsie was saying. "Two men. The desk clerk saw them. Dressed alike. They looked like brothers, he thought. But he was too frightened to—"

Revenge was purging Blake of every other emotion. "Whatever happens, I'll stand by you. I have money in a savings account in Chicago—and it's yours—all of it—the moment you need it." He stood up, clenched his hands. "What hospital?"

She told him. "I was there this morning. He rallied—and since then they want to give him every chance they can."

Mayo returned to the room. "I'll have to be going, Elsie. Let me have a word or two with Mr. Farrell."

She went into the bedroom. "I'm glad you're here, Blake," she said.

Alone with the gray-haired detective, Blake tried to moisten dry lips with a tongue devoid of any moisture.

"Jack was one of my best friends," Mayo said in his deep tones. "I happen to know he was closing in on a blackmail gang, and it's my belief they got him. Unfortunately that's about all I do know. Jack wanted to tackle this job singlehanded, and it would have been a great feather in his cap if he'd—" He stopped. "Elsie told me that you and he went somewhere together last evening?"

Blake told of their journey to Brooklyn, of their return, and of Jack's parting with him at the Fourteenth Street subway entrance.

"Did he say anything at all that might throw some light on what happened to him?" Mayo asked.

"No." Do what he might, he couldn't keep the tremor out of his voice.

The detective knocked on Elsie's door, and she opened it. "Now don't you try to shoo Martha home again," he admonished her. "She'll be here by ten o'clock. I can manage by myself for a while."

"It's kind of you both, Frank." The tears came.

Mayo patted her shoulder, nodded to Blake, and with an astonishingly brisk step for a man of his stockiness left the apartment. Blake waited until the appearance of Mrs. Mayo, as square-shouldered and competent-looking as her husband, before he too made his departure.

Ever afterward he liked to think that his arrival at the hospital had been timed to atone, in part, for his indebtedness to Jack. A second blood transfusion was necessary, and his services were accepted.

Again Jack rallied, and this time there seemed some hope that he wouldn't slip back. It was not until late in the afternoon that this was more assured, and then Blake was able to have a few words with him.

"Jack, have you any idea who shot you?"

"Yes." The voice was very feeble.

"Those two men you saw me talking with? Listen, Jack," he hurried on without waiting for reply, "I know I shouldn't speak to you about it now, but—"

"Then you did know those guys?"

"No, I didn't. Never saw them before. It's something else I know—I bumped into it by accident."

"My part in rounding up that gang is over now, Blake."

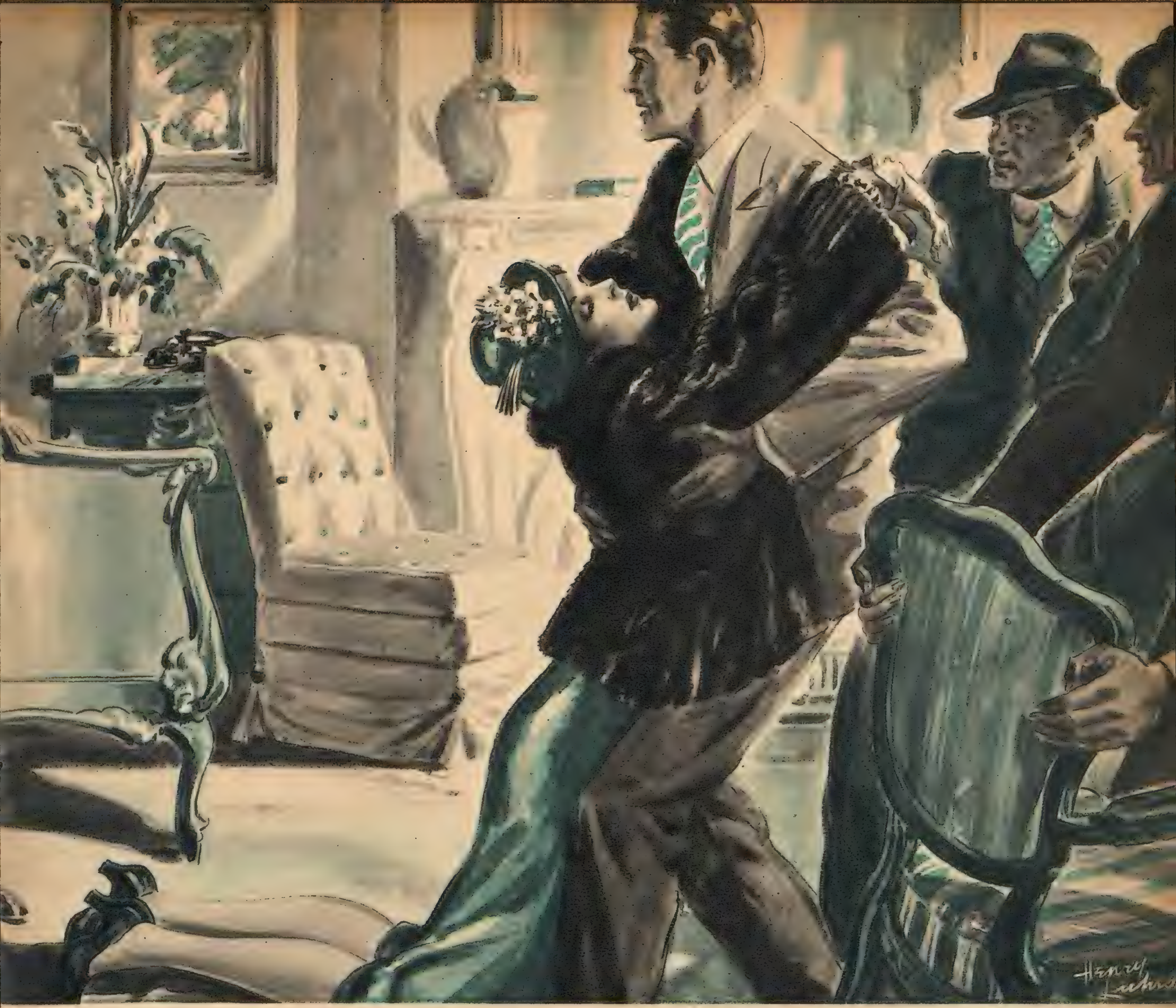
"No, it's not. I'll do the work for you, Jack. I'll get that mob. Give me twenty-four hours."

"If you know anything—better get in touch with Mayo."

"I'll call Mayo if I need him. But I want you to get the credit for it, Jack—I want you to—"

A nurse appeared. "I'm sorry, Mr. Farrell, but I can't let you talk to him any longer."

Blake left the hospital. In a telegraph office he wrote out the following request:



She had reached Blake. But the arms intended to protect him slid away.

ENID WILSON CHICAGO LEDGER
PLEASE WIRE BACK PAY CARE OF
WINNIE HOLLIS AVIGNON APARTMENTS
WRITING LATER BLAKE

Under the circumstances he couldn't very well stay at his sister's, so he telephoned Hollis, got him on the line, and from that fellow newspaperman received a boisterous welcome.

" Move right over to the apartment, old man. I'll be in around six and we'll shake up a few snorts together."

After paying for his hotel room he had $3.23 left. He calculated that his pay check wouldn't reach him until the morning. He put his savings-account book in an envelope with application for his money, mailed it, and walked over to the Avignon Apartments.

Hollis had two rooms and a bar—you could scarcely call it the bathroom—cluttered with old newspapers, tossed-aside magazines, books, empty glasses, and odd bits of clothing. This disturbed Blake not at all, but the single bed did. Trying it, his shoes stuck out a good twelve inches beyond the end.

The liquor he avoided. Leaving a note telling Hollis not to wait for him, he went out and walked east. The newspapers carried the story of the cowardly attack on Detective Sergeant Maclaren, and Blake was relieved to find that his own name wasn't mentioned in relationship. For what he had in mind this served him to good purpose.

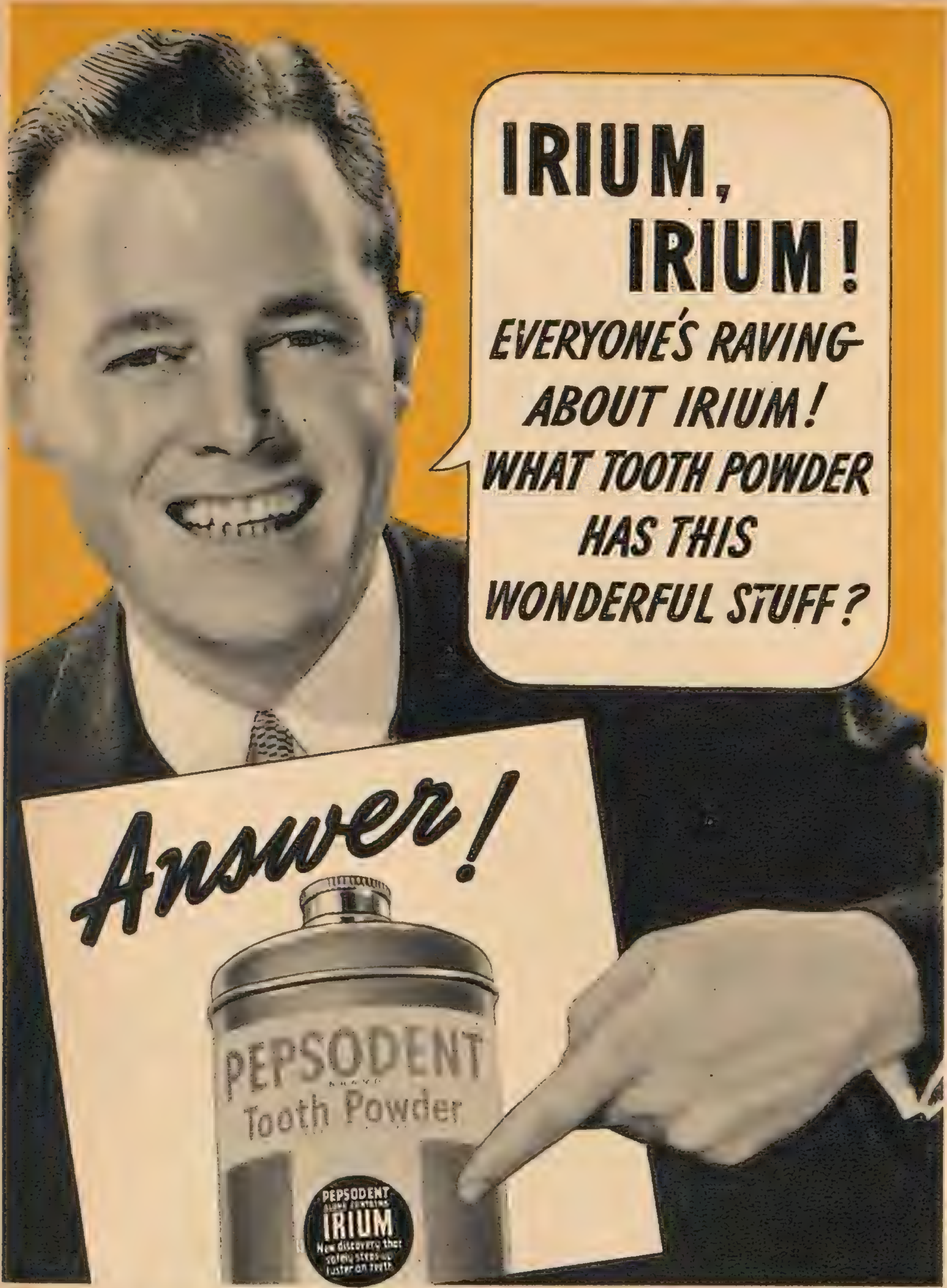
It was going to be very difficult to watch the Gramercy Park house without being observed. What Blake wanted to do—if he possibly could—was to have a word with Sandra alone. If in some way he could warn her, or make sure she was not in the house when the police rushed it, he would feel less cold-blooded about things.

But why did he want to help her? Why, why, why! He no longer had a particle of love for her. She didn't mean a thing to him any more. And if he tipped her off to the situation, her first move would be to warn Chernov.

Twice Blake communicated with his sister by telephone. Each time the news about Jack was more encouraging—if such a thing could be said about a man reduced for the rest of his life to depend on eyes other than his own.

As the hours went by with no sign of any one entering or leaving the house, Blake began to think that his vigil was senseless. He was, he knew, taking desperate chances. Those two men had followed him to make sure that he wouldn't talk. The moment they saw him here, or in conversation with Sandra, they'd make sure of his silence this time.

It was 3.15 A. M. when he wearily returned to the Avignon Apartments. At once he was rendered wide awake by the sight, on a divan in the lobby,


IRIUM, IRIUM! EVERYONE'S RAVING ABOUT IRIUM! WHAT TOOTH POWDER HAS THIS WONDERFUL STUFF?
Answer!
PEPSODENT Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT IRIUM

IRIUM is Why Nation Landslides to Pepsodent Powder!

From coast to coast America clamors for more Pepsodent Tooth Powder . . . as sales go zooming well over the 35 million mark! Why this *landslide* to Pepsodent Powder? Because *never before* has there been so effective a cleansing agent as IRIUM in any tooth power . . . *that's why!*

Why don't *you* start today the IRIUM WAY . . . with Pepsodent Powder? See how quickly it brushes away masking surface-stains that *hide* the true natural sparkle of your smile! See how it makes your teeth glisten and gleam as they naturally should

And remember — satin-soft Pepsodent works gently, safely. For Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Try Pepsodent Powder today... and learn why millions everywhere applaud remarkable IRIUM!

25c and larger economy size

"Make a change for the best"

START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY WITH PEPSODENT POWDER

of a small, pleasingly curved, self-possessed blonde. Large brown twinkling eyes fringed by long soft-brown lashes saliently instanced her nickname Sparky.

He gasped at the sight of her. "I just sent you a telegram this—yesterday afternoon."

"I got it." Her hand came up with an envelope. "Here's your money. I thought you'd need it in a hurry, as usual, so I took a plane."

Sparky spent the night in Hollis' bedroom. Blake had got his outraged friend out of bed and induced him to sleep on a couch in the living room, himself dozing on the floor beside it.

Six hours later, at breakfast, Hollis having departed for his office, Blake said abruptly:

"Sparky, will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't want to marry me."

"I do."

"You're still in love with her."

"Will you marry me?"

"No. You don't love me. I get in your hair. You've said so."

"All right—you get in my hair and I can't comb you out of it. So I'm asking you to marry me."

"No. You've never even kissed me."

He leaned toward her intently. "Sparky, I've got a serious job on my hands. Wait until I get through with it and I'll attend to this matter of love-making."

"I—I suppose"—her sparkle had deserted her—"you just take it for granted I'm crazy about you?"

He felt foolish. "We've known each other a long time—gone around together—" He was floundering for words. "Well," he said forlornly, "no harm in asking you."

"Blake, I love you so much that—that if—if anything ever happened to take you away from me—" And to his confusion she burst into tears.

MANY hours later his impulsive proposal seemed a dream. The night was dismal as his thoughts. A cold rain fell obliquely as for the seventh time he casually walked past the Gramercy Park house. Did he, Blake wondered, really want to marry Sparky Wilson? Love had been so unalterably bound up with Sandra in his heart and brain that, now it was gone, did only the compromise of it remain? Had he, he questioned himself, asked Sparky to marry him only to bolster up his courage to move against Sandra and the gang, willingly or unwillingly, she was connected with?

On the impulse of the moment he did a crazy thing. Crossing the street, he went up the steps and rang the bell, the stupidity of the move numbing him. What could he possibly say if Chernov came to the door?

He pressed the bell again. A metallic whir sounded distantly. It came to him that the house was deserted.

His sense of defeat was electrically invaded by a sudden remembrance. *He's gone to Montreal!*

It clarified the situation. Montreal was small compared with New York. If the gang were operating there, sooner or later he might spot one of them and by careful trailing learn where they were located. The moment he was sure of that, a telephone call to Jack, or to Detective Mayo for him, and his job was done.

In Hollis' apartment he changed his clothes, packed his bag, and telephoned his sister.

"Elsie, this is for Jack's ears alone. Tell him I'm following them to Montreal. Ask him to trust me until I get in touch with him. Good-by, dear—and keep up your courage."

He hung up, hesitated a moment, and called Sparky at her hotel.

"I'm leaving for Canada right away."

"Blake, I'm coming with you."

"No."

"Blake"—her voice was trembling—"if you're in danger I want to share it with you."

"I'm in no danger," he said. "Now listen. I've left Hollis a note. I'm expecting a money order from Chicago, and I'll need it in a hurry. I wish you'd check up on Hollis and get him to immediately re-address my mail to the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal. Now s'long, kid—and keep smiling."

She said tearfully: "Say you love me, Blake."

"Sparky," he said with feeling, "I've only begun to realize how much I love you."

Days later he was sitting disconsolately in the lobby of the Mount Royal, thoroughly convinced that in following up the Montreal lead he had been led astray. He had, in fact, bungled things from the start.

He had systematically watched the hotels, night clubs, railway stations, boat sailings. Now, at three o'clock of an afternoon, he took one final glance around the lobby, and walked over to the cashier's window with the intention of checking out and returning to New York.

To his bewilderment, he came face to face with her! Sandra!

"Blake! What are you doing here?"

Almost the precise words she had used before, and he was only a little better prepared to answer her.

"I happen to be dickering for a job with the Montreal Star." This was true. He had taken the precaution to establish it, and indeed a job had been offered him.

She was studying him with apprehensive eyes, and he was alive to the possibility that she might at any moment be joined by Chernov. Everything depended on his attitude of assumed indifference.

"Blake, where could we talk for a moment or so?"

"I hardly think you and I have much to say to each other."

"Perhaps not. But this may be the only opportunity I'll have to see you alone. Is there an upstairs writing room—or corner—where we won't be observed?"

THE blood was racing in his veins as he simulated a grudging submission. They went up to the mezzanine floor, found an alcove, sat down.

"How long have you been in Montreal?" she asked.

"Day or so."

"Were you surprised to see me?"

"Of course."

"I wondered," she said. "I thought you may have remembered that message you brought. About Montreal."

"Message?" He looked at her with steady eyes. "After what you told me in New York," he said, "a further meeting between us would be something I'd go out of my way to avoid."

"Yes," she murmured, and was silent for a while. "Tell me about yourself, Blake. How have *you* fared all this time?"

"I've kept going."

"Your mother?"

"She died four years ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that. She was a sweet woman. I loved her—more than I did my own mother, I'm afraid."

"What of her?"

Sandra clenched her hands. "She got what she wanted. Money." And she added quietly: "At my expense."

"You haven't"—he glanced at her mink coat—"done so badly yourself."

"It means nothing to me. You know I'm unhappy."

He shrugged carelessly. "Why? Is he cruel to you?"

"No. In his way he's devoted to me. There's a wife living—some legal entanglement preventing him from—" Her shoulders drooped. "It scarcely matters—anyway."

"Is he here with you?" It was an important question.

"Yes."

For a while both were silent.

"Blake, there's one thing I'd like you to know," Sandra said earnestly. "I've thought of you always. My dreams of you are the only blessing I have."

He said nothing.

"Just the tiniest false step—not unconscious on my part, for he fascinated me—and there was no stopping the slide downhill. Can you find any pity for me—without—without knowing?"

"Yes." He spoke softly, since he did know.

"The memories of our happy days together come back to me so strongly I want to cry my heart out."

SHE fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief, rose, and glanced down at the lobby. Blake also got to his feet, and with intention; for he put a shoe on something lying on the floor.

"I must go," she decided impulsively. "Please don't come with me. Let me go alone."

Thinking fast, he said: "I'm sorry I sound so unresponsive—but if there's anything you'd care to tell me—if there's anything I can do to help you—"

"No, there's nothing." Her breathing was a little more accelerated. "I'd like to see you once more before we leave tomorrow night." She looked into his eyes. "There's a florist's shop below the hotel here—on the same side of the street. I could be in a taxi?" she suggested. "Ten o'clock—tomorrow morning?"

He repeated it, nodded, and she was gone. Tense, he picked up what his foot had hidden, put it in his pocket. The imperative thing was to follow her movements.

Blake ran along the mezzanine floor, up a corridor. A window gave out on the street, but he couldn't see the hotel entrance from it. He tore back to a reading room. Unmindful of the people there, he rushed to the window, using the drapes to shield him from view.

She was getting into a taxi. Yellow cab. Young driver—English face—pointed chin. Blake was frantic until he caught sight of the license number as the cab moved off. He went to a desk, wrote it down.

He then waited outside the hotel in the hope the same cab would return. Eventually it did. Blake went up to the driver, letting him see a five-dollar bill in his hand. He described Sandra, the hat she was wearing, her mink coat.

"About an hour ago," he said. "Five dollars if you'll tell me where you took the lady."

"New apartment building—Standish Arms—this side of Redfern Avenue on Pembroke."

"Thanks. Now drive there and leave this glove with the desk clerk or porter. Tell him your passenger must have left it in the cab because you've had no other fare since then. Keep your ears and eyes wide open, report back to me, and there's another five bucks for you."

In earning it the driver related that on his description of the lady the desk clerk had called some one on the telephone. He was then told to take the glove to Apartment 44. A man opened the door.

Blake couldn't control his excitement. "Tall, thin—black sideburns?"

"No, sir. On the short order. Dopey-looking guy, he was. Had a sort of groove on the side of his neck."

Blake steadied himself. "Was the glove claimed?"

"Yes, sir—by the woman I took there."

"Fine. I may need you again. Where—"

"Ask for Bill Cooper, sir. I'll be around here."

In his hotel room Blake at once put through a call to Detective Mayo in New York. When he reached him they had a long and earnest conversation. The result of it was that Mayo flew up by plane, was in the Mount Royal shortly before morning and in consultation there with the Montreal police.

SIGNS OF SPRING!
CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE WITH SANI-FLUSH

It's time right now to clean out your car radiator. Clean out anti-freeze, rust, scale and lime deposits all in one simple operation. Pour 10c worth of Sani-Flush in the radiator (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Run the engine. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. The job is well done. *Follow directions on the can.*

If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to use Sani-Flush in your radiator to clean it out. Motors run cooler. Power is saved. You may save expensive repairs. Sani-Flush cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS?

When Diamond-Dazzling Zircons from the Mines of far-away Siam are so *effective* and *inexpensive!* Stand acid; cut glass; true backs; thrilling beauty! Write for catalog. Address:

THE ZIRCON CO.
Dept. 113, Wheeling, W. Va.

In this conference Blake took an important hand. He managed to delay the raid until ten o'clock without giving his true reasons for it. In doing so he knew he was offering his neck for sale.

"I can get in there on the strength of knowing her," he pleaded with Mayo. "I'll say I followed her—pretend I'm still crazy about her—get the low-down for you."

It was arranged that Blake should try it on his own terms.

At 9.30 A. M. he was talking to Bill Cooper, the taxi driver.

"When I'm around you it just pours five-dollar bills. This one says for you to be outside the Standish Arms from now until ten o'clock. You're waiting for a passenger. Yep, the same lady. The five-spot further says that she takes your cab and no other."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. After you've driven her a couple of blocks, give her this."

It was a plain fastened envelope. It contained no writing outside nor in. If plans failed to materialize, nothing would incriminate him. But it did contain a hundred-dollar bill—a gift he could ill afford.

"Nothing about me, but give her three messages: Tell her the appointment is off. Tell her not to return to the apartment. And tell her to keep going. Got that?"

The driver repeated it.

"Good lad! I'm betting on you."

A few minutes before 10 A. M., and from the interior of a private limousine, Blake watched her leave the apartment building, enter the cab, and be driven away by Cooper. He himself was sitting between the same two men who had trailed and questioned him in New York. Into his side something hard was being pressed. It had been there from the moment they had closed in on him as he was walking, in broad daylight, up Peel Street.

It was amazing that, with people crossing their path at the entrance to the apartment house, the desk clerk looking at them as they went to the elevator, nobody could see he was being kidnaped at the point of a gun.

IN the apartment he was surrounded by four men: the two who had brought him there, the man Thurston, who had approached him in Gramercy Park—he now had a monocle in his left eye—and Chernov.

"Well, Mr. Farrell," the latter said in his cultivated voice, "you seem to be following me around."

Blake glared at him. "Just what is all this? I came to Montreal for a job on the Star. You can verify that over the telephone."

Blake didn't like the look on their faces. He was playing for time, and wondered how he could maneuver himself to the window and give the signal. Thurston was there, and now drew sharply away from it.

"It's a trap," he said, his monocle falling. "There are two detectives down there—looking up."

Chernov took a stealthy glance from behind the curtains and showed the gleam of his teeth between thin lips. The two trigger men stood complacently as penguins.

"Talk fast," Chernov ordered Blake. "Who are those men?"

"How should I know? I've no interest in them—nor in you. I'd no idea any of you were here until these guys stuck a gat in my ribs—"

There was the disturbing sound of a key opening the door, and Sandra came in. At once her eyes were stark.

"Blake!"

Her amazement seemed wholly theatrical, and Blake suddenly had the answer for it. She had returned because, as she thought, she had nothing to fear.

MY presence here can't be much of a surprise to you, can it, Sandra?" He was talking now in the consciousness of death. He could feel it all around him. "You put the finger on me for them, didn't you?"

Her mouth flew open. "No—no—"

"And I, like a sap, tried to do you a good turn—tried to make it possible for you to escape just now—"

"A-a-ah!" The peculiar intake of breath came from Chernov. Sandra flew across the room, her piercing scream giving to the revolver shot a sound like the closing of a book. She had reached Blake. But the arms intended to protect him slid away from his shoulders as she collapsed.

Chernov's hideous mistake stunned all of them for a moment, and in that space of time Detective Mayo and other men were charging into the room, completely filling it. . . .

Blake Farrell only vaguely recalled what happened during the rest of the day. He seemed aware only of two things. She had been rushed to the hospital. And the bullet had gone through her lungs.

Shortly before eleven o'clock that night he was seated in the corridor of the emergency ward, a near-by clock pounding the seconds away. A white-robed figure was coming toward him. Blake recognized his face. The young surgeon who had operated on her. At the same time Detective Mayo bounded up the stairs. He reached Blake first, brought down a friendly hand on his sagged shoulder.

"Just talked with your sister," he said heartily. "Good news! They've performed a delicate operation on Jack's eyes, and there's every chance he'll be able to see again as good as ever."

Blake tried to express his relief, but couldn't speak. The surgeon had joined them, and there was something in his face.

"Say!" Mayo complimented him breezily. "I take my hat off to you guys every time. What you doctors do for us nowadays is nothing short of performing miracles."

"Sometimes we fail."

Slowly, weightily, Blake rose from his chair. And Mayo said haltingly: "How's—the prisoner?"

"You don't need to keep guard on her any longer."

"Dead, eh? Well, I guess that was far better for her. Well," he said, "that takes care of that." He turned to Blake, his voice lowered a little. "Let's go, Blake. They've been paging you at the hotel."

The young surgeon's brows lifted. "Are you Blake? She spoke your name several times unconsciously—until just now—the very end. We didn't know, or we would have called you. She spoke of being in the mountains with you — the air blowing sweetly through the pines—rest and peace. She said to tell you—that you'd understand what she meant."

Blake moved woodenly toward the stairs. Mayo took his arm, and it was just as well, because the stairs seemed very steep and winding and it was difficult to walk down them.

Mayo's voice was deeply sympathetic, but it dinned in Blake's ears like the clashing of cymbals.

"Tough on you, I suppose, knowing her at one time. Too bad. . . . Well, it was a neat haul, thanks to you, Blake. The girl was lucky. She'd have got ten to fifteen years—and the uniform she'd have worn wouldn't look so well on her as that mink coat.

"Lord!" he went on. "It's strange what women will do in order to deck themselves out. Honesty pays, they say. Well, I've been working hard all my life—married to the same woman for twenty-five years—and I haven't yet been able to get her a fur coat.

"There's one for sale—cheap," he said, jerking his thumb backward. "A mink coat. Good as new, except for one small hole in the back of it."

HE parted with Blake outside the Mount Royal. He was, he said, taking his prisoners back to New York first thing in the morning. He mentioned the hour and the train.

"You'll be aboard, won't you, Blake?"

"I guess so."

He walked to the desk, asked for his room key. The clerk handed it to him, with five telephone messages and a telegram. The messages were alike except for the various times they had been received:

"Miss Wilson called from New York."

With cold and nerveless fingers Blake opened his telegram:

CONGRATULATIONS GREAT STORY WRITE IT UNDER OWN NAME AS OF TODAY BY LINE AND INCREASE IN SALARY GET BACK HERE SOON AS YOU CAN BOYS SAY SPARKY QUIT TO FIND YOU BRING HER BACK AND LETS GET SOME HARMONY IN OFFICE AGAIN
SANDERSON CHICAGO LEDGER

Blake walked to the telephone operator and gave her the messages.

"Try and reach her for me, will you, please?"

And the thought that he would soon hear her voice brought to his troubled heart an incalculable comfort.

THE END

"Our new Ford is so EASY to drive!"

"And just as EASY to buy, thanks to Universal!"

AS OVER 4,000,000 Ford dealer customers already know, it is *easy* to arrange convenient time payments through Universal Credit Company. *Easy* because there's no red tape. *Easy* because you choose from many plans the one best suited to your budget. *Easy* because of the convenience and peace of mind that comes with Universal's low cost and liberal terms. And *easy* because your credit, once established with Universal is nation-wide — good throughout the country at Ford dealers — on the purchase of a new or used car.

Only one man, your Ford dealer, arranges your complete Universal Plan. With many time-payment methods you see at least three different people. But your Ford dealer handles your transaction in one place, at one time, day or night, with practically one stroke of the pen!

Other important advantages of "Universal" service include:

NATION-WIDE SERVICE • LOW COST • BROAD INSURANCE COVERAGE
PERSONALIZED SERVICE • CONTINUED COOPERATION

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

SEND FOR THESE FREE BOOKLETS BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR CAR
○ UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
I am interested in a ☐ New Car ☐ Used Car ☐ New Truck ☐ Used Truck
Please send me:
☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car" ☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car"
Name
Address

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

NEVER offer Edwina Nolan a plate of ice cream. She manages the General Electric Company's home-service section, and when their electric refrigerators were being perfected she had to try out two thousand ice-cream desserts, one right after the other, tasting them all. Since then her ice-cream appetite has been way below zero. . . . Edwina Hendricka Nolan hails from Minnesota, is of Irish-Norwegian descent, the middle sister in a family of *nine girls!* She grew up in what was practically a laboratory of feminine likes and dislikes, so it's no wonder she's an expert now. . . . Travels everywhere, organizing demonstrations of electric equipment, training instructors, writing nation-wide questionnaires to ask us housewives how we want our electric stoves, toasters, flatirons, iceboxes or washing machines improved. Since household efficiency counts for so much with us now, Edwina may be considered among our most important professional women. . . . She passes judgment on hundreds of brand-new gadgets thought up by inventors, some of them pretty silly. One bright boy insists that we ought to freeze metal jackstones in our ice cubes, to keep the ice at the bottom of the glass and prevent it from floating on top! . . . "Older women," Edwina told me, "may be timid at first about using electric appliances, but in the end they often are better at it than younger women. That's because the mature woman isn't afraid to ask questions. In any kitchen, old style or new, the girl who cremates the cake or scorches the shirt is the snippy young bride who pretends to know everything without being told."

☆ Develop a good telephone voice if you have radio ambitions. Your microphone personality will match your telephone personality as a rule, because the same elements are involved. In both cases you make yourself *heard but not seen.* If your telephone voice sounds friendly, convincing, easy to listen to—the chances are well in your favor for radio success. A radio teacher told me this, and I have checked up on it. Apparently it is true.

I have had telephone talks with Kate Smith, Martha Deane, Eddie Cantor, Lowell Thomas. All of these radio stars sound just as clear and likable over the phone as they do on the air.

☆ Met a Japanese elder, now visiting this country, who told me that human weaknesses are classified a little differently in Japan. The livelier dissipations are not listed there as wine, woman, and song. They are listed as wine, woman, and *political ambition.*

Maybe there's something in that!

"It doesn't fit!"

☆ Heard another tidbit of Oriental information one recent evening from that intrepid lady, Ruth Harkness of baby-giant-panda fame, soon after her latest return from the war-swept hinterlands of China. "Around Szechwan," said Ruth, "I watched Chinese troops drill to music, and the tune seemed hauntingly familiar, although played with bewildering embellishments. Finally I recognized it. It was *Marching through Georgia!*" . . . Southern readers may be soothed to note that Szechwan is *not* in the south of China!

☆ Fun playing Doris Webster's new brain game, Can You Think? from her test book of that title. (Published by D. Appleton-Century Company. Costs $1.)

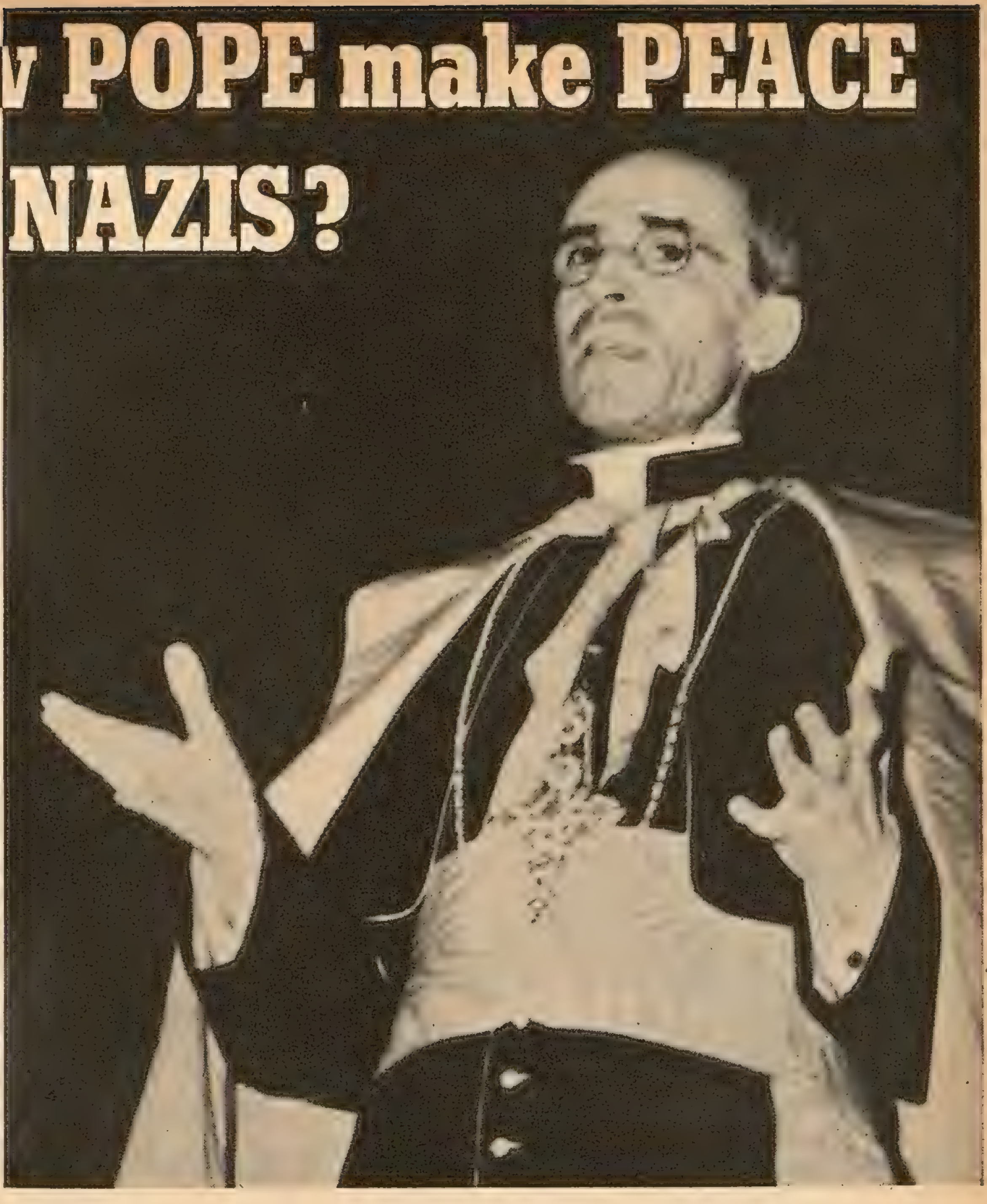
☆ In many families there are individuals who have to be tricked into eating as much greenstuff as they need. Here are four vegetable-dinner recipes with which to tempt them: . . . Cook whole string beans, drain, dredge with corn meal, and fry 30 seconds in deep fat, *very* hot. Serve with spicy tomato sauce. . . . Mix flowerets of hot cooked cauliflower with hot green peas; add butter and paprika; serve sprinkled with salted almonds ground fine. . . . Steam scallions 6 minutes; dress with drawn butter and minced hard-boiled egg. . . . Roughly chop hot cooked celery; garnish with sautéed green-pepper rings; serve with lemon butter and toast fingers spread with grated cheese and browned in oven.

☆ True story of an underhanded scheme that turned out advantageously: A young married woman, stuck on a charming bachelor, arranged very foolishly to be his shipmate during a West Indies cruise. Her husband discovered the plan, said nothing, but hired two dazzle girls to go along on the trip and cut his wife out. He bought glamorous clothes for the girls and paid their expenses. One of them picked off the charming bachelor in less than a week. The adventuring wife had a horrid time. Perhaps it was a mean trick to play on her, yet it fetched her safely home and preserved her married life.

Can the new POPE make PEACE with the NAZIS?

A revealing, authoritative forecast of days to come in Rome, and in the world

BY RENÉ KRAUS



READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

AT his first consistorium, possibly early this month, Pius XII will name a new cardinal for the orphaned archdiocese of New York. It is also quite possible—in fact at this writing the initiated think it very probable—that His Holiness will bestow a fifth purple hat in the United States. Baltimore, where the memory of Cardinal Gibbons, the outstanding leader during the war, is unforgotten, will then have her cardinal again. The influence of the high American clergy within the Universal Church will be markedly increased by these nominations, which the new Pope counts among his most urgent duties. The Vatican is opening wide the gate to the west; practically considered, that is the first note of Pius XII's Papacy.

Immediately after Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli's elevation to be Vicar of Christ, world opinion was convinced that essentially everything would remain *in statu quo.* This belief was founded on convincing arguments. Pius XII was for years the closest, in fact the only intimate, collaborator of his exalted predecessor. The latter had himself picked Pacelli as his successor. By choosing the same name as Pope, Pius XII consciously gave expression to his personal heritage.

In his first address, before his coronation, His Holiness extolled the priests and nuns working through missions, and those who collaborate with their apostolic hierarchy in the ranks of Catholic Action. The work of the mission to the heathen and the mission of Catholic Action were two objects of the late Pope's special care. People who knew realized at once that it was an act of adherence to the lifework of the departed when Pius XII placed these tasks in the forefront of his own spiritual administration.

Nevertheless the difference in the exalted personalities at its head will fundamentally distinguish the attitudes of the Vatican. The mystic on the throne of Peter is followed by the realist, the last standard-bearer of an old well ordered world by the supreme herald of a new one that is to rise from the chaos of our tangled days. "A holy man with knowledge of the world's doings"—thus Al Smith described the new Pope. Of the countless comments during the last few weeks joyfully greeting the father of Catholic Christendom, those few words were the most telling.

Never before has a Pope had such intimate knowledge of the world's doings. None of his predecessors has had so many and so intimate connections throughout the world. None has stood, like him, in the very midst of the battles of the age. The man whom more than three hundred million Catholics regard as their Holy Father is the personal friend of kings and artists, of scholars, diplomats, writers in every corner of the globe.

His particular interest is in the press. On his visit to this country, in the fall of 1936, he honored the National Press Club in Washington with a lecture. During the almost ten years he spent as Papal Nuncio in Berlin he did not miss a single annual celebration of the Foreign Press Association. He appeared there repeatedly as a speaker. Except for the congratulations which he, as dean of the diplomatic corps, offered regularly at New Year's to the head of the state, these were the only occasions on which he spoke in public.

In his decade of work in Germany I had the privilege of regular personal contact with the then Cardinal Legate and present Pope. This contact did not break off when he took over the management of the Vatican's diplomacy as Secretary of State. For his old acquaintances and admirers Eugenio Pacelli—to call His Holiness for the last time by the lay name which he must now abandon—has always had free the half hour, measured exactly by the stroke of the clock, which has been at the disposal of favored visitors.

The appearance of this ascetic man with the excessively high forehead, the burning eyes in the wrinkled face with the eagle nose, the rather superior and yet extremely winning smile on the thin lips, is unforgettable. Unforgettable too is his dark, hard voice, in which he speaks nine languages with equal fluency—though all nine with an unmistakable Italian accent. Imperishable is the memory of a personality full of the most perfect harmony, a "musical man" in the Greek sense.

"The greatest statesman of our time"—thus an English colleague (Anglican by denomination) whom I

Yes!
WE NOW MAKE IT WITH... OIL TOO
LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL HAIR & SCALP
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

LUCKY TIGER is made—To correct Dry and Unruly hair —To remove unsightly loose dandruff—To allay annoying scalp itching —To relieve scalp irritations— To groom and beautify the hair.

Costs little at Druggists, Barbers and Ten Cent Stores. Try a bottle today and look your best.

FREE! Our New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay packing and postage.
LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 38, Kansas City, Mo.

GUARANTEED: Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty.

QUICK WAY TO REMOVE CORNS
no cutting . . . no pads

RELIEVE CORN PAIN QUICKLY
If you want to remove those aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. The pain is quickly relieved. Then in a few days the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE

had the privilege of introducing put his impression in words.

His superiority as a statesman, however, is but one of Pius XII's qualities, and probably not even the one which most completely characterizes him.

In the almost inscrutable depths of his being the realist and political man of action, who for years has regularly studied and absorbed the reports from more than a thousand bishoprics and is probably the best informed man of our time, remains a religious mystic and romantic, just like his predecessor. However, the involvement with mystical things that Pius XI felt as a perpetual conflict with his high worldly duties will never prevent Pius XII from realizing that progress must be steered, not halted.

THE public that welcomed or suspected him as an "anti-Fascist," as a "fighting Pope," as an ally of various popular fronts, was somewhat premature. It tried to pin much too cheap labels on him. The Pope is antinobody, allied with nobody, and a fighter only in the spiritual realm. His way of thinking can at most be described as that of a progressive conservative—of an aristocrat from a house many centuries old, who has dedicated his life to the happiness and salvation of mankind.

Aristocratic reserve alone, and by no means any political inclination or aversion, which would be far below the level of the warrior of God, explains the peculiar attitude that determined the relation of Secretary of State Eugenio Pacelli to Fascism. In the life of Pius XI, Mussolini—today we can speak of it openly—was the deepest personal disappointment; nay, the tragedy.

The departed Pope was a passionate Italian nationalist all his life. "My love for my native Italy has not been extinguished by my care for the Universal Church," he once confessed. As a librarian, restorer of paintings, and champion of national sport he was a triple fighter for Italy's glory. While Fascism was still struggling for recognition, Pius XI, then Archbishop Achille Ratti, was the first clerical dignitary to put his church, the Milan Cathedral, at the party's disposal. With tears of joy in his eyes he declared, "We have given God back to Italy and Italy back to God," when he had succeeded in bringing about the Lateran Treaty, the peace between Papal and lay Rome.

But the Duce commented almost simultaneously upon that treaty with the disrespectful words: "The religion was born in Palestine, but it became Catholic in Rome. If it had been confined to Palestine, it would probably have remained one of the many sects which flourished in that ardent atmosphere, and very probably would have burned itself out, leaving no traces."

Mussolini meant to constrict Catholicism into the Italian national church, and to build it into the structure of the Fascist state, where it would scarcely have had greater scope than would the youth organization or the leisure-time movement. The passionate anticlericalism of his youth has indeed given way to a more moderate and statesmanlike attitude —particularly after the impressive lesson he learned from the enthusiasm of the Italian-American element at the Eucharistic Congress of 1926 in Chicago—but where his political ambitions were at stake he always ruthlessly brushed aside the doctrines of the Church, holy to all Catholics.

This conflict was most plainly expressed in the race question. Why the Duce exiled the Jews from Italy—whether merely to curry favor with Hitler or from growing bitterness toward the teachings of liberal civilization—probably nobody knows. But that he was determined to give his hatred uncompromising free play no one was made to feel more plainly than the dead Pope. One of the most essential points of the new Fascist Jewish laws—the prohibition of interracial marriage—was an open defiance of the Lateran Treaty, which expressly recognized the Church's right to control marriages in Italy.

Here the Vatican could not yield. It was not a question alone of the fate of Italy's sixty or seventy thousand Jews; it was a question of the first principle of the universal world Church, to which all children of God are dear, no matter of what race. Furthermore, it was in practice a question of the success of the mission to the heathen among the colonial races, which was bound to suffer a severe setback if Catholicism were to tolerate principles of race supremacy.

EVEN so, the late Pope made himself many difficulties among the colored races by his yielding attitude in the conquest of Abyssinia. The Vatican, although it had become an independent state, declined to join the League of Nations because the latter declared sanctions against Italy, and in the South American republics the Nuncios worked energetically for the repeal of these sanctions. The missionary work, that favorite child of Pius XI, was endangered. Nevertheless, Mussolini was never ready to come to terms. To personal letters of the Pope that will astonish the world when they are eventually published, he gave replies evasive in form and unyielding in substance. He allowed the Holy Father to die unreconciled.

Now the Duce is faced with an adversary hampered by no worldly attachments. True, Pius XII is an Italian of the purest water. In his temporal character he is the flower of the Italian genius, rooted in the 2,000-year-old cultural soil of Italy far more deeply than any *arrivé* politician, no matter how successful. For that very reason his humanism is untouched by momentary political currents. At my last visit the then Cardinal-Secretary of State spoke with an openhearted warmth which he very seldom allows himself of the "persecuted ones of our misguided epoch," for whom one single refuge must remain open—faith.

As a mundane potentate Pius XII will make no compromise of principle. But any one who would brand him a "leftist Pope" for that reason shows naïveté or ill will. Such descriptions, even if well meant, merely make more difficult the great work of reconciliation which the Vatican sets itself to undertake.

The new sovereign approaches in a conciliatory spirit even that movement which today is fighting most fiercely against the Cross—Nazism. His Holiness knows Germany and the German people just as well as Herr Hitler does. He lived in the Reich for more than a decade, and even since then he has maintained uninterrupted contact with every tendency in Germany, particularly with the Nazis themselves. He has German experts around him, of whom Prelate Ludwig Kaas, the former leader of the Catholic Party in the Reichstag, is the best known, and Bishop Hudal, rector of the Anima, the German priests' school in Rome, probably the most influential. Both men, Bishop Hudal quite plainly, have always advocated coming to terms with Nazism. The ancient Jesuit Father, Tacci Venturi—the same who established the first connections with Mussolini—although wrapped in impenetrable invisibility, is a perpetually live force for settlement.

PIUS XII himself in his diplomatic past made two concordats with Germany—first, under the republican regime, with predominantly Protestant Prussia, then with Hitler himself. This last was the first international treaty the Führer succeeded in bringing home, long before the world believed in the permanence of his rule. Of their obligations under this treaty the Nazis did not observe a single point. They conducted the notorious sham trials of German priests and members of orders, put hundreds in concentration camps without process of law, made membership in Catholic organizations practically impossible for young people, paralyzed the activity of those organizations; and now, after entirely expropriating the Church in Austria, are in the act of confiscating church and monastery property in the Reich.

The widespread rumors that Pius XII will denounce the violated concordat with the Reich, therefore, do not sound improbable. Nevertheless they are incorrect. On authoritative information I am able to state that the Holy Father will stick to the policy of watching and waiting that he upheld while Cardinal-Secretary of State, as long as conditions make it possible in any way. He will thus expose himself to many misunderstandings in his own camp—owing to the doctrine of Papal infallibility there is of course no expressed criticism among Catholics—and certainly his Nazi adversaries will understand him least of all.

Yet the reason for this superhuman patience is very simple: Pius XII loves the German people, to which he is bound by so many ties. He knows that interdicts and other spiritual weapons at his disposal would hurt the faithful more than any one else; and, for his part, he means to do nothing that will make the fearful conflict between their faith and their political authority more difficult.

In that conflict, however, the attitude of the Vatican will be yet more pronounced in future than it was in the past, when Pius XI, no matter how much he may have loved his German children along with the others, had nowhere near the same personal relation to the problem. The German episcopate will find in Rome every support it can require in its time of need.

By individual inclination the deceased Pope faced chiefly eastward. When, far past sixty, he first left the secluded world of libraries, his mission took him to reborn Poland, and his first impression was of the Bolshevik threat from across the bloody frontier. He watched the "miracle on the Weichsel," the collapse of the Red army, from close by, almost with his own eyes. Except for the American and Italian envoys, he was the

WERE 5¢
NOW
2 FOR 5¢

"Gee! A Nickel Left for Candy"

TOYS or typewriters, lamp bulbs or bathtubs—whenever the cost of an article is lowered through economies in production, more people can buy it. And those who can buy it anyway have money left to buy other things.

Take the case of the electric refrigerator. In 1927, when the average model cost about $350, only 375,000 people bought refrigerators. Ten years later, when improvements in manufacturing had brought the price down to $170, *six times as many people* bought them. And thousands who, perhaps, could have paid the higher price, used the difference to purchase other comforts and conveniences.

The same has been true of hundreds of other manufactured articles. Because industry has developed new products, has improved them, has learned to make them less expensive, more millions of people have been able to buy them. By this process, industry has been able to provide the American people with the highest standard of living in the world.

General Electric, by applying electricity to the wheels of industry, has pioneered in this progress. It is helping today to provide America with MORE GOODS FOR MORE PEOPLE AT LESS COST.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

IN 1873 · rail fare from Chicago to the West Coast..$85.00

TODAY · ON THE UNION PACIFIC POPULAR *Challenger*..only $39.50

William H. Pine

Associate Producer of Cecil B. DeMille's
"UNION PACIFIC"

says: "One doesn't need a highly developed sense of values to know that a Chicago to California trip on the Challenger at $39.50 is a real buy. One just couldn't do any better."

Scenes from the picture

See..Paramount's "UNION PACIFIC," produced and directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Thrills—humor—pathos—romance...a stirring chapter in the Saga of the West.

No use arguing with Mr. Pine—he's right. The one way coach fare on the Challenger, Chicago to the Pacific Coast, is $39.50. Breakfast is 25¢, luncheon 30¢, dinner 35¢. En route you enjoy seven delicious meals in an attractive dining car—making the total traveling expense $41.55.

That's real economy! Besides, on Challenger Coaches, seats are roomy, deep-cushioned and reclining. There are soft night lights, free pillows, porter service. And there's a big saving for Challenger Sleeping Car patrons: The fare is low and berth rates are about half that of Standard Pullmans. Sleeping Car patrons have the use of a smart Lounge Car. Registered Nurse-Stewardess service is available to all passengers.

Going to the San Francisco World's Fair? Go Challenger for Economy and Comfort!

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 692, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebraska

Please send me information about service

to.______________________________
(Region in which you are interested)

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City______________ State__________

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD
ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS
AND THE CHALLENGERS

only diplomat who refused to leave battle-torn Warsaw. He was at the border when plague, starvation, and rebellion spread across from the realm of Bolshevist domination. He witnessed the Communists' bestial murder of thousands and thousands of Orthodox priests. Such direct impressions formed his views for the rest of his life. Until his last breath it was one of his highest aims to save the remnants of Russian Christianity from the ruins. The reunion of the Churches of the West and East he regarded as his own mission. He worked for it by personally consecrating priests of the Eastern Rite, distinguishing the Collegium Russicum in Rome by his special care, and putting bishops from the East into particularly responsible positions.

But beyond all this was a deeper spiritual tie. Pius XI was what is called a modern Pope. In his encyclicals he concerned himself with companionate marriage, trade-unions, capitalist trusts, the workman's right to strike, education of children, industrial and agrarian co-operation; with all those problems of a highly streamlined progress on which the Pope must offer guidance.

But for himself he remained transcendental, remote, a mystic. The spirit of the Eastern Church called to him with magic force; it too has remained transcendental, remote, and mystical.

THIS tie always induced the late Pope to throw the full weight of his personality into the eastern end of the scale when progress, which is turning westward, began to be increasingly felt. Here the change in the Papacy will have its strongest effect. Pius XII, though altogether a son of the Old World, knows that civilization's center of gravity is moving toward the New. America above all is the hope of Catholicism—as it is the hope of civilization in general. Not from any simple material considerations but because he recognizes the mighty upheaval of our times, His Holiness will give the American communicants a greater share in the shaping and administration of the Vatican than ever before in the history of Rome.

As Secretary of State he visited the United States two years ago, crisscrossing the country by plane and—as is not generally known—studying the question whether in case of a new world war the seat of the Papacy could be moved over here. He came, the Holy Father's entourage assumes, to an affirmative conclusion.

The fifth cardinal's hat for an American priest, and even the resumption of normal diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Washington—two events which must be considered highly probable—will be but the beginning of a new development. The Church whose sovereign Pope Pius XII is will rest more solidly than ever before on its American pillar.

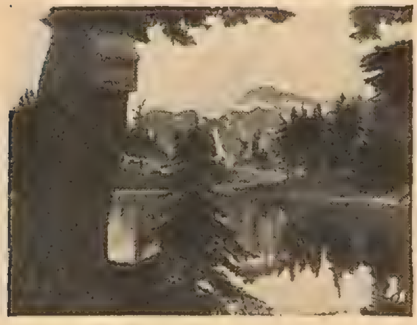
THE END

For Your Best Vacation Ever— A LIBERTY TRAVEL PRIZE!

HERE'S how to enjoy that ideal vacation trip you have planned so long but never quite achieved. A Liberty travel prize, won in this contest, may be your magic carpet to transport you on the best vacation ever. Start an entry now, before you turn this page. It may be the beginning of a winning entry. Everything you need in order to get started is right here before you. The brief rules explain how to solve the jumbles and prepare an entry. If you are a vacation-resort enthusiast your knowledge of places to go will help delightfully. If not, any complete map will disclose every name in the game.

Reprints of the first three contest coupons are available for late starters. Simply write to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. These reprints will allow you to bring your entry even with the field at your leisure. In the meantime Coupon 5 next week will carry you on toward the goal. Be sure you save all coupons until your set of ten is complete.

Columbia River Highway.
(Oregon State Highway Department photo.)



Mount Baker National Forest.
(Milwaukee Road photo.)

Square Lake, Maine, camp.
(New England Council photo.)

Lookout Point, Delaware River.
(N. Y. Bureau of State Publicity photo.)

Santa Catalina Island.
(All-Year Club, S. Calif. photo.)

Comfort, luxury, convenience are available on modern vacation trips wherever the railways operate.
(Pullman Co. photo.)

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

No. 4 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. DANSEPAA	....
2. CANOEOVGER	....
3. RANTLOME	....
4. LAFFGAFTS	....
5. PAILDAKLEC	....
6. FULLCHILLKABS	....
7. VETORPNOWCIN	....
8. DRAMATISENAVYRH	....
9. BANDALAYAREXI	....
10. MOUSEBALELNARD	....

Three MEN

Liberty's Short Short

BY FLORENCE LEIGHTON PFALZGRAF

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THERE were three men in Capri's life: the man she liked; the man she married; the man she loved. That was the order in which she met them—the first at a Sunday-school picnic in Centralia, Ohio; the second at a cocktail party in Manhattan; the third on the courthouse steps in Reno.

They grew up together, Capri and the man she liked. They progressed from Sunday-school picnics and dancing classes to high-school proms and Saturday-afternoon football games. Even after Rusty went away to college, he asked her down to every party. He was like a brother to her. In fact he was so much like a brother to her that when he caught her hand in his and said, “Say—say, you're going to marry me some day, aren't you, Capri?” she shook her head.

“I like you, Rusty,” she said, “more than any man I know. But I can't marry you. I don't love you.”

“Maybe you could learn to love me,” Rusty said hopefully. “I'd be awfully good to you, Cap.”

“I know,” Capri answered with a sigh—“I know you would be, Rusty. But the man I marry—it's funny, but I've always known just what he'll be like. I can't describe him exactly, but I know I'll fall in love with him the minute I see him.”

But she didn't fall in love with the man she married the minute she saw him. It was at a hot, smoky cocktail party in Manhattan seven years later that she met him, met Preston Harrison, the handsome young Wall Street broker whom she married. To Capri, who was earning twenty-five dollars a week as a stenographer in a bank, he seemed like Croesus and J. P. Morgan and Cinderella's fairy godmother rolled into one. Within a month they were married.

At first her young and very devoted husband kept pace with her; but he had neither the time nor the taste for café society. And, with Capri spending money as fast as he made it, he had to keep his nose to the grindstone.

In less than a year you began to see Capri's name alone in the society columns. She was photographed at Hialeah with Andy Van Dees. She was photographed on somebody's yacht with a foreign nobleman.

Preston made no objections. He wanted Capri to have a good time, but he missed her when she was dashing around with her new friends. Without her the weeks seemed long and boring, and Sundays were endless.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, on Fifth Avenue, that he met the trim little blonde named Rose.

Capri went to Reno, of course.

Even though she didn't love Preston, she was strangely shaken by the discovery of his infidelity; so strangely shaken, in fact, that she did not join in the festivities of Reno, but spent her days walking and reading and thinking. She did a lot of thinking, those six weeks in Reno. It became clear she should never have married Preston. She even saw she was no better than the dreadful Rose.

While she walked and read and thought, there was one thing that comforted her. The man she had dreamed about long ago, the man she would love the minute she saw him, seemed to be with her all the time, begging her to come to him.

“I'll find him,” she thought, “if I have to go to the ends of the earth.”

She went down to the travel bureau and came away with a handful of bright pamphlets. She would go to the South Seas, India, Russia. Some day, some place, she would find him.

She had been in Reno three weeks when she received a letter from her husband's lawyer. Mr. Harrison, he wrote, had suffered business reverses and would like a reduction in the amount of alimony he was to pay her. Would $100 a month be sufficient?

Capri's wrath rose like a lark on the wing. So he could supply the professional Rose with luxuries! Her answer was an emphatic reminder that he had signed his name to a $1,000 agreement. He made no reply.

The heat was oppressive the last day in Reno. Capri had not slept well the night before and there were shadows under her eyes as she sat in the dim courtroom while the judge and the lawyers broke the bonds of her marriage. When she came out of the courthouse a free woman, the sun blinded her and she stood still, at the top of the steps, for a moment. Then, mistily, she saw the man who was standing at the foot of them. Something about the tired slope of his shoulders made her start. His clothes were wrinkled, his shoes dusty, his eyes sleepless. When he looked up at her, Capri's heart stopped.

“I had to come,” he said wearily. “I had to have just one more look at you, Capri. I don't intend to make any trouble. I'll go right away.”

The color drained out of Capri's cheeks. She could not speak.

“Everything happened at once,” he went on wearily. “Three days after you went away the bankers ganged up on me. And what they didn't take, Rose did when I sent her away.” He looked down at his dusty shoes. “I was a fool, Capri, but you needn't worry about your—your alimony. I'll find a way to pay it.”

Capri walked down the steps slowly. “Preston,” she said, her voice shaking—“I don't think you're going to have to pay any alimony, Preston.”

He looked up, startled. “Why not, Capri?”

“All my life I've been looking for some one,” she went on. “At last I've found him.”

“So you won't need alimony.” He held out his hand to her stiffly. “Well, good-by, Capri. Luck.”

Capri caught his hand and did not let it go. “I was going around the world. I was going to search until I found him. I never dreamed I'd find him right here. I never dreamed it would be the man I've known all my life; the man I married. But the minute I saw you—” She reached up and put her arms around his neck. “Preston—Rusty, will you take me back?”

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.25 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

MASQUERADE IN PARIS

Gaiety reigns as Miss Colbert—herself again—brightly plays a phony countess

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ MIDNIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Francis Lederer, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, Elaine Barrie, Hedda Hopper, Rex O'Malley, Lionel Pape, Armand Kaliz, Eugene Borden, Paul Bryer, Ferdinand Munier, Leonard Sues, Elspeth Dudgeon, Bryant Washburn, Helen St. Rayner. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder from a story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Franz Schulz. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

A SPRIGHTLY comedy this, a little in the I Met Him in Paris mold, but gay, frolicsome, and ingenious for all that. Like its illustrious compatriot, it has Claudette Colbert as its whimsical heroine.

Here Miss Colbert is Eve Peabody, an American girl who lands in Paris in a pretty evening frock sans baggage or even a single centime. Along with her clothes she has lost the expense money of her European vacation at Monte Carlo. In no time at all she has picked up a friendship with a good-looking Paris taxi driver, been adopted by an eccentric wealthy Parisian who uses her to break up his wife's infatuation for a young waster. His is one of those reverse plays: Eve is to be bait for the playboy, thereby turning his philandering wife back to him. So the penniless Eve becomes a phony countess, installed—in a nice way, of course—in a swank suite at the Ritz.

You'll like Miss Colbert and you'll like Don Ameche as the taxi driver. After the false tinsel of Zaza, it's a relief to see Claudette herself again. John Barrymore steals a real hit as the wise Parisian with the recreant wife.

Really amusing — fast, brightly played, adroitly directed.

VITAL STATISTICS: The use of pigeons in a scene or two brings to light a new odd business. It's purveyor of trained livestock to the movies. . . . Lionel F. Comport used to own a farm near Mixville, rented cows out for Westerns. Decided it was profitable, went into the thing in a big way. Here's his price scale: Goats and sheep, $1.50 a day; chickens and pigeons, 25 cents; geese and ducks, 50 cents; pigs and alley cats (they're tough to train), $2.50; swaybacked horse, $25; fighting cocks, $5; deodorized skunks, $7.50; bears, $50; vultures, $15. . . . This is the first time John Barrymore and his wife, Elaine, have been seen together in a film. Anyway, she survived the cutters in this comedy. John says she's a real help, "Tells me off when I need it." . . . Czechoslovakian Francis Lederer has become a naturalized American citizen. With his wife, Margo, the dancer, he lives on a 285-acre ranch near Canoga Park. . . . Ex-star Bryant Washburn, who plays a bit, was the first film luminary to admit marriage. It was unheard of in those pioneer days. Bryant came right out at Essanay in Chicago and said he was married and had a baby. Violated all star ethics. The baby is now in movies, Bryant, Jr., age twenty-three. . . . Rex O'Malley was christened Sean Rex O'Malley. Dad was a member of Royal Irish Constabulary, mother a friend of Ellen Terry, who gave Rex his start

Countess Claudette Colbert and cabbie Don Ameche in Midnight.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Last month we modestly conceded that March came in like a lion. What we meant was—it came in like a "Pygma*lion*."

★ ★ ★ ★

WIZARD OF OZ

Rhythmic notes about Technicolorful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture:

1: DOROTHY
(Played by Judy Garland)

A cyclone hurries into Kansas,
And in the magic thrilling stanzas,
She's blown with the blizzard
To Oz and its Wizard—
It's one of the screen's prize bonanzas!

(To be continued)

★ ★ ★ ★

LUCKY NIGHT

Brings together Robert Taylor and Myrna Loy. Lucky Myrna, Lucky Bob, Lucky Theatre, Lucky Patrons.

Let's admit it's luck to earn a Lucky Night with Bob and Myrna.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Hardys Ride High" is the best one to date, with (next to your own) your favorite American family featured.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney goes to town again. This time the town is Detroit.

★ ★ ★ ★

QUESTIONNAIRE

Q.—Who stars in the forthcoming "Good-bye Mr. Chips"? A..........

Q.—What is the Latin phrase over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion trademark? A......................

Q.—Have you ever read "The Wizard of Oz"? A........................

★ ★ ★ ★

All who answer the above questions will be placed on the list to receive "The Screen Forecast" published in the Summer. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box L, Culver City, Cal.

★ ★ ★ ★

At this moment our screen forecast is that Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade" will sweep all of her previous records into the discard.

The Serenade to Jeanette will be sung by the public on all the Broadways of the world.

★ ★ ★ ★

While I accompany them on my guitar.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

DOCTOR'S FORMULA
GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE
PIMPLES

PRAISED FROM COAST TO COAST!
DON'T be humiliated by unsightly, blotchy surface pimples and blackheads because here's REAL help: powerfully soothing liquid Zemo (a Doctor's formula) quickly relieves itching soreness and starts right in to help nature promote QUICK healing. Here's why—Zemo contains 10 of the most highly effective medicinal ingredients long recognized by leading skin specialists for their great merit. Clean, odorless, flesh-colored. Won't show on skin. Inexpensive. One trial convinces. Any drug store.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

WE don't say you'll feel like juggling a piano, BUT—if constipation has stolen your pep, try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. Millions, young and old, use FEEN-A-MINT. And no wonder, for you simply *chew* it to get its wonderful benefits. That's why so many people say: "It seems just like magic!" Why not try it yourself?

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

Do This If You're
NERVOUS

Don't take chances on products you know nothing about or rely on temporary relief when there's need of a good general tonic like time-proven Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots.

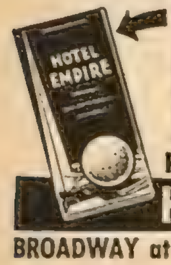
Let Pinkham's Compound help build up more physical resistance and thus aid in calming jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 928 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

Over 1,000,000 women have written in reporting glorious benefits—Pinkham's MUST BE GOOD!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

EARN $5.00 DAILY EXTRA
Retain Your Position! Sell Beautiful Etched METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATE and DOUBLE Cellophane LEATHER CASE. 70% Commission! Send your Social Security Number and 10c for Agent's Equipment.
WM. HAMENT, 665 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.



WORLD'S FAIR FOLDER FREE
Including beautiful Map and Views of New York City
Write for Folder "L"
ROOMS from... $3.50 FOR TWO
HOTEL EMPIRE
BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

on the London stage. Rex's first film was Garbo's Camille. He likes the stage best; has a farm at Westport, Connecticut. . . . Claudette and her hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman, have a nice professional understanding. He watches her from the side lines in close-ups, she drops in to observe a nice operation. All very homey.

$2,000 IN BONUSES

to the authors of the best short short stories published in Liberty from January 1 to December 31, 1939.

FOR THE BEST SHORT SHORT	FOR THE NEXT BEST	FOR FIVE MORE
$1,000	$500	$100 EACH

These bonuses are not offered in payment for stories, but IN ADDITION to the regular purchase prices. Authors will be chosen for this honor by the editors on the basis of the interest, originality, and the general literary excellence of their stories.

All writers are eligible. Amateurs and inexperienced authors are cordially invited to enter the lists, but so-called "professionals" are not barred.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Short Short Editors, Liberty, 122 East 42d St., New York, N. Y.

Manuscripts cannot be returned unless a self-addressed and stamped envelope is attached, nor can we enter into any correspondence about them.

★ ★ ½ SPIRIT OF CULVER

THE PLAYERS: Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt, Henry Hull, Andy Devine, Gene Reynolds, Walter Tetley, Joseph Santley, Jr., Kathryn Kane, Jackie Morna, Marjorie Gateson. Screen play by Whitney Bolton and Nathaniel West. Directed by Joseph Santley. Produced by Universal. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS is pretty much in the set formula of the service-school movie. Boy meets school, becomes imbued with the traditions of the place, emerges in uniform a real man.

While those two golden Hollywood youths, Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, are co-stars, this is really Jackie's story. He plays the homeless son—tough and cynical—of a war hero killed in action, is found on a bread line by American Legionnaires, and staked to an education at Culver against his own rebellious spirits.

But Culver makes him over. Sharing his room is a British-educated lad, son of an Englishman killed in the war. Their adventures at Culver draw them into a real friendship.

The gold-braid background of Culver is new to films even if the yarn is in the familiar mold. The militaristic message, geared to fit the mad world mood of the day, is pretty rampant in films right now. In fact Jackie voices it in his final graduation lines, "There will always be things worth fighting for, even dying for." Accept this—and you will find the film pleasant enough adolescent entertainment.

Cooper is excellent as the boy who comes from the bread lines to the Indiana school. This lad can act, his work has honesty and reality. Bartholomew has grown gangling, lost the poetic face of only a year or so ago, but he is sincere enough.

VITAL STATISTICS: Brigadier General L. R. Gignilliat, commander of the Culver Academy and with forty years' experience handling boys, supervised Spirit of Culver, aided by Culver Cadet Captain William Leach. Which makes the drills authentic. Forty young actors were trained as cadets in Hollywood. It took a month, only menace to morale being Deanna Durbin. It seems the drill ground was right in front of her studio bungalow. The formations collapsed every time she went by. Cadets were trampled in the confusion. Another delay—the snowstorm of February 4. Second Hollywood snowstorm since 1877, first symbol of the white stillness since 1932. Youngsters had a real but brief snowball fight. Says Brigadier General Gignilliat: "Modern boys are better informed on important topics than were the youths of a generation ago." Let's hope he's right. . . . Joseph Santley, Jr., son of the director, makes his screen debut as the lad who boxes the surly Cadet Cooper. . . . Tim Holt, Jack's son, does a neat bit as a cadet captain. He's a real Culver grad. . . . Look for Gene Reynolds playing himself as a cadet. Usually he's somebody else. In Flying Irishman he's Wrong-Way Corrigan as a boy; in The Crowd Roars he was Bob Taylor as a kid.

★ ★ I WAS A CRIMINAL

THE PLAYERS: Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb, Janet Beecher, Horace MacMahon, Ben Welden, Leon Ames, Clara Blandick, Russell Hicks, John Harmon, Chester Clute, Crauford Kent, Edwin Stanley, Harry Holman. Screen play by Ben Markson and Robert D. Andrews from a story by Mr. Andrews. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. Produced by Republic. Running time, 65 minutes.

IF Deacon Hays is worried about movie morals, he might examine the theme of this little study in convict regeneration. A wealthy food-products manufacturer is sent to prison for tax evasion. In jail he becomes the pal of his cellmate, one Ace King.

Having served his sentence, the manufacturer manages to get Ace and several other convicts released. He gives his cellmate a big job at his factory over the horrified protests of his strait-laced family. That is, all except his pretty daughter.

But Ace King is biding his time. He intends to clean his benefactor. And he is prevented only by circumstances. In fact, these same circumstances make him a hero, hand him the boss's daughter, dole out one of those "they lived happily every afters."

After all, as one of the characters philosophizes, there's "a little larceny in all of us."

This, I subscribe, is at least unmoral. If ever a hero got his unjust deserts, it's Ace King. Best of the cast is Clarence Kolb as the wealthy tax cheater. Barton MacLane plays a new type of hero, long on avoirdupois, short on morals.

VITAL STATISTICS: Barton MacLane weighs 220, is six foot two, a graduate of Wesleyan University. Starred in college theatricals back in 1925. They say Richard Dix saw him play football for good ol' Wesleyan, gave him his first film job in The Quarterback. But MacLane had a tough Hollywood time, turned to the New York stage, even wrote a play, Rendezvous, produced by Arthur Hopkins. Then the films rediscovered him. He has a two-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley. Anything bigger than a building lot is a farm out Hollywood way. . . . Ben Welden and Horace MacMahon, for all the wallops they exchange in films, are pals. Welden specializes in doing convicts; has thumbed his nose at the law in twenty recent films, including Alcatraz. . . . MacMahon was captain of the boxing team at Fordham University. . . . John Harmon hails from Hillsboro, Oregon, in case you want to know. . . . Clarence Kolb is an amateur photography enthusiast. Carries a camera everywhere. Yeah, coals to Newcastle. . . . Beverly Roberts was in an auto accident, broke a bone in her left foot, bravely continued in the film. The show must go on, you know.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age, The Sisters, You Can't Take It with You.

★★★½—Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, Men with Wings, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, Suez, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Eva Le Gallienne.
2—One thousand.
3—Haggis.
4—Softball—but basketball outdraws all U. S. sports.
5—The potato.
6—Victor Herbert.
7—February 22.
8—None.
9—My Time Is Your Time.
10—He was a nephew.
11—"O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"
12—Charles Spencer Chaplin.
13—Between the two, being a republic in the Pyrenees.
14—Perpetual.
15—Jean François Millet.
16—Three million dollars.
17—The Bible.
18—Caesarion.
19—Your Faith.
20—

Vostro michelagniolo

(Michelangelo.)

DON'T LOSE THE MAN YOU WANT MOST TO KEEP

No smart woman risks offending—
make sure of your charm with MUM

HIS FIRST "I LOVE YOU"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon—those are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will *strengthen* love—to feel that, because her husband loved her *once*, he'll love her *always!*

Don't make that fatal mistake! Don't risk losing out in love because you're careless about underarm odor. Before you've won him—and *after*, too—avoid the dangers of offending. Prevent underarm odor with Mum!

Remember, no bath is enough to prevent odor. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents odor *to come!* Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh!

SAVE TIME! Pat Mum under each arm until it disappears. Takes only 30 seconds!

SAVE WORRY! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum is actually soothing to your skin.

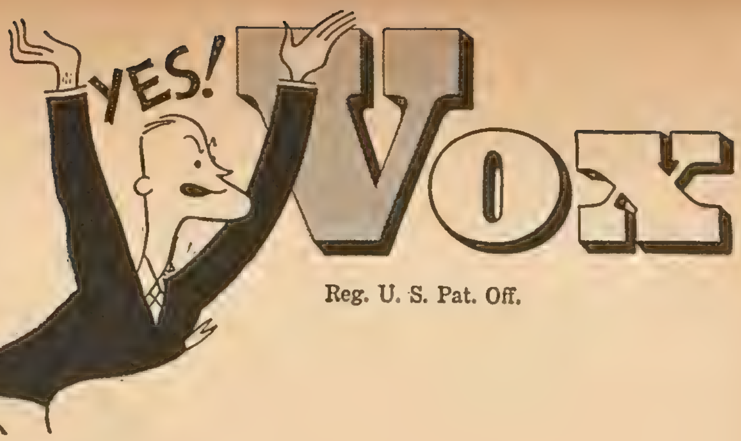
SAVE ROMANCE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today—use it daily and be sure of charm!

WHY NURSES PREFER MUM'S QUICK, SURE CARE!

...AND MORE NURSES, TOO, USE MUM THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT. IT'S SO QUICK, SAFE AND SURE.
TO HERSELF: THANK HEAVENS FOR MUM. I WANT TO BE SURE I'M SWEET WHEN I'M WITH BILL.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

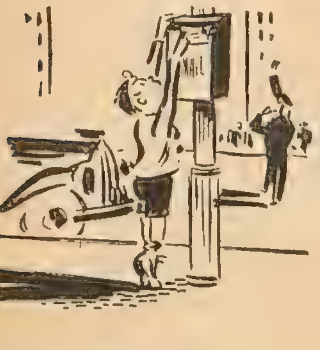


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ATTENTION, KNOCKERS!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What I don't like about some Americans is that they have a streak of the knocker in them—the incessant, raucous, double-barreled knocker. Having lived elsewhere, we immigrants objectively compare America with the others. And we *know* that Americans in general have the least cause to turn knocker, least cause to be dissatisfied. Nonetheless, the army of the unhappy is growing.

They point to England as having solved her unemployment problem; they point to France as an ideal haven for political refugees; they used to point to Czechoslovakia as a " great little democracy "; they still point to Russia as a messiah among nations. They envy Switzerland and Denmark and Sweden. Others pay homage to Norway and Finland. A lot of native-born American Germans, Italians, and Russians point to their countries of origin and strain their loins to transplant the *status quo* there to American shores.



All, however, aren't hyphenated nationals of foreign birth. Some of our dyed-in-the-wool knockers are notoriously of old American stock, tracing their ancestry from Revolutionary days. Take your Browders and your Fosters, for instance. Each has a long background in Kansas or New England. The chief advocate of Socialism in America is a former Presbyterian minister from Ohio.

There is another brand of knocker. He is of professional mold lately become grooved in our political structure, hence more difficult to dislodge than the dyspeptic variety. I refer to the New Deal Board of Trustees currently in the throes of knocking askew the established order with sweeping measures of mongrel origin, mongrel variety, and many of mongrel worth.

I do not, of course, allude to such social measures as unemployment insurance, worthwhile adult education projects, care of the aged, clinical treatment and direct relief to those genuinely in need. These are constructive and humane.

The issue at hand is not to add to the confusion by incessant knocking (a current offering of Communist messiahs), but to help reconstruct a democracy struggling to emerge from within its singular past and meet the needs of a social order evolving toward a more humane and equitable philosophy of life.

Prostituting liberty to the gutter of license, they continue to swell the raucous wail—all the political crackpots, the prophets, the fakers, the divers unhappy Americans—good people at heart, these last, but misled by messiahs who look (back) to a dying Europe for salvation. We immigrant Americans have this to say with an earnestness capable only in a people grown wise and mature through the pain of suffering: *It is America which is the salvation not only of Europe but of the entire world.* And many of us now living shall live to see the truth of this.

Our knockers do not know—worse still, won't believe—the presence of termites gnawing at the European structure. I propose we teach them through the *only* means by which they may be expected to learn. I propose that these unhappy Americans be transported—free of charge—to any country they admire: England, France, Russia, Spain, Italy, Germany, Hungary, and others, and there left to their resources anywhere from three weeks to three months. At the end of which time free transportation may be provided those who wish to return, and provisions made for those who wish to become residents of the nation they admire.

A " See Europe First " campaign ought to be an admirably educational enterprise for all malcontents, knockers, grumblers, and intermediary unhappy Americans. (They'd be glad to get back quick.)

Some of us in America don't know when we're well off!—*Vahan Thomasian.*

HELP WANTED

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—

Thoughts are tumbling round my head
And trying to untie themselves,
For they've become a shocking mess
By falling off their proper shelves.
I had each thought so neatly tagged,
And each one where it fitted best;
I kept each group in tiny files,
To separate it from the rest.

But something's happened in my mind;
My mental office girl is through;
She's far too busy dreaming dreams
To bother with the filing too.
And I am in an awful state,
With thoughts that scatter aimlessly;
For, though I slave to sort them out,
It seems a hopeless task to me.

Alas, I need another clerk
To help me keep a decent file;
For I've become a mental mess
Since first I saw you smile.
—*Jean Self.*

BEST STORY

GREEN BAY, WIS.—For years I have been reading your magazine, and I emphatically want to say that the best story you have ever published is I Married a Nazi. We need a lot more stories like that to prove to some of our asinine people around here that America isn't so bad, after all.—*Young America.*

COTULLA, TEX.—I Married a Nazi is one of the best stories of this type that I have ever read. A few of the " isms " fools in this country would do well to try to read and understand this story.

I am sure there are many Germans who would gladly come over here and starve and suffer with the rest of our unemployed just to have the privilege of starving and suffering in a way they might choose by themselves.—*Elton Merriman.*

KEEPING POP COOL

CHICAGO, ILL.—Maybe you've seen it—this sign in a Cleveland candy-store window:

We don't know where Mom is, so we keep Pop on Ice.

You've got great pages this week, Pop!—*E. A. G.*

JUNIOR POLICE RECORD

EL CENTRO, CALIF.—While " there is nothing new under the sun," El Centro, California, still lays claim to having the first Junior Police Department in the United States, founded February, 1936. However, the Imperial Valley metropolis is willing to give Boston credit for adopting the desert-born idea. After all, the main objective is the preservation of our youth and the advancement of American ideals. More power to Commissioner Timilty!—*George F. Bucklin, Police Sergeant.*

[Denver, Colorado, and Idaho Falls, Idaho, claim to be first in Junior Police in our last two Vox Pops. And Idaho seems to have the honor. See last issue.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PROF. SHANE'S GYMNASTICS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Will you kindly extend from me to Charles and Joe (March 11 Vox Pop) a most cordial invitation to do a Brodie from some slight elevation such as the Woolworth Tower?

Pop

There otto be a law agin any lugs that are moronistic enough to express a preference for run-of-the-mine, dime-a-dozen variety of crosswords over the highly stimulating course in mental gymnastics served up by Prof. Shane.

Hooray for Theodore, sez I!—*Kay Keating.*

FACTS ON GENERAL SHERMAN

TALLAHASSEE, FLA. — We invite your attention to Bulletin No. 37 of the Society for Correct Civil War Information in which is discussed George E. Sprague's article, I Bombed Women and Children (September 17 Liberty).

For the information of our readers we would be glad to know whether the statements concerning General W. T. Sherman, published in this article, were made in ignorance of or with knowledge of the facts.—*Lucy S. Stewart, Secretary, Society for Correct Civil War Information.*

[I am glad to say that my statements concerning General W. T. Sherman were made not in ignorance of but with knowledge of the facts.

Miss Stewart's quarrel is with the statements: " He cut a swath one hundred miles long and sixty miles wide, leaving a path of destruction and waste in which a bird could hardly find sustenance " and " Sherman made war on women and children."

The length and boundaries of the effective area of Sherman's operation are set forth in every published history, including official records.

No conquering army ever had more complete carte blanche to take what they wanted from helpless noncombatants. They were told to take " freely and without limit " whatever they wanted " belonging to the inhabitants." They were told to take the food belonging to women and children, the livestock upon which they depended for sustenance, and to give no receipts!

That was making war on women and children, whether Sherman intended it that way or not.

I am sorry if Miss Stewart got the impression, as given in her Bulletin, that I intended a " vicious defamation " of General Sherman.

I referred to General Sherman's historic march simply as an illustration of my contention that if you make the war horrible, maybe the enemy will quit. I said, " People hate to leave their homes, even when war comes to their very doorstep or rooftop."—GEORGE E. SPRAGUE.]

UNANSWERED PRAYERS

ADAMS, NEW YORK.—Why not publish one unanswered prayer for every granted prayer you print?—*Mildred Reed.*

PLEASED CUSTOMER

HENDERSON, N. C.—A brief epitome of my estimation of your magazine: I always read Mr. Macfadden's editorials first. Then I read Vox Pop next. I am not criticizing on how to make your magazine better, for you always keep the readers posted on the latest news and events of the world. We read about the Jews in Germany, the Communists in America, and adventures in China. What more could we expect for one nickel, not including the good fiction? Paradise Kate was the best story I have ever read in any magazine. I also derived many enjoyable moments and thrills when I read That's My Story.—*Henry Ayscue.*

SHOES PROVE ENDURANCE

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF. —Joe Baker (February 4 Vox Pop) says: " A female person is not supposed to endure any more than a man, and not so much."

The Shoe-Fitters' Association thinks differently.—*J. H.*

WE DON'T KNOW

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—Every week for ten years I have bought Liberty, so I don't mind asking you where to advertise for a rich wife.—*L. R. Waddell.*

BIG KICK!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Being recognized as Giants Fan Number One, I got a big kick out of Donnelly's They're Coming for Me Tomorrow (March 4 Liberty).

If Bill Terry can pick up a star pitcher as easy as all that, I'd like to know the system. Right now I need a high-class pitcher, who can wait on table, for my Club 18.—*Jack White.*

KANSAS CITY, MO. — The Short Short in March 4 Liberty was wonderful, it was magnificent, it was— I want my money back. Tale, theme, sketch, incident, story? No! It's a contradiction.

Why don't you print a full-page picture of the guy that passed on that in an early issue? I'd like to see what he looks like. And not only me. The other two million readers would like to frown on him too.—*Bill Godsey.*

DEFINITION

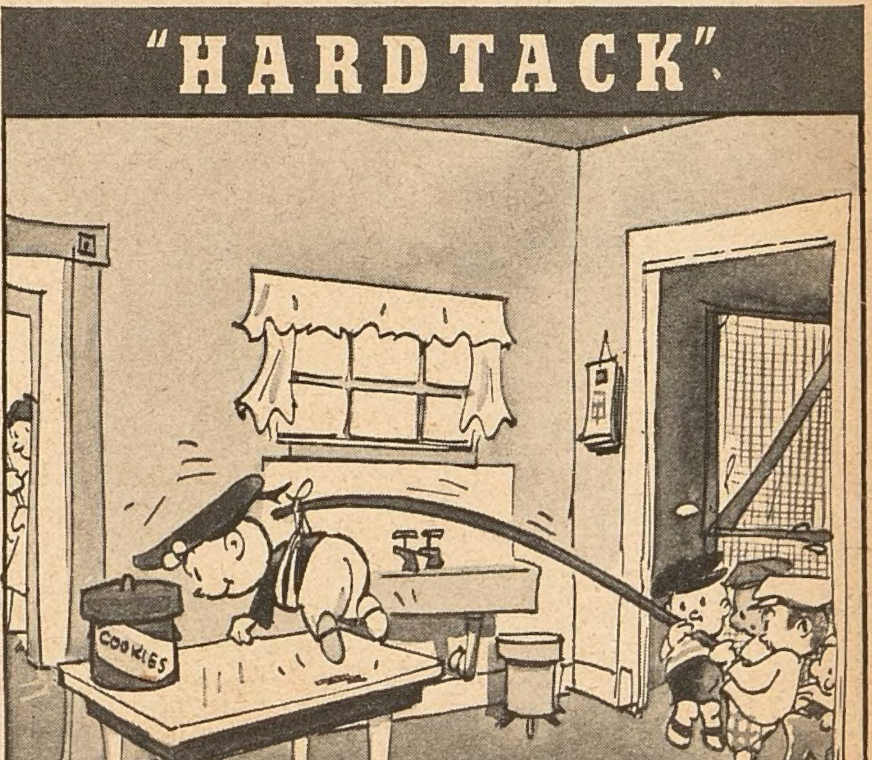
CENTRALIA, ILL.—As commander of J. H. Lakin Camp, United Spanish War Veterans, Department of Illinois, I want to thank you for the publicity you have given to our organization by your use of our definition of Americanism (January 28 Vox Pop).

I wish there were a law compelling every American citizen to memorize that definition of Americanism. — *O. W. Wright.*

WHY FISH BITE

KELSO, WASH. — I had to smile when I read the letter by Mr. Harold Hines in Vox Pop (February 25 issue). Fishermen might get better results if they went fishing on " the days when the moon and Neptune dominate," but how are the fish to know that these are the days to bite?

Any useful fishing calendar sets aside as good angling days those days falling in the dark of the moon—their explanation for this being that fish feed less during dark nights and therefore will bite better in the daytime. Any almanac and most calendars will tell when the moon is dark. But we don't need a calendar to catch fish in Washington.—*H. L. Willey.*



" No, ma—I'm not trackin' up your clean kitchen."

Our Young People and War

FULTON OURSLER

MISS BETSEY Barton is a young woman keenly interested in the world in which she lives. Like most intelligent young people today, she has a serious outlook on life, balanced with an abundance of courage and humor. One might say that Betsey Barton is a typical American girl. Now, Betsey has just completed a difficult task, the valuable results of which we are able to present in Liberty next week. She wanted to know what those of her generation felt about fighting another war. Were most of the young men today opposed to war of any kind? If war should come, would they be willing to be sent abroad to fight? Or would they insist on fighting only to defend America at home? Would they enlist? Would they wait to be drafted? Would they resist the draft? With considerable skill, Betsey Barton prepared a questionnaire and sent it out to be answered by young men in leading universities of the United States. She was deluged with answers and she did a careful job of breaking down the results into totals full of meaning. Next week she gives you the meaning of these totals in one of the most interesting articles we have published in a long time. Here is an analysis that should be read by all the youth of the land and by the oldsters too. We especially commend it to the administration and to the Congress of the United States.

AND TO YOU ALL we commend the whole of next week's issue, including a hilarious short novel by Robert Neal Leath called Sex Is Only Temporary; good short stories, including The Heel of Rumor, by Llewellyn Hughes; and Women Want Words, by Alice Douglas Kelly; another exciting true detective case from the G-men's files by Frederick L. Collins; a wonderful sports article, Dead Arms and the Lively Ball, by "Red" Smith; Love After Forty, which contains some plain talk for every woman, by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise; What Would Jesus Do About Anti-Semitism? by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon; and Drifting Toward Dictatorship, by Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor. These, with new installments of the current serials and other features, make up a fine issue.

THREE REMARKABLE BOOKS that I have recently read: Designs in Scarlet, by Courtney Ryley Cooper. This is truly an appalling book and is bound to shock America. If only half the things it tells were generally true, it should be enough to arouse the nation to action. Unfortunately there is a large part of the American people who behave like ostriches are supposed to behave but never do—they do not like to face the truth, however unpleasant. Every editor in America knows that. We salute Mr. Cooper for his courage in speaking out in meeting, for these are facts that need to be told. Another book is Liberty: Its Use and Abuse, by Ignatius W. Cox, S. J.—a probing, intellectual analysis of liberty from the Jesuit point of view. And number three is He Opened the Door of Japan, by Carl Crow, who wrote that inimitable book, Four Hundred Million Customers. This one deals with the amazing adventures of Townsend Harris, a New York merchant who almost a hundred years ago established workable diplomatic and trade relations with the Far East.

"ENVOY" WRITES US asking that we no longer keep his identity a secret. In all future contributions to Liberty he will sign his real name. He writes:

I beg of you to bury "Envoy" and to let me enjoy henceforth my own by-line. The reason is, obviously, my wish to get my American readers acquainted with me in my proper person.

"Envoy," as you recall, is a brain child of yours, and I am sure that this well chosen pen name helped a lot to attract attention to my articles. Thank God, however, there is no more reason for me to hide my identity.

In the past there has been a solemn reason. Liberty's revelation, Why Hitler Can't Sleep, which was my first contribution to your magazine, caused a stir in German official quarters. You probably remember that we had spoken about it. Franz von Papen, at that time German Ambassador to Vienna, protested to the Austrian government. That was because the author of the Hitler article, my humble self, was in the service of the Austrian government, and at that time assigned to a special mission in the United States.

I asked you to make a decision in this conflict. You decided to create "Envoy," and I accepted that pseudonym. Thereafter I played hide-and-seek with the German information service, who, believe it, reads Liberty more carefully even than you do.

I am reminding you of these little events, insignificant as they certainly are in the life of a great magazine, because I remember your asking whether you could publish them in your column. At that time I had to beg of you not to do so. I was afraid of embarrassing the Austrian government. Meantime, everything is changed. There is no more Austrian government. I have saved how much ever personal happiness you can save from the disaster of your Vaterland by returning to these shores. Franz von Papen is a heartbroken old man, a virtual prisoner of the Gestapo, the victim of his own intrigues.

Kindest regards, dear Mr. Oursler.

Yours very sincerely,

RENÉ KRAUS.

So now, friends, meet "Envoy" with the whiskers off. He is René Kraus, and soon you will read more of his well informed foreign articles.

SOME WEEKS AGO on the radio we told the fears of the United States government about aerial raids by European enemies through South America. That was on Tuesday, February 7. On Wednesday, February 22, fifteen days later, G. Grant Mason, Jr., member of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, testified for the Senate Military Affairs Committee that if Germany wished to send a fleet of large bombing planes through Latin America to the southern boundaries of the United States, "they would have the facilities to do so." . . . We refer to this here, not to remind you that Liberty is constantly giving you inside information about foreign and national affairs before you can find it elsewhere, but to emphasize the need for all Americans to be interested in the problems of national defense.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

■

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 22, 1939

■

EDITORIAL

Six Long, Troubled Years
Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Knight-Errant
Ethel Doherty and Louise Long 13
To Break the Monogamy
Walter Brooks 27
Three Men—Liberty's Short Short
Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf 60

SERIALS

World's Fair Girl—Part I
Oscar Schisgall 6
Lady with Wings—Conclusion
George Palmer Putnam 31
Twilight Cheats—Part V
Grace Perkins 41
First Love—Conclusion
Llewellyn Hughes 48

ARTICLES

An Open Letter to Bernard Shaw About Lady Astor
Upton Sinclair 11
The Body of the Crime
Frederick L. Collins 17
Sometimes We're Right
Bill Stewart as told to Stanley Woodward 39
Can the New Pope Make Peace with the Nazis?.........René Kraus 55

FEATURES

Crossword Puzzle, 26; Twenty Questions, 30; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 54; $2,000 Vacation Travel Contest, 59; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 61; Vox Pop, 64.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
JOSEPH F. KERNAN

HELEN MACFADDEN NOW GIVES YOU NEW SECRETS OF

Radiant Loveliness

CONTENTS

TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD TO BEAUTY
  Broadway and Hollywood Beauty Marts • Does Figure or Face Count Most? • Improving Physical and Facial Traits
BRING LOVELINESS TO YOUR SKIN
  How to Banish Skin Defects • Facial Creams and the Face Mask • Some Complexion Facts
THERE'S BEAUTY IN YOUR BATH
  Bathing—Its Whys and Wherefores • The Sun-bath and How to Use It • Help Your Skin to Breathe-In Beauty
WHOLESOMENESS FROM YOUR FOOD
  Control Your Figure by Your Diet • Food and Skin Coloring • Beauty-Builders for Your Food List
THE SECRET OF YOUTHFULNESS
  Why the Wise Exercise • Exercising Indoors and Outdoors • Deep Breathing Helps Build Beauty
LUSTROUS HAIR CAN BE YOURS
  Your Hair Can Spell Charm • Added Beauty for Your Hair • Special Needs of Varied Types of Hair
KEEP THE EYES OF YOUTH
  Beautify Your Eyes—But Safely • What You Should Know about Eye Makeup • Massage and Exercise for Eye Beauty
LASTING BEAUTY FOR YOUR TEETH
  How Foods Promote Tooth Health • The Tooth Brush and Tooth Beauty • Exercising Teeth and Gums
ENHANCE YOUR FACIAL BEAUTY
  Accent Your Personality by Makeup • Ways to Wake Up Lazy Skin • Using Powder and Rouge Properly
MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR TYPE
  Warnings for Blondes and Brunettes • How to Choose Colors Best for You • Improving Eyebrows and Eyelashes
GLAMOUR CAN BE YOURS TOO
  How Screen Stars Acquire Allure • Ways to Improve Facial Outlines • Personality Plus Can be Cultivated
DAILY STEPS IN BEAUTY-BUILDING
  Practical Beauty Programs for Home and Office Girls • Routines to Beautify Your Form • Hobbies that Pay Beauty Dividends

IN HER FIRST BOOK

HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY

YOU need no longer *wish* for beauty. You need no longer envy *any* girl. For alluring beauty and radiant loveliness can now be yours. Not by magic, but by adhering to the startling secrets revealed by Helen Macfadden in her exceptionally practical book, *Help Yourself to Beauty.*

Here, without doubt, is one of the most remarkable books of our time. A book that tells you how to develop radiant health . . . how to add new loveliness and glamour . . . how to keep the glow of youth—at all ages.

Daughter of Bernarr Macfadden

The author of *Help Yourself to Beauty* is the daughter of Bernarr Macfadden—America's No. 1 health exponent. Helen Macfadden, no novice as a writer, has contributed dozens of outstanding beauty articles to Physical Culture and other leading magazines. But she has saved her most successful beauty secrets for this great new book *Help Yourself to Beauty.* Here you will discover for the very first time how through easy, simple methods you can reach out and acquire real beauty . . . lasting beauty.

Former Ziegfeld Follies Girl

Helen Macfadden was one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's glamour girls. Many of the beauty secrets described in *Help Yourself to Beauty* were acquired from the great impresario himself. Others were taught her by her father, Bernarr Macfadden. Yet most of the startling new aids to beauty were gleaned by personally interviewing and studying some of the most lovely ladies in America. This is why *Help Yourself to Beauty* is so important . . . so essential to your future loveliness . . . so necessary to your future happiness.

HELEN MACFADDEN

Wake Up Your Latent Beauty

Few women realize that they themselves hold the key to their own beauty. Few women realize that they can accent their beauty to glamorous proportions by merely knowing how to camouflage their defects and feature their natural loveliness.

Yes, beauty is something that can be won and *Help Yourself to Beauty* is the book that will win it for you. For packed between its 180 exciting pages are many tricks to magnify your beauty and develop in yourself that delightful and exciting thing known as allure. That elusive quality which makes all the difference between an everyday person and a romantic, thrilling personality.

ONLY $1.00

AT ALL BOOK AND DEPARTMENT STORES

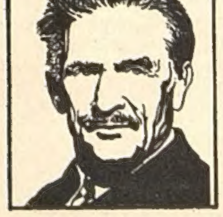
Help Yourself
To Beauty

The price of this great new book is but $1.00 at all booksellers or from publishers direct.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Dept. L-4
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book *Help Yourself to Beauty* by Helen Macfadden. I enclose $1.00.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY..
STATE..

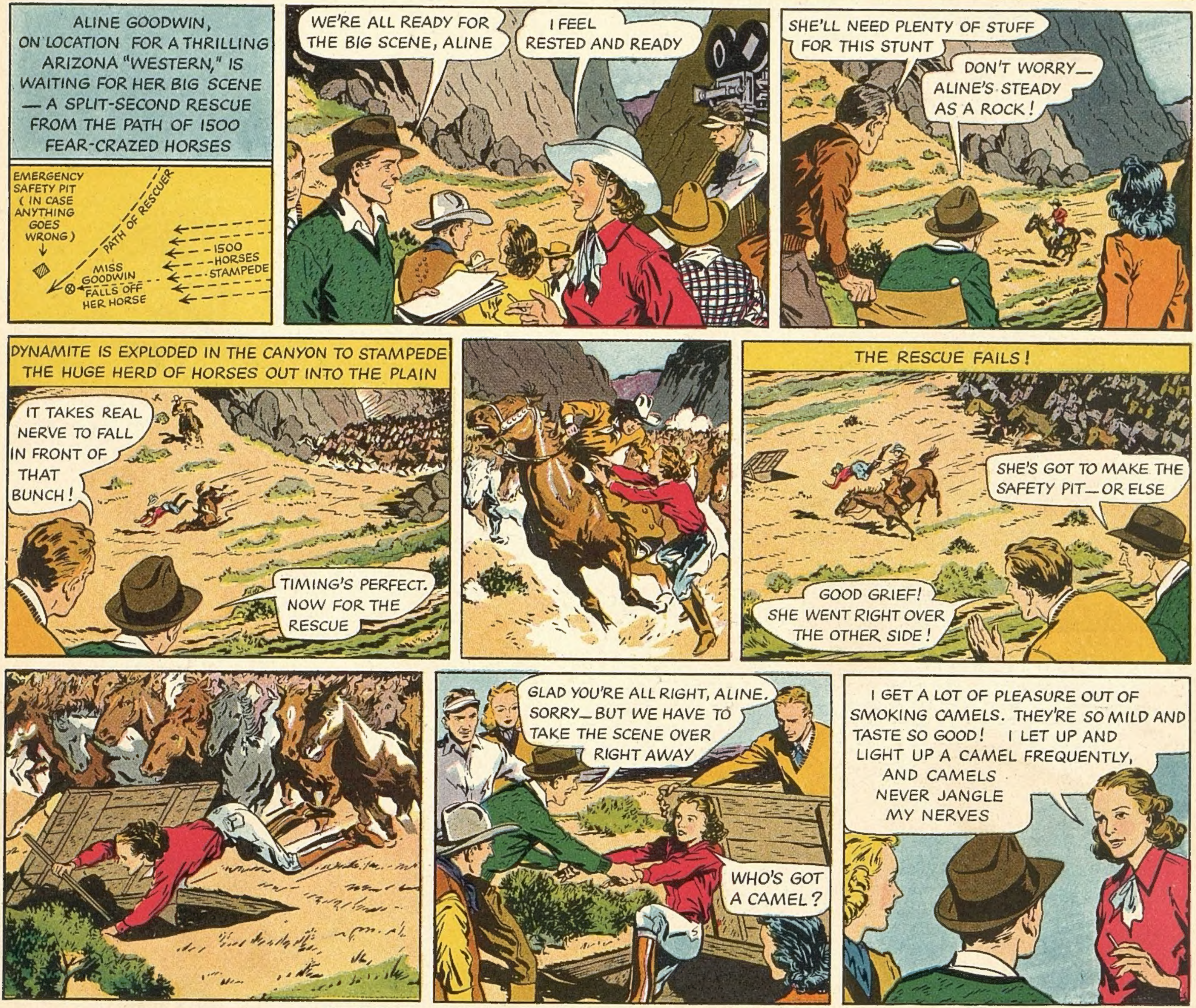


Bernarr Macfadden says: "In any part of the world—even in this day of beauty-culture—you may find girls and women who appear less beautiful than they should be. Important as any external means to enhance beauty may be, I am convinced that the sources of beauty and allure are *not* merely superficial, but are deep seated. That *Help Yourself to Beauty* reflects a feminine mind—as it happens my daughter is the author—seems to promise a more fitting touch than might attend treatment of the same subject on my part. And this promise, I believe, is fulfilled in this book.

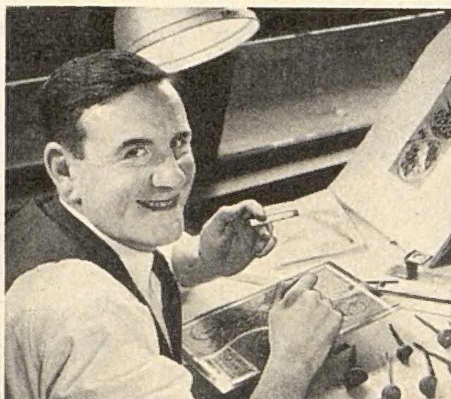
"You should find it a safe and sure guide to charm and beauty."

A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT


ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES
EMERGENCY SAFETY PIT (IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG)
PATH OF RESCUER
MISS GOODWIN FALLS OFF HER HORSE
1500 HORSES STAMPEDE
WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG SCENE, ALINE
I FEEL RESTED AND READY
SHE'LL NEED PLENTY OF STUFF FOR THIS STUNT
DON'T WORRY — ALINE'S STEADY AS A ROCK!
DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN
IT TAKES REAL NERVE TO FALL IN FRONT OF THAT BUNCH!
TIMING'S PERFECT. NOW FOR THE RESCUE
THE RESCUE FAILS!
SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE SAFETY PIT — OR ELSE
GOOD GRIEF! SHE WENT RIGHT OVER THE OTHER SIDE!
GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, ALINE. SORRY — BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE THE SCENE OVER RIGHT AWAY
WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?
I GET A LOT OF PLEASURE OUT OF SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE SO MILD AND TASTE SO GOOD! I LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL FREQUENTLY, AND CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES

"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKE 6 PACKS OF CAMELS AND FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES